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Art. I.—THE PRICE OF PEACE.

THE consideration of the military situation and the military possibilities of the British Empire, is a most complicated matter. Not only are the inherent difficulties considerable, but for years the discussion of side-issues has obscured the essential factors of the case. The misconceptions of civilian 'experts,' the prejudice or conservative enthusiasm of the senior officers of the navy and army, and, most of all, the fallacies, misstatements, and perversions issued regularly to the nation by politicians on both sides for party purposes—all these are blinding obstacles to the plain man who wishes to get at the truth. The politician sometimes stumbles on it, but is afraid to face it. Is the nation afraid? The truth never yet did anybody any harm.

To obtain a clear understanding of our present situation, of our limitations and of our possibilities, it is necessary to begin with an unprejudiced mind. The great reputation, the historic past of our services, must be forgotten. They are details, not essentials, in the problem. The pride of race, the feeling of national superiority which still survives, is a prejudice and must be wiped out. Trust in our colonies and in our allies of present or past times must be considered without sentiment, reasonably, and in the light of historical precedent; and the attractive idea that a desire for peace means freedom from war must be swept away as a fallacy. A nation may earnestly desire to preserve peace, but there is a limit to endurance. A war may be forced on the most peaceful nation. There are only two ways of securing peace: one is by abject submission to every demand, even loss of nationality; the

other is by maintaining armed forces that no other nation will dare to attack. The peace-at-any-price people belie their name. They desire peace, but the only price they will pay is submission; the other way costs money, and they will not pay it. They seek to conciliate possible enemies by assuring them that the country is rich but helpless. The attitude is not judicious.

The statistical resources of the empire may be briefly stated. We have some 52,000,000 of white people, five sixths of whom are concentrated in the United Kingdom. The average of physical efficiency is fair compared to other nations, the average of mental endowment rather high. There is a considerable seafaring population. We are self-supporting in the matter of manufacture of all ships and engines of war. The nation is rich. Our subject races, many of whom are warlike and loyal, number about 350,000,000. Geographically the nation is scattered. Our colonies, dependencies, coaling-stations, protectorates are in every quarter of the globe. Some can protect themselves; some require military assistance permanently; some only on emergency, according to circumstances. Of those that require permanent military assistance, some must be secured against internal troubles, some must be held as bases for the navy, some have frontiers bordering possibly hostile powers.

There is one fact, however, that, from the point of view of possible war, overshadows all the rest. Every separate British possession has a sea-coast. The dispersed forces, the isolated posts, can all be brought into communication by sea. If we have command of the sea the frontier of every British possession marches with that of the motherland, and the nation is united. If the command of the sea be lost, every scattered fragment of the empire must fight it out as best it can on its own resources. The point is self-evident. For offensive warfare on a large scale the command of the sea is essential; for defence it is our best safeguard. In short, if we mean to be successful in any war, we must, as a preliminary, keep or win the command of the sea.

There is a certain school of writers on the subject of the national forces who use arguments, and occasionally invective, to prove that, having secured command of the sea, we require little or nothing more. These writers call

themselves the 'Blue-water School,' a title which has a fine, hearty, seafaring flavour about it; and, in so far as they insist that the command of the sea should be our first objective, they have no opponents. But the extension of the argument, implying that a nation can win a war without a land-force, is a dangerous error. A navy may sweep an enemy's ships from the sea, blockade his ports and bombard his coasts; but no possible naval action can bring an enemy, possessing a land-frontier or internal resources, to his knees. Financial exhaustion, consequent on continued blockade, might conduce to peace; but such an ending is the result rather of an economic than of a military struggle; and it is difficult to be assured that the intolerable financial burden would necessarily fall on our adversary and not on ourselves. In any case, a war in which we held command of the sea but could dispose of no land-force would certainly be long and burdensome, with no assurance of final success; and, if the command of the sea were to be lost, our empire would immediately be in extreme danger. It may, indeed, be boldly asserted that an island power which has a navy and no army cannot win, but may lose a war. This is not a satisfactory position.

War should be waged with one aim—to win. A nation may be forced into a war in which it has no prospect of success; but in such cases, as a rule, the sufferer has only himself to blame. If the responsible leaders of a nation recognise that their resources are insufficient for defence, they can nearly always, by admitting weakness and adhering strictly to a pacific policy, gain protection from other powers, at the price of themselves descending to the scale of a second or third class power. Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, are all in this position, but are yet moderately safe. But a great power, a nation whose resources are sufficient, if properly developed, to enable it to risk war single-handed in defence of its territory or its principles, should establish its military forces on a scale sufficient not only to maintain a passive defence, but to give at least the hope of decisive success. War is always a risk; there is no certainty; but history and military science can teach with some accuracy what may be risked and what odds are desperate. Every nation should therefore consider its position. If it be a great

power, and prepared to accept the possibility of war, it should make such preparations as will enable it to meet its probable enemies with hope of success; and it should endeavour to develop its resources in such a manner that, if forced to accept a desperate hazard, to meet its possible enemies in combination, every man and every penny may be used in time, and to advantage, to save the State.

The case, then, for this country stands thus. If we are to remain a great power, our armed forces should be such that, in case of war with our probable enemy or combination of enemies, we should have reasonable hope of decisive success before we are financially exhausted, and such that, if the fortune of war be against us, we should be able to offer a prolonged resistance. Should we have to meet a combination of our possible enemies—the desperate hazard—we ought to be able to utilise efficiently the whole strength, patent and latent, of the empire. If this responsibility should seem too great, the alternative proposition is to cease to be a great power. This would mean, probably soon, certainly in time, the loss of our colonies and protectorates and the contraction of our trade, and would lead finally to our being forced to sue and pay for a contemptuous protection for ourselves from some more determined nation. No defeat, no loss of territory after a resolute fight, would affect us so harmfully as a voluntary admission of inferiority. Such a course is fortunately out of the question.

If Great Britain were in present circumstances to be involved single-handed in a war with any great power, the plan of campaign for this country would necessarily be in the main defensive. In certain cases, no doubt, minor objectives for offensive action might be found; but the main strategical plan must be defensive. And in so far as passive defence goes, we are not so badly off. We have the navy; and, while the navy holds, or is even in a position to dispute stiffly, the control of the sea, we are reasonably safe from invasion except at two points, India and Canada. But, even for defence, all our eggs are in one basket. If our enemy should gain command of the sea, we have not an armed land-force of sufficient strength to give a reasonable probability of a successful or even of a prolonged defence of the empire. Should our navy retain command of the sea, the war would

shortly come to a standstill. We have no force with which to penetrate an enemy's country. His sea-coast is to us an insurmountable obstacle. Our sea is to him an impassable barrier. We have no hope of decisive success even should our naval efficiency surpass our highest expectations. The best we can hope for is a draw in our favour, the result of an economic struggle. And the nations that would lose more heavily than we in such a contest are not many.

It may be said that even during a war we, protected by our navy, might raise a land-force sufficient to give us a possibility of success in decisive encounter. Undoubtedly we might try to do so, but it would take a long time to organise, train, and arm a force of this kind; nor could we expect efficiency. The force would be improvised; there is little or nothing in our present military system which could be effectively adapted. Lord Roberts, in a speech which has given fresh hope to all who are working to secure the safety of the nation, expressed the view of all experienced soldiers on this point:—

'They should realise' (he said) 'that a new military system cannot be built up in a day. From many of the speeches made on the subject, those who are ignorant of military matters are led to imagine that it will be time enough when the crisis arises to create an organisation which will supply all that is required, and that we need not trouble about it until then. Such speeches are very misleading. The putting our armed forces on a proper footing will take time; and it must be years before we can reap the full benefit from any changes that may be made.' ('Times,' Aug. 2, 1905.)

The position of the great powers towards Britain is this, that in a war with us, if we have no allies, they do not risk defeat. The stoppage of oversea commerce and the possible loss of their oversea possessions are the worst that can happen to them. For our sole defence, the navy, they have a great and well-founded respect; but the chances of naval warfare are not yet thoroughly worked out, and there are theories of naval armament and tactics which lend a hopeful colour to the schemes of inferior naval powers. There are also combinations to be considered. A redistribution of continental alliances—no improbable event—might leave us with a danger-

ously small margin of naval superiority against probable enemies. Even the present scale of foreign naval development will, if continued for a few years, bring us face to face with the question of our ability to maintain a permanent superiority. We may have to take risks, even with the navy; and if the hazard should go against us, even temporarily, we fall at once into grave danger. The present policy of certain powers aims apparently at forcing us to this limit. Our naval superiority once surmounted, the richest empire of the world lies defenceless.

This is not a situation that makes for peace. We are not liked by our neighbours. Too often have we shown ourselves arrogant, interfering, provocative. Our calm assumption of a superior standard of national morality has led us sometimes to exasperate, sometimes to insult, our equals. The limits of international courtesy are daily overstepped by our hysterical press. There is no sentimental consideration which would prevent any nation, save perhaps the American, from attacking us. And the prize is worth striving for. The amassed riches of many lands to be spoiled, a commercial competitor to be ruined, a smug and self-righteous critic to be thrashed—it is an attractive programme. The obstacle to success is a stiff one, and has been recognised as impassable for nearly a hundred years. There are signs, however, that the idea that British naval supremacy cannot be challenged will not always be accepted by our rivals as an axiom. The economic difficulty of maintaining our overwhelming superiority will before long make itself felt; and, if our superiority is to be less than overwhelming, our one defence is doubtful.

If we had behind our navy an armed land-force of considerable numerical strength and practical organisation, even although it were, to continental ideas, insufficiently trained, the menace to our country would disappear, and one of the dangers to the peace of the world would be removed. The temptation to break down the barrier of our navy would lose its attraction. Against the prospect of the spoils of a successful war, our adversary would have to set the possibility of his own complete overthrow, as well as the increased difficulty in the way of his success. For a single stroke of fortune in naval war would not then open the way to an easy conquest.

It would lead only to the possibility of invading a well-defended country, with the certainty of a protracted struggle, during which every effort of a determined nation would be devoted to renewing the naval combat. With the disappearance of the temptation to rival our navy, the effort to do so would probably cease; and, if this country really desires peace, we should then be able, not only to secure peace for ourselves, but to uphold it effectively in the councils of the nations.

In calculating the strength of armed forces there are, of course, other things to be considered besides numbers and armament. Courage, endurance, enthusiasm, pride, are forces by no means negligible. Yet it is safer to assume that the military virtues are equally distributed among the nations. Should we have more than our share, the error is on the right side. Numbers, armament, and efficiency are the only factors on which calculations can safely be based; and of these the last can only be considered on the broadest and most uncontroversial lines.

The success with which Great Britain emerged from her great wars during the last century has been due to two advantages which she has always been able to secure—sea-power and allies. The sea was where our strength lay; and the inestimable advantage of its command gave security to our territories and provided a means for our small land-force to make important diversions. But in both the Napoleonic and Crimean Wars the decisive effect was due to the fact that our allies provided a sufficient land-force. Even in those days we should have been unable to bring a great war to a successful conclusion by our unaided efforts; it is not likely that we could do so now, when every nation in Europe can call out the full strength of its manhood, trained and armed, in its defence. There is still an inclination to trust to allies; but, even if we could be sure of getting them, it is well to remember how costly we have found them in the past. Military economists are apt to forget that a very large part of our national debt was incurred to pay for the allies whose assistance was necessary to enable us to make head against a single enemy at the beginning of last century. That assistance was necessary because our own land-forces were on an insufficient scale.

At no period of our history has the Regular Army

been allowed to develop beyond the strength required by the bare necessities of the moment. This principle is, in the main, for a regular standing army, a correct one. The permanent average strength has been fixed by peace considerations, chiefly by the necessity of garrisoning our oversea possessions. In fact our Regular Army is fitted to act as an Imperial police; and, when the requirements of that service have been fulfilled, the surplus is comparatively small. Nor is it necessary that it should be large. The Regular Army should be strictly limited to the strength required for the performance of those duties which it alone can perform—service abroad during peace, and certain military duties which require high skill and prolonged training. Such an army we shall always require; the strategical conditions of our scattered empire demand it; but the expense of maintaining it is so serious that no increase beyond calculated requirements for special purposes can be justified. The Regular Army cannot supply the force required, either for home defence in case of disaster to the navy, or for such operations as would enable us to bring an enemy to terms.

The armed forces which are necessary for the preservation of the empire are a strong navy, a limited Regular Army, and an additional land-force of a strength comparable to the forces of continental nations. If we desire peace, such forces will discourage probable adversaries. Should we be driven to war, such forces should be able to guarantee the safety of the empire and to make an effort to force a speedy and successful conclusion. More than this no nation could hope for; less than this means insecurity. The whole question turns on the cost; and, to calculate the cost it is necessary to consider carefully in what respects we are deficient, and whether there is any possible method by which the deficiencies can be made up without straining too heavily the financial resources of the empire.

Taking our military requirements as comprised under three heads—the command of the sea, permanent garrisons for oversea possessions, and sufficient land-forces for a great war—the value of our present armed forces may be estimated. The first is of paramount importance. Whatever may be the scale on which our land-forces are

maintained, the command of the sea must, in a great war, be secured if we are to be successful, and must at least be denied to the enemy if we are to avoid heavy disasters. For this task our navy is at the present moment, except possibly in one respect, sufficient. The doubtful particular is the sufficiency of our reserve of trained men. It is sometimes held that, in modern naval war, the casualties in ships will be in a higher proportion than the losses in men, and that therefore there will be no difficulty in manning the ships that remain. We, however, have many reserve ships which are still fit for action, though not perhaps in the first line. The manning of armed or converted merchantmen, it might be even of new ships, would, in a protracted war, make heavy calls on our naval *personnel*. The Naval Reserve is not large; and British merchant-seamen are a diminishing race. We should provide an additional source of supply; and, as will appear later, it is possible to find one. With this exception we may mark the navy as satisfactory.

Considering our present Regular Army strictly from the point of view of its sufficiency for our permanent foreign garrisons, and for the small wars imposed upon us from time to time by our domination over, or our contiguity to, uncivilised peoples, we shall find that here also there is no deficiency. Indeed there ought to be none, looking at the price we pay. Including the Native Army of India, the cost is something over 40,000,000*l.* annually. For this we get about 275,000 British troops, with a reserve of 80,000, and 157,000 native Indian soldiers.

The greater part of the Indian army must be considered as tied to India for local defence. It is difficult to imagine a case in which any large number could be spared in time of war for general service in defence of the empire. Nor would it be judicious to draw too heavily on these troops to provide garrisons in peace-time for our other possessions, where they would be locked up, on the outbreak of war, at a distance from their proper sphere of action. It is sufficient for our purposes to say that the Native Army generally is necessary, efficient, and economically administered. Can we say as much for the British Army? The answer to this question is the first step in any reasonable investigation.

Our oversea possessions require at present peace

garrisons of some 135,000 men. It is probable that in the future this establishment may be reduced; it is at least unlikely that it will be found necessary to increase it. It may be fairly taken as our first requirement. This leaves 140,000 men at home. Therefore for every man that serves abroad we now maintain one at home. This has, roughly, been the basis of our system for the last twenty-five years. It is worth while to consider whether it is either necessary or economical.

The necessity for, and the cost of, this large force are governed alike by one factor, the period of the soldier's service with the colours. Additional expense was wittingly undertaken when short service was introduced, being set off by the advantage of forming the Army Reserve, which was only possible under a short-service system. The scheme which has been outlined by the present Government aims at the formation of a 'foreign-service army', the functions of which appear to be exactly those put forward in these pages as the proper functions of our Regular Army, namely, the provision of garrisons for oversea possessions and of a force for small wars.

A force stationed abroad in peace-time requires drafts to replace time-expired men; and the strength of these drafts, and consequently the cost of the system, depends on the length of the period of service. Other causes, such as sickness, affect the strength of drafts, but so slightly that they may be disregarded. The paramount factor is the recurring loss of time-expired men. Every force on the average loses annually, in time-expired men, the fraction of its strength represented by the number of years of service—one third for three years' service, one fifth for five years', and so on. The cost of short service is due to two causes. The great proportionate strength of the annual drafts necessitates a correspondingly large establishment at home to receive and train recruits, and, under our system, to retain the immature soldier until he is fit for foreign service. The other cause is the transport required by the frequent exchange of men between home and foreign stations. Economy and efficiency are both on the side of fairly long service; the arguments for short-service are the necessity for a reserve and less difficulty in recruiting. If the reserve and the recruits can be found by other means, the sooner our expensive

short-service system for the Regular Army is dropped the better. The period of service chosen by Mr Arnold-Forster for his long-service army is nine years with the colours and three in the reserve. This is neither long nor short service; but there is no reason why it should not work well. It is difficult to see the value of the small reserve, but it will not cost much; and a service of nine years, although more expensive than a longer term, may be long enough for recruiting purposes.

If we presume that the men of the foreign-service army spend one year in depôts at home before proceeding abroad, the average term of foreign service of each man will be eight years. The annual loss of time-expired men will therefore amount to 125 per 1000; and, adding 10 per cent. for other casualties, we get the strength of the necessary annual drafts at 138 men for every 1000 serving abroad, and the minimum strength at home about one seventh of that abroad. Now, for various reasons which will appear later, the possible reductions in our Regular Army are confined to the Infantry. Estimating, then, the strength of our foreign garrisons in infantry at about 90,000 men, we must add 13,000, representing the home contingent of recruits awaiting embarkation. If to this contingent we add 25 per cent. for dépôt establishments, etc., we reach a total of something over 106,000 men. This is the absolute minimum required to maintain our foreign garrisons.

We have next to consider the necessary reinforcements for small wars and emergencies, the 'striking force.' If that be put at 24,000 men, six brigades—a force which would have been sufficient for any of our small wars in the last century—there will be a good margin to meet any error in the estimate of the requirements for foreign service. The necessary dépôt troops for these would be about 4000, which brings the total infantry force required to 134,000 men. Our Regular Infantry numbers at present more than 172,000. The saving in men is thus 38,000. In organisation the economy is even more apparent. We require 114 battalions, a possible reduction of 57.

Similar calculations could no doubt be made for the Cavalry and Artillery units of the Regular Army; but, for many reasons, these are better left out in a general statement of this kind. For one thing, our foreign garrisons

are notoriously insufficient in these arms; it can hardly be argued that our Cavalry in South Africa or our Artillery in India are strong enough for their possible duties. Also, it may at once be admitted that the proposed reduction in the Regular Army is contingent on the organisation of a large force for a great war; and, as the training of this force will necessarily be very limited, we shall be hard put to it to find the necessary proportion of horse-men and gunners, and shall want all those we have. Even with the proposed reduction of Regular Infantry, the proportion of sabres to bayonets, counting our whole cavalry force, works out at only about one to six—a statement which shows how lamentably deficient we are in Cavalry at the present time.

Let us leave, then, the Regular Army deprived of the cadres of 57 battalions, reduced by 38,000 infantry soldiers, but still capable of fulfilling its proper functions, and retaining an unusual proportion of strength in its scientific and administrative branches. We can now consider how far our remaining forces are fitted to carry out the remaining duties—to provide for the defence of the empire in case of disaster to the navy, and to take part in great offensive operations with some hope of success.

What have we for these duties under the present system? We have in the United Kingdom that part of the Regular Army which is not on foreign service, and the Army Reserve; and we have the Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers. In round numbers, Regulars and Reserve 220,000; Militia 104,000; Yeomanry 27,000; and Volunteers 241,000—a total of 592,000 men, chiefly infantry. For the defence of India we have the British peace garrison and the Indian Army, and for the colonies, their peace garrisons and certain local troops. Let us suppose that these latter troops are sufficient for the defence of the territories which they guard, and that the Regular Army at home need not be depleted to provide further reinforcements. Let us suppose that Greater Britain is safe for the moment, and consider the case of the United Kingdom. In case of invasion or 'imminent national danger' we can put into the field some 600,000 men and boys, many practically untrained, with little organisation and a distressing deficiency of trained officers. Is this a force which would act as a deterrent to any con-

continental power which foresees a possibility of overcoming our navy? Of these 600,000, only 220,000—the Regular forces—are liable for service abroad, even in time of war. Is that number sufficient to instil into a continental power the fear of retaliation should his effort to overcome our navy fail? The continental strategist has no doubts on the matter. He does not regard our home-defence force as a serious obstacle to the conquest of this country, and he simply does not consider the possibility of offensive action on our part. He may be wrong; but it certainly cannot be said that our military forces at present aid the cause of peace by impressing on possible enemies the dangers of war.

Home defence is the duty for which most of these troops are maintained. And this question of home defence is one that is badly in need of settling. The man in the street has an invariable argument: 'The navy is so strong that we do not want much else for home defence!' That is a fallacy. There are only two ways of looking at the question. Either the navy secures us absolutely from invasion, in which case we need no other defence force, and are foolish to spend money in maintaining one; or there is a doubt of the absolute and permanent sufficiency of the navy, in which case a defence force fit to resist invasion is required. As we have no such force, our present arrangement is an illogical compromise.

The existence of a purely defensive force, like the Volunteers, is evidence that successive governments, representing, it may be supposed, the opinion of the country, have accepted the view that invasion is possible. On this assumption the value of our defensive forces requires estimation. The backbone of the defence would be the Regulars, who, after the necessary reductions have been made for unfit men, the training of new recruits, and the garrisons of fortresses, could probably turn out three effective army-corps and three cavalry divisions. Of these field-troops, however, about one fourth would be in Ireland, and, if command of the sea were lost, might be isolated. To assist them, as field-troops, we may count the Militia and the Yeomanry, say 130,000 men, who have at present no higher organisation than regimental, but are quite capable of being made effective. In the background there are 240,000 Volunteers, chiefly infantry,

with a brigade organisation on paper, but without a trained staff, and with very few trained officers.

Now, before proceeding to estimate the efficiency of our defensive forces, one point should be made clear, especially with regard to the Volunteers. The men who come forward voluntarily, without hope of reward, to fit themselves for the duty of defending their native land, are undoubtedly the best men in the kingdom. They may not be physically the most fit, they may not be intellectually the most brilliant, but they are the only men who are not shirking their natural duty. Cheap sneers at the Volunteers are common enough; and the sneers are all the more bitter because of the underlying feeling of jealousy of the better men. If our Auxiliary Forces are to be criticised, the criticism should come from those who at least have undergone an equal training, and have accepted the same or greater obligations; and such criticism should be tempered by the knowledge that, however the faults of the system may depreciate the value of these forces, the excellence of the spirit which inspires them is a moral factor of importance.

Comparing the efficiency of our actual forces with the standard of foreign nations, we may, without prejudice, rate our regular soldiers somewhat higher than the foreigners. It is not improbable, considering their large number of efficient officers, and the fact that they would be employed in a friendly and familiar country, that the Yeomanry might justly be included with the Regulars; at least they do not compare unfavourably with many foreign mounted troops. The Militia cannot be considered fit for the line of battle, although, no doubt, they could be utilised with advantage behind fortifications or entrenchments. The Volunteers, as at present organised, are not fit for any military operations save those of a guerrilla type. This opinion is in no way intended as a slur on the individuals who compose the Militia and Volunteer forces. The fault is with the organisation; and the main cause of failure is the system of forming the available *personnel* into complete units, on the model of the units of the Regular Army, and expecting them to become similar in efficiency because they have, on paper, a similar organisation. The fact is that the training of Volunteer officers is not sufficient to qualify them for command. They are

excellent material for subalterns ; but field rank and company command are, except in isolated instances, beyond their capacity. The Militia is better, because the training of officers is more complete ; but, even in the Militia, that natural confidence of the soldier in the superior capacity of his officer, which is one of the foundations of fighting efficiency, is far from universal.

Those who disagree with this estimate of the value of our Auxiliary Forces will do well to read carefully the history of the first months of the Civil War in America, and of the period between the investment of Paris in 1870 and its fall. The military value of half-trained forces led by amateur officers can be gathered from these two examples. The efforts of the Spanish people to resist Napoleon, from 1807 onwards, lead to the same conclusion. Heroism, individual excellence, collective sacrifice, are all in vain. There must be progressive leadership, from company to battalion and brigade, from troop to squadron and regiment ; and there must be the collective training by which the best powers of each man may be brought to bear in the most effective manner, according to the plans of the commander-in-chief. Neither in leadership nor in training do our Auxiliary Forces approach this standard.

Should this view be correct, we have, to meet an invading enemy, our Regular Forces stationed at home, strengthened perhaps by the most efficient of the Militia, certainly strengthened by the Yeomanry ; and, for the field of battle, we have nothing else. Certainly the Regulars would benefit by the existence of the Auxiliaries. Improvised fortresses, points of manœuvre, could be garrisoned, lines of communication guarded, raiding forces for diversions organised, without drawing on the field-army. But what would this field-army amount to ? Possibly four army-corps to guard our two islands. If our enemy, a great continental power, gained command of the sea, we might undoubtedly have to face an invading force of a million trained men. A century ago Napoleon was prepared to throw 150,000 men into England, had he been able to secure even temporary control of the Channel. Compare sail with steam, the 'wind-jammers' of 1805 with the *Messageries Maritimes* of 1905 ; consider, as the Germans have considered, the carrying-power of the

Hamburg-American line plying between Hamburg and, say, Hull. The prospect is not pleasant.

There remains another argument to be dealt with. It is the custom to say that, if we lose the command of the sea, we must starve and may as well give in at once. That is a decision worthy of a nation where thirteen men out of fourteen are content to sit still and jeer at the odd man who tries to make himself fit to stand up for his country. It is not at all improbable that the thirteen would object to go on short rations while the one was killed. The recent Report of the Food-supply Commission has, however, made it at least probable that the food scare is to a large extent a bogey. At the worst we should have to pay more for our food. However severe our discomfiture on the sea, there is no nation, or combination of powers, which could, after dealing with our navy, effectively blockade the whole of our coast. But, if any continental power once overcame our navy, blockade would be only a small part of our troubles. We should have to face a formidable invasion. The Japanese were unable with their whole fleet to maintain an effective blockade even of Port Arthur, but they had no difficulty in landing huge armies on the continent of Asia.

In the most favourable circumstances, then, we might produce a home-defence field-army of a strength approaching 200,000 men, not markedly inferior to our opponents. Should we adopt the course of concentrating this force, we allow the enemy the opportunity of landing without serious opposition. If the force be distributed, we may not succeed in offering serious opposition at all. If such be the result of the most favourable conditions, let us look at the unfavourable. It is not improbable that the outbreak of a great war would occur when we were already engaged in a little one. If we had suddenly become engaged in a European war in any of the years 1879, 1881, 1882, 1884, 1885, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, or 1902, a large proportion of our Regular Army would not have been available for home defence. In these years the Regular Army was employed on its proper work, the defence of our possessions abroad. In the years 1899-1902, not only the Regular Army, but a large, and not the least efficient, part of the Militia and Yeomanry was similarly occupied. When such a combination of circum-

stances is possible, can it be said that we have a sufficient force for home defence? No man who is really concerned for the welfare of his country can truthfully answer in the affirmative, or even aver that the risk we are accepting is a reasonable one. And it is to be remembered that our home-defence force is maintained, not in the hope of waging successful war, but only to stave off final defeat; that its strategical capacity is confined to the passive defensive, notoriously the most ineffective of all attitudes; and that its organisation is so radically bad that it is almost incapable, on the present lines, of improvement. Is this force worth the money we spend on it? Surely not.

From the analysis of the value of this force for home defence we get also a criterion of its worth for offensive warfare, for retaliation. Making every allowance for favourable circumstances—for a sufficient time for preparation, for patriotic enthusiasm, for individual virtue—it is still clear that such a force could only be used in a limited and indecisive way. In the first place, with regard to numbers, the Volunteer Force must be counted out altogether. It is liable only to service within the United Kingdom; and although individuals would, as they have done before, consent to join the ranks of an army destined for active service abroad, yet, as an organised force, these 240,000 men are no longer available. The strength of Militia available is also a problematic quantity; they are not liable, but may volunteer, for service abroad. If we may judge by past experience, a large proportion would volunteer and would retain their unit organisation—a doubtful advantage. A considerable contingent of Yeomanry might also be reckoned on. The real fighting force would be, as before, the Regulars; and, after securing our foreign possessions and providing for the training of fresh levies, we should again find ourselves with a field-force of three or four army-corps and a sufficiency of line-of-communication troops. Such a force is, of course, ridiculously inadequate to deal with a first-class or even a second-class power. It is a weapon suitable enough for isolated enterprises, for the conquest of an enemy's foreign possessions; it would be a suitable first reinforcement for India; but for decisive land warfare, unless forming part of an allied force, it is unfit.

Dependence on alliances has been the keynote of our military policy for many years; not on alliances formed in peace with equal advantages and equal liabilities, but on possible alliances to be purchased at a heavy price in time of war. The policy is a relic of Napoleonic times. Then we purchased alliances and assistance from nearly every nation that was warlike and from some that were not, and we have been paying for these alliances ever since. Had Great Britain, at the end of the eighteenth century, raised a national army, we might have maintained such an army until the present day on the interest of the capital we squandered during the Great War in purchasing foreign assistance. Since then we have made no progress; in comparison with other powers we have gone back. We are just in a condition to risk a fight with Belgium. We should have to purchase an alliance if we desired to impose our will on Bulgaria.

The situation of our self-governing colonies is, on the whole, rather more favourable. The navy protects them as it protects us. They have no detached possessions of importance which must be garrisoned. They have only their own defence to consider; and, except in the case of Canada, they have to consider it only in case of the loss of command of the sea. But this is a serious point. One of our larger colonies would be a great prize to win; and its possible capture would justify a great effort. The invading force would be calculated on a scale considered sufficient to cope with the expected resistance. It is true that such calculations, when applied to countries like our colonies, cannot be exact. The prospects of regular warfare may be accurately gauged; the effect of the occupation of certain strategical points may be correctly judged; but the possibilities of irregular or guerrilla resistance are difficult to estimate. The vital existence of young countries is not so closely bound to artificial, and therefore destructible, centres and communications as is that of this country. The Boers have taught us that a young nation can revert for a time to something like the primitive life and still bear the strain of war. It is in this respect that our colonies have the advantage of us; they might be able to offer a prolonged resistance in the hope of relief from a favourable issue elsewhere. But, although this is an advantage, it does not mean security.

An organised expedition against a colony, even if finally unsuccessful, would leave something like ruin behind it. Safety for the colonies is to be sought by the same methods which will serve the mother-country. We cannot legislate for them; but, if we can find a way, we can set them an example. And there is a way.

The question of home defence is one that from time to time acquires prominence in the discussions of Parliament and in the columns of the press. It cannot be said, however, that any British government, until recently, has made any serious effort to grapple with the subject, to endeavour to find even a basis on which an efficient defensive force might be organised. Royal Commissions we have had; but their deliberations have been circumscribed by ingeniously restrictive references and their conclusions nullified by appeals to prejudice, or even by the official publication of distorted statistics. In one of the latest cases of this kind a Royal Commission recommended a total auxiliary force of 350,000 men, raised by compulsory service. The Secretary of State for War thereupon said that the cost of such a force would mean an addition of some 25,000,000*l.* to the army estimates, and brazened out this amazing assertion by publishing a tabulated statement which showed that his calculation was based on an annual contingent of 380,000 men, which would provide a total force of about 3,000,000. The fact that a responsible minister resorted to such a deplorable shift in order to stifle discussion on a national question, shows the hollowness of any official claims to have paid real attention to the question.

Such being the ordinary official attitude as to home defence, it is not surprising that the question of an offensive fighting force is not considered at all; it is not even spoken of. Operations for which such a force might be required are indeed talked of freely, but the force itself seems to be taken for granted. The delightful philanthropists who are always urging the Government to further their particular views by force of arms in various parts of the world—the Macedonian Committee, the reformers of the Congo, the people who sympathise with the down-trodden in any land but their own—these vague enthusiasts seem to think that an army will appear

at their call. The ordinary citizen, sane but ignorant, has never been told that an offensive force is necessary. He is ready, too ready, to embark on war with a light heart, conceiving that his whole duty lies in paying for a few more professional soldiers. He has never been told that, for us, a European war can mean only an attempt to establish a blockade of the enemy's coast; a form of warfare of which none but sailors know the extreme difficulty, and none but diplomatists know the extreme delicacy. He does not know that we expose ourselves to danger a hundredfold greater than our adversaries. How is he to be taught? There is one sure teacher—disaster. Switzerland learned the lesson of home defence in 1798; Prussia learned in 1806; Russia in 1812; France in 1870. Must we also go through the fire?

It has already been admitted that the navy, our first line of defence, is strong; but it has also been pointed out that the existence of our purely defensive land-forces is a proof that our first line is not considered strong enough for all emergencies. The fallacy that a land-force is required in order to set free the navy for offensive operations against hostile fleets has been repeatedly exposed. Only the pettiest of raids would be possible until our navy is defeated; and, if the possibility of naval defeat be recognised, then we require a land-force capable of overthrowing the hostile masses which will assuredly be brought against us. But we also require a force to finish a war which we have successfully begun. We cannot afford two forces of such magnitude; that is why our present system gives us failure both ways. *The force for offence and the force for defence must be the same.* If required for one kind of operation there will be no possibility of its being employed on the other. We cannot use a land-force offensively until we have secured command of the sea; and until we have lost that command the force cannot be used defensively. *The first rule for the organisation of our land-force should be, therefore, that the whole of it is in time of war liable to service either at home or abroad.*

A force of proper strength, and with this liability, cannot be raised under the voluntary system. If the mass of the nation were of the same fine spirit as the Volunteers, it might be possible. But the mass of the

nation prefers to shirk; it will accept no responsibility so long as it can find others to bear it; and it is not surprising, under these circumstances, that the Volunteers put a limit on their generosity and confine their liability to home defence. There is no hope for us in the voluntary system. The alternative is compulsion in some shape. Now compulsion stinks in the nostrils of the British patriot. His idea is that those should fight who want to fight. By a majority of about thirteen to one he has made it known that he does not want to fight. In case the few voluntary fighters who represent the country in war should be defeated, these men of peace are quite ready to lay the blame impartially on the Navy, the Army, the Militia or the Volunteers; but, apparently, they have no idea of coming forward themselves. How, then, can we expect a measure of compulsion?

In the first place, the voter will not have to vote for his own compulsion, but for the compulsion of a younger generation. That ought to make a difference. In the second place, compulsion is cheap, and will give security to the country—inducements almost as great as the other. These advantages are practical, although perhaps they do not appeal to the higher spirit. Volunteering does appeal to the higher spirit, and we see the result. The ordinary voter may, of course, be a better man than he seems. It is not impossible that the lack of volunteers may be due to other causes than want of national spirit. National spirit is not taught in our schools, nor is national duty; the right to defend his home is not considered a sacred privilege to be claimed by every true man; the upholding of liberty, of the honour of the country, of the rights of weak nations, is looked on as a matter of high-sounding words, not of service. The whole nation, moreover, puts enormous trust in the navy; and many are doubtful regarding the necessity for any further weapon. If, then, the voter requires an appeal to his higher nature, compulsion is merely the assertion of the duty of every man to bear arms for his country in time of need. If he is of a more practical bent, the argument as to his pocket and the security of the country may have effect. If he pleads ignorance of the necessity for compulsion, that necessity, at least, can be taught.

There are, however, arguments against compulsion that must be met. One class of reasoners oppose all kinds of compulsion; they decline any step which may lead to the 'growth of militarism.' The term 'militarism,' in its popular meaning, is applied to the political influence of the professional military class; and it is taken for granted that, in this country, such influence must be for evil. No doubt there are dangers, in certain circumstances, in the creation of an enormous standing army, dangers in the possible influence of a separate class bound together by ties of discipline, professional pride, and community of interest. The danger that the army may be used to override the wishes of the people in matters of internal policy is frequently put forward as an argument against compulsory service. Yet it is a danger much more likely to occur if the army be voluntary; at any rate, it does not depend on the strength of the army, but rather on the length of service. Where every citizen is trained as a soldier under short service, the standing army can only consist of those citizens who are, for the moment, undergoing training; the troops do not form a class apart. If the service be long, the danger does exist; the five years' service of the Russian soldier has undoubtedly an effect in inculcating a temporary forgetfulness of his rights of citizenship. If, further, the government be autocratic, as in Russia, any army is dangerous to liberty; but, even there, the more universal the training and the shorter the service, the less is the danger. Under a free government, on the other hand, the danger disappears altogether. Can any one suppose that the French army could now be used as an instrument of internal tyranny? Or the Swiss militia, which includes probably a larger proportion of the population than any other military system? The idea is absurd. Compulsory short service or training is a safeguard to liberty, not a danger. Those who smell danger to the State in every military reform might study with advantage the history of some of the greater military revolutions or military tyrannies. They will find that in most cases the army which imposed its will was a professional, voluntary, paid force, more or less resembling the British army of the present day. Only the freedom of our institutions and of our system of govern-

ment enables us to maintain such a force with safety; and the argument that the adoption of compulsory training would endanger freedom cannot be seriously upheld by the most bitter opponent of 'bloated armaments.' Universal military service makes for liberty.

Another oft-asserted danger of 'militarism' is that the military spirit of a large army may tend to force on war when peace is possible. Nothing but the total ignorance of the British people as to the conditions of compulsory armies can account for this illogical view. The perpetual wars of the medieval Italian states, fought almost entirely with mercenary soldiers, disprove it. It is reasonable to suppose that men will be more careful about engaging in war, when they know that they themselves or those nearest to them must fight, than they would be if they have merely to employ professionals to fight for them. Would the 'great heart of the British people' be stirred quite so easily to warlike enthusiasm if the British people knew that in case of war they must leave their work and take up their rifles? No; in such a case war becomes a serious matter, and the people would take good care to let their will be known. Universal service in a free country makes for peace.

The real objections to universal service are its disadvantages, not its dangers. Under conscription of the French or German type, there is, firstly, the hardship to the individual and the loss to the country in the two years' service; and, secondly, there are moral disadvantages in barrack life. The nature and amount of each disadvantage depends on the length of service considered necessary for the complete training of the soldier. This period of service is at present fixed by both France and Germany at two years. It is to be observed, however, that, not long ago, these nations thought two years service insufficient; the change of opinion may have been enforced by the necessity for economy; anyhow, it is significant. The idea that long and continuous service is necessary to train a man to arms is a relic of the old long-service days; in our own army every change in the direction of shorter service has been greeted with prophecies of failure and ruin of the service. Whether, for great continental nations, the limit has now been reached or not cannot be said with certainty. They must train

their soldiers so completely that, after a lapse of eight or ten years, the men shall come back from the reserve fit to take their places in the ranks at a moment's notice. Service in the field follows immediately on mobilisation; the existence of land-frontiers demands this. We are better off; with us, action on land must wait until action on the sea has been decided. We shall always have a certain time for additional training. A prolonged period of continuous service does not, therefore, seem to be an indispensable condition for the provision of an efficient national army for this country. But continuous service, even for a period of one year, necessitates barrack life. This may be taken as its chief disadvantage. It is costly, and is neither pleasant nor morally improving for those who undergo it. If an army can be trained with less than one year's continuous service, this chief disadvantage is overcome. The loss of the labour of able-bodied men and the cost of their maintenance are also lessened. If such a scheme be possible the practical objections to compulsion disappear.

What, then, are the advantages? First, the manhood of the nation trained to arms, and improved morally and physically by the training. Secondly, the existence of a force known by our possible enemies to be equal to the task of defending our country, and capable of making an effort to wage war successfully should war be forced on us. Thirdly, the assurance that no war could be undertaken by us without the concurrence of those who would personally take part in it. Such results seem worth an effort, if any means of obtaining them can be found. And found they can be.

In order to obtain a trained army without subjecting the men to a course of at least one year's continuous training, it is manifest that there must be a good deal of non-continuous training. The non-continuous training of grown men has the disadvantage that it dislocates work of all kinds. The only sound method is to begin early. Military training is, after all, not necessarily different from any other kind of education. There was a time in England when military training was about all the education most boys got; when compulsory training, particularly in archery, began at the age of nine or ten years. While that system of compulsory training was main-

tained there was no force in Europe, either feudal or mercenary, which could meet the English archers on equal terms. The advantages of early military training are generally recognised; children are improved by it both in mind and body. The objection to it has already been mentioned; it was concisely stated by Lord Balfour of Burleigh in the House of Lords (Feb. 20, 1905):—

'They were in danger of mixing up two things. There was the military side of this question and the side which was concerned with the physical development of our youths. He earnestly hoped that these two aspects of the question would be kept apart. Cadet-corps and other agencies for that class of training had his hearty support in their proper place. But he thought that this movement would be prejudiced if they let it go forth to the public that it was only a part of the defence of the country, or was even indirectly leading to compulsory service. He agreed in believing that, as a means of exercise for the rising generation, drill would be valuable, and to that extent there would be unanimous support to it; but it was rightly watched in some quarters with a jealous eye and fear of encouragement to a military spirit.'

There speaks the politician. The political danger of allowing the public to think that any government could conceive the idea of compulsory service is so great that a scheme which, on its merits, would receive 'unanimous support,' must be dropped. The public might very probably object to military training in schools; but surely they might be asked. The matter might at least be discussed. The whole question of compulsory training depends on the public; and there is no reason why the public should not consider the matter. Nobody can force compulsory service against the wishes of the public. Why, therefore, should people be afraid to speak of it? The knowledge of the question possessed by most politicians may be summed up in the phrase, 'The country won't stand it.' They do not know, do not wish to know, any more; and they do not know even that. They are content that our military administration should go on from bad to worse, from expense to extravagance, from insufficiency to inefficiency, careful only to learn nothing about the causes of failure lest a suspicion that they had discussed the possibility of compulsory service should

reach their constituents. The attitude may be politically prudent, but it is neither courageous nor honest.

However we are here concerned with facts and arguments, not with the shifts of political opportunism. If we wish to obtain all the advantages and none of the disadvantages of compulsory training, we must begin it early. Drill in all schools ought, as part of the educational system, to take its place in the standards with other branches of education. Not a very costly affair, this. No uniform is necessary; no arms; instructors would have to be provided at first, but in a few years the ordinary teachers would be well qualified to give the simple instruction required. A certain amount of gymnastic apparatus would be useful. This preliminary training should be given to both boys and girls. There is no reason why girls should be excluded from a curriculum so valuable as to be worthy of 'universal support' merely because it has a double value for boys. By the adoption of such a measure physical deterioration would receive a severe check and, at the same time, the education of our future soldiers would be begun.

A system by which they may be trained into an efficient army will now be indicated. The scheme is not put forward as the best scheme, it is intended only to show possibility. The outline of the 'new model' is as follows. The duration of the preliminary training in schools might be from the age of nine to about thirteen, the latter age being taken as the average age-limit of compulsory education under our present educational system. Then should follow the period of secondary training. The boys should be formed into cadet-corps; those who remain at school in school-corps, those who leave school in corps of the district in which they reside. Each 'contingent' of the same age should form a separate section or company or battalion of their corps, and should always exercise together. The amount of training need not be more than two exercises of two hours each every week. In this way the same set of instructors could deal with three different contingents of the ages, say, of fourteen, fifteen, and sixteen. The instruction should consist of company and battalion drill, and miniature musketry in closed ranges. For the musketry the ordinary shooting-gallery and a proportion of 'saloon'

firearms should be sufficient. At the age of seventeen or eighteen, the third and most important stage of the training would be undertaken. The whole of the 'annual contingent,' on attaining the age selected, would spend four or five months in camp, undergoing a thorough course of training. From the completion of this course to the end of the twentieth year, the training should attain about the same standard as that at present in force for the Volunteers. At the age of twenty, the trained soldier would be dismissed from drill, and would be liable henceforward only to an annual course of musketry and to recall for active service.

Is it impossible that efficient infantry soldiers could be produced by such a system of training? Certainly it is not. A training of this kind, extended over the most receptive years of life, will turn out soldiers more alert, intelligent, and skilful than would be produced by any system of sweating grown men for two uncomfortable years. With efficient instructors and a sound method, the training would undoubtedly be sufficient. But there would be great difficulties—the organisation required, the training of cavalry and artillery, and greatest of all, the cost. There is no use in shirking difficulties. Let us take them in order.

For the organisation and for the supply of instructors we have a stand-by, the Regular Army. The Regular Army must exist as long as we have foreign possessions; and it is the natural agent for the training of the rest of the population. It has already been shown that, if the Regular Army be confined to its proper duties, a large reduction of its infantry cadres is possible. The number of battalions actually required is 114, i.e. 90 abroad, 24 at home. Let the United Kingdom be divided on the basis of population into 114 regimental districts, and a district be assigned to each battalion. Let each battalion be responsible for the training of the male population of its district. Let each regiment consist of one regular battalion and a certain number of auxiliary battalions; and let them form one organisation.

The annual 'contingent' of the British Isles is probably 380,000; this is the figure estimated by the Commission on the Auxiliary Forces. From this number certain deductions must be made, but, it may be hoped, not many; for

one of the great advantages of preliminary training will be lost if the standard of physical fitness be placed too high. Not only should those boys be trained who are physically fit to become soldiers; all those who are physically fit to stand the training should be included. The improvement in physique of our present recruits during the first four months of training is almost incredible; it would be unfair to deprive any boys of this advantage, even if such improvement as would render them fit for service in the field could not be expected.

There are three classes of unfitness: moral, mental, and physical. The morally unfit are disqualified from either training or service with others; if trained, they must be trained separately. The mentally unfit are rejected. The physically unfit, that is, those unfit even for training, are excused. In 1903, among Germans attaining the military age, the proportion of unfit from all causes was nearly 10 per cent. The suggested lower physical standard will about meet our greater physical deterioration—we have never had compulsory training—and we may safely estimate the proportion of our unfit as 10 per cent. also. The only other deduction that should be made is for youths leaving the country; but the number is too variable to be taken into account.

If we take the contingent at seventeen years of age at 380,000, less 10 per cent., we may consider that the numbers for any year before that age will be somewhat greater, and the numbers after that age somewhat less. That should be sufficiently near for our purpose; but, to be on the safe side, we may take it that at the age of fourteen, which may be assumed as the age of leaving school, 380,000 boys come on the roll annually for cadet-training. Now all instruction up to the age fixed for the five months' camp, which may be assumed to be seventeen years, should be of the same type; and the drill should be infantry drill. It is hardly practicable, nor is it necessary, to attempt to train boys in mounted or scientific duties before that age. The whole of the cadet-training of three yearly contingents, each numbering 380,000, would therefore fall on the Infantry. This would give about 3300 of each year to each regimental district. To give these 9900 boys four hours' training each week would require a staff of about four officers and twenty non-

commissioned officers. These, then, may be taken as the beginning of the necessary training establishment.

In the first year of this cadet-training, cadet non-commissioned officers would be selected for each contingent on a liberal scale; and these would go on from year to year assisting the instructors and acquiring the habit of command and initiative. Before going to camp, each contingent of recruits of the age of seventeen would be largely reduced by the allotment of the necessary drafts for the mounted branches of the service and the departments. A possible distribution would be roughly 6000 to Cavalry and Mounted Rifles, 16,000 to Artillery, 10,000 each to the Royal Engineers and Army Service Corps, and 25,000 to Naval Reserve (in which number would be included boys recruited for long service in the navy), with 8000 to the medical services ashore and afloat. The total of about 75,000, when deducted from the contingent of 342,000 (380,000 less 10 per cent.), leaves us with 267,000 annually for the Infantry, or just about 2300 per regiment.

The annual contingent of an infantry regiment would be formed into four battalions, each of four companies. Each battalion would be commanded by a major or captain of the regular battalion, with a subaltern as adjutant, and six non-commissioned officers as instructors. The companies would be commanded and officered by cadet officers selected as follows: the cadet non-commissioned officers would come up for training as such; and from them, at the end of two months' training, the battalion commander would select provisional officers. After another two months' training, these appointments, if suitable, would be confirmed by the colonel of the district; and from these cadet officers four would be selected who were considered suitable, and were willing, to undergo another camp in order to qualify as company commanders. These selected four, or more if considered advisable, would 'drop a year,' and would permanently join the next contingent at the ensuing training as company commanders, to remain with this junior contingent throughout the period of liability of service. The other cadet officers would remain with their own contingents. At the end of the annual camping season the contingent would be medically examined; and all those permanently unfit for service in the field would be ex-

cused further training, or relegated to departmental organisations for service at home in war-time. With this medical examination, universal training for each contingent would cease, and the numbers finally available for service would be determined by the stringency of the standard exacted.

At the age of eighteen, the four battalions of each regimental contingent would be merged in the four battalions of the contingent a year older, thus making four battalions of a strength of 1000 to 1200. Each of these would be commanded by a major or captain of Regulars, with a subaltern as adjutant. At the age of nineteen, the contingent would become the senior contingent of each battalion, and would be joined by that a year younger. For these two years the standard of attendance might be on the same lines as the present volunteer regulations; and a high standard of efficiency would be exacted. From the age of twenty onwards, there would be no training except in musketry, which could be carried out by each contingent under its company officers.

This is a rough outline of a possible scheme for the training of Infantry. The share of the Regular Army and the cost of the whole will be considered later. The other arms would, however, have to be specially arranged for. There are many possible solutions of the difficulties presented by the training of boys for Cavalry and Artillery; methods now to be indicated are suggested only to prove that such training is feasible.

Field Artillery is the most difficult problem. Horse Artillery, if required, can be easily provided by transforming Regular Field Artillery, so that it may be left out of account. After providing for the 'striking force,' we have at present some sixty Regular field batteries at home, that is twenty Artillery brigades. These twenty brigades should be stationed territorially, one each to a group of Infantry regimental districts; and they should be on a peace establishment. Each brigade should, in the summer months, form a camp or camps for the training of the year's contingent of Artillery cadets, both as gunners and drivers, the selection of officers being carried out exactly as in the Infantry. Each brigade could probably train 300 cadets, which would be suffi-

cient. In the two years succeeding the camping year, the contingent should be attached to the Artillery of the 'striking force' for a fortnight each year. Attendance at gun-drills would, during these two years, be put in in the respective districts, and attendance at riding-school at the Cavalry depôts. After the age of twenty, the Artillery contingents might be called out for a fortnight in any year for a refreshing course.

The training of 200 cadets annually by each of the 50 garrison Artillery companies at home would present no difficulty, nor would their further drills. The 50 Royal Engineer companies and the 50 Army Service Corps Transport companies could undertake a similar task if properly distributed territorially. An additional officer for each might be required to superintend the drills of the contingents of eighteen and nineteen years of age. Supply companies could easily train a total of 400 annually, and the hospital duties in the various camps would give to the medical officers an opportunity of selecting assistants. If we place the medical requirements so low as one medical officer to 1000 men, and give each officer 20 boys, we approach a total of 7000; probably an allotment of 8000 will not be far wrong.

Of the land-forces, there remains the Cavalry. The difficulty in this case, as in the Artillery and Army Service Corps, is mainly with regard to horses, which are expensive. The expense, however, may be minimised. There are, excluding Household Cavalry, 28 Regular Cavalry regiments. Each of these should be territorialised; and a depôt should be formed in a Cavalry regimental district corresponding to a group of Infantry districts. Each depôt should have a captain or major and two subalterns, with a proportion of non-commissioned officers and enough men to look after 50 horses. Each of these depôts would take an annual contingent of 200 in camp like the rest; and the staff would there train the cadets in mounted duties. The boys would, at an early stage, be separated into troops, according to their quickness and skill in horsemanship, the best being selected for training in cavalry duties, the others as mounted riflemen. The horses for this training would be partly those from the depôt, but mainly drawn from another source, which will appear

when we consider the necessary alterations in the Regular Army. The further training of these young horsemen could be arranged as follows. Nine Cavalry regiments are stationed at home, outside the 'striking force.' These 27 squadrons would devote two months in each year to training the Mounted Infantry portion of the contingents, which, if we assume that 50 of each contingent are fit for Cavalry, would mean four courses of a fortnight each, each class consisting of 75 men; that is, 150 of eighteen and 150 of nineteen years. The cadets selected for Cavalry should be attached for a fortnight each year to the Cavalry of the 'striking force,' which has been assumed to be five regiments. This would necessitate two courses of 1400 each or four of 700. Attendance at riding-school would be put in in the winter; and the musketry would be carried out with the Infantry of the regimental district.

The training of the quota for Naval Reserve would of course be undertaken by the navy. All seafaring boys and fisherboys would be included.

Assuming that these arrangements are possible, that liability for active service in first line extends over ten years (from twenty to thirty), and that the annual contingent of fit and efficient Militia of twenty years of age for land-forces is 300,000, the total available force would work out somewhat as follows. One Army-corps of Regulars—the 'striking force'; some 7000 Cavalry and 10,000 Horse and Field Artillery of Regulars at home, as surplus to the Army-corps; a Militia force of some 56,000 Cavalry and Mounted Infantry; 60,000 Field Artillery; 2,500,000 Infantry, and a sufficiency of other branches.

It is evident that the main difficulties in peace and the chief deficiencies in war are found in the mounted services. The Cavalry and Mounted Infantry are not in proportion to the other arms. To assist the training in peace, and to help out the deficiency in war, it seems advisable to increase the mounted forces of the Regulars; and the only inexpensive method is by training more Mounted Infantry. Nor is this difficult. Even with short service, it is possible to train a Mounted Infantry company in each Infantry battalion; and, with a service of nine years, there is no reason why the whole of the Regular Infantry should not be trained in, and be available for,

mounted duties. An establishment of 50 horses per battalion—5700 for the whole of the Regular Infantry, at home and abroad—would be sufficient. This training would be in every way an advantage. Not only would it give us material for a large mounted force, but it would give variety to the exercises of long-service Infantry, and would widen the experience and knowledge of both officers and men. In order to provide horses for the training of the Mounted Militia, the establishment of horses of the battalions of the 'striking force' should be increased to 100 each. These would annually be lent to Cavalry depôts for the camping season, the Regular Mounted Infantry training being carried on in early spring and late autumn.

The efficiency of a large Militia force depends mainly on good organisation. For this purpose certain alterations in the Regular Forces will be required. The Regular Infantry battalion, with its depôt, is made responsible for the training of all cadets, and of the Infantry Militia of its district. The battalion establishment must therefore be strengthened. The number of officers wanted, above battalion requirements, will be 11 majors or captains and 10 subalterns; that is, 2 captains and 2 subalterns for the training of cadets under seventeen; 4 captains and 4 subalterns for the annual camps; 4 captains and 4 subalterns for the two contingents aged eighteen and nineteen, and 1 captain as adjutant of the depôt. One officer, a colonel or lieutenant-colonel, will be required to command the depôt in peace and the Militia brigade in war. If this increase in each of the 114 Regular battalions be put against the decrease due to the reduction by 57 battalions, it will be found that a total addition is required of some 57 colonels, 228 majors or captains, 57 adjutants, 627 subalterns and 171 quartermasters, besides about 100 officers of different ranks for the training of regular recruits in central depôts. Non-commissioned officers would be increased by 4560, and privates reduced by 21,000; 7000 additional horses would have to be provided. The increases required for the other arms would be small in comparison. The Cavalry would require 28 majors or captains, 56 subalterns, and about 148 non-commissioned officers, with a proportion of privates, say

2000. Any necessary increase in one rank of the other arms could be equalised by reduction in another.

The expenditure on the new Militia Force must now be roughly estimated. To begin with current expenditure, there is the question of pay. This would be a small item. The only period during which the cadet or militiaman would require either pay or uniform is the period spent in camp. For boys of eighteen, a shilling a week for pocket money is ample; it is possibly too much. However, it amounts to about 1*l.* for the training, which simplifies calculation. Pay for the Militia would therefore come to 342,000*l.* per annum, which is not an excessive amount. Uniform for the cadets should consist only of jacket and knickerbockers of khaki, putties, boots, a brown jersey and soft hat, with the usual underclothing for those that cannot provide their own, and a waterproof cape or cloak. Five months will wear it out. Ammunition will be a heavy item; but its cost can be minimised by using, in the early stages of training, saloon or miniature rifles, or even air-guns. In fact it is doubtful if the service-rifle should be given to militiamen before the age of nineteen. A man or boy can be trained to shoot well, although only light rifles and short ranges are available; and short ranges would mean a huge saving in capital expenditure. Rations would be issued only when in camp. The item is serious enough, even for that short period. Deterioration of camp equipment must be allowed for; and smaller current expenses of all kinds would increase the total.

The necessary capital expenditure would be considerable. The purchase of ground for camps and rifle-ranges, the provision of drill-halls and increased accommodation at depôts, rifles and personal equipment, camp equipment, a reserve of clothing for war, a reserve of transport—all this would mean a large expenditure. The sale of barracks no longer required would be a saving. It is impossible here to enter into calculations, but it can certainly be said that the cost of these things, although serious, is by no means prohibitive, especially as there is no reason to undertake the whole at one time. To make a rough guess, the total would be under 20,000,000*l.*

Against these various increases and additions, both Regular and Militia, we can at once put the saving of

the whole present expenditure on Militia, Yeomanry, and Volunteers, including their permanent staff, and that due to the reduction of the Regular Infantry by 21,000 men. These savings ought to approach 6,000,000*l.* annually, which should cover the increase of pay to Regular officers and the current expenditure on the Militia. It is possible that the interest on capital expenditure could also be met out of this saving.

It appears, therefore, that there would be little, if any, extra cost entailed by these proposals. Let us see what the organisation would give us in the way of military resources, in case of war. It will depend on the navy whether our land-forces are to be employed abroad or at home. If we retain command of the sea, then a certain proportion of our Regular Army will be available to co-operate with the Militia in offensive warfare abroad. If we lose command of the sea, we may lose it when the 'striking force' is abroad, in which case the Militia would have to resist invasion without assistance. Let us take the latter contingency first.

On the outbreak of war, or before it, two contingents should be mobilised, say those of twenty-four and twenty-five years of age. The annual cadet-camps would be suspended; and the battalion officers of the cadets would join the mobilised contingents as battalion commanders and adjutants. Each battalion would contain about 500 of each contingent, 1000 in all, in eight companies with a full complement of Militia officers. This would give at once an infantry force of 456 battalions. The senior battalion commander of each regiment would assume command of the four battalions, his place being taken by the depôt adjutant, who would be replaced by a Reserve or Militia Reserve officer. The Mounted Infantry and Cavalry of these two contingents would join at the Cavalry depôt to receive horses, and would be formed into squadrons and battalions under cavalry officers of the depôt and infantry officers of the cadet training-staff. The Artillery Militia would join their brigades, to man ammunition columns and reinforce batteries. The Artillery must of course be completed at once; so possibly three or four Artillery contingents would be called out simultaneously. The first available force would therefore be 456,000 Infantry, 6000 or 7000 Regular

Cavalry, reinforced by 2800 Militia Cavalry and 8400 Militia Mounted Infantry; 20 Artillery brigades complete (360 guns), and a proper proportion of Garrison Artillery, Engineers, Army Service Corps, and administrative services.

As soon as these contingents were mobilised, the two next junior (twenty-two and twenty-three) would be called out, the officers being provided by the remainder of the dépôt staff. The Artillery would be considered separately, according to guns available. The two Infantry regiments of each district would form a brigade, under the colonel of the district; and these brigades would be formed by threes into strong divisions under the commanders of grouped Regimental Districts, or other senior officers of the Regular Army employed, in peace time, on command, inspection, general staff or administrative duties. This would probably be followed immediately by the calling out of the whole of the Cavalry and Mounted Infantry liable to service.

It is evident from this that the great deficiency is in guns. Taking the proportion even at two guns to 1000 bayonets, each of these divisions should have 48 guns, so that only 7 divisions could be completed in Artillery. This question has purposely been left undiscussed, for the guns are equally wanting under either system; we are no better off at present. However we may as well throw in a bit of the extra cost now, and say that each battery at home should have 12 guns instead of 6, so that it could be expanded in war-time to a brigade of 3 batteries of 4 guns each; and other 300 or 400 heavy guns should be kept in reserve. The question of the provision of horses in war may be passed over, it being assumed that we could get horses, as other nations do, by compulsory purchase.

These four contingents would provide a field-force of some 21 divisions, each consisting of 24,000 Infantry, 750 Mounted Infantry, and 48 guns, with 12 Cavalry brigades composed of 1800 Cavalry, 1800 Mounted Infantry, and possibly also a Horse Artillery battery each—an organised army of 650,000 men. In addition there would be 17 similar divisions, without Field Artillery, as garrisons and reserves. It might be unnecessary to mobilise any further contingents, but additional Militia officers would be called

out to take the place of the officers of the training-staff appointed to mobilised battalions. The training of Mounted Infantry should, of course, be carried on in the mobilised divisions, and the cadet training-staff of regular non-commissioned officers would be concentrated on the training of the contingents next for mobilisation.

The command of the sea will not be lost in a day; and we may take it that, with ordinary precaution, this force could be mobilised and have a month or two of training before it could be called on to meet an invader. It would be hopeless for an enemy in these circumstances to raid this country; an organised invasion would be his only chance; and there is little prospect of any enemy or combination of enemies being able to gain command of the sea and collect transport for an invasion in force under three months. If so much time be granted us, we need have no fear. To take the other contingency: if we retain command of the sea, and desire to make an effort to finish the war by carrying it into the enemy's country, we can produce a much stronger force than for home defence. The Regular Army would then be available. The infantry of the Regular Army abroad can be replaced by Militia Infantry of twice or three times the strength if necessary; and the Regulars could become Mounted Infantry for the field army. We should also have the assistance of the colonies. The limit, as before, is in guns. If sufficient guns were available, however, we could probably make use of an efficient and properly organised force of 1,500,000 men, exclusive of an abundance of troops for lines of communications. Great Britain would then be a 'great power.'

The colonies have been mentioned. At present they are ahead of us in the matter of military training. They may well be so; they have no navy to pay for, and no regular army. But there is little doubt that if the mother-country adopts a scheme of this sort the colonies will follow swiftly on her track. If they did so the empire would be, under Providence, safe.

There are, of course, numerous questions which have here been passed over casually, and for which many answers can be found. The 114 Regular battalions would, for instance, naturally be the 109 old regiments which were formerly numbered, the Rifle Brigade, and 4

regiments of Guards. Each of these would be formed into one Regular battalion. The higher commands and staff would be formed from the present establishment, which is strong enough to undertake a good deal of emergency. The administration required to deal with the registering and allotment of the contingents would be provided partly by the military staff of the district and partly by the local civil authorities, as it is on the Continent. There are probably many other points which have been omitted; there may be calculations that are faulty and opinions that are erroneous; the whole scheme, in its present stage, can only be a basis of discussion, and is intended only as a rough attempt to point out necessities and possibilities.

It may be noted that, in this scheme, a larger force has been provided than is likely to be required. It is worth paying for. It means universal training; and, if training be not universal, there will be discontent and inefficiency. Exemption, for any reason except unfitness, is a deadly disease in a national army. If the army provided by our scheme is greater than the nation can afford, it may be reduced by raising the physical standard; there is no other healthy method. The ballot gives exemptions and allows of substitution, both of which are bad. Universal training, however, would not be unpopular; duties that are shared by all alike seldom are so. Every efficient Militiaman, during and after his period of liability for service, should have a vote, without property or other qualification. Those excused for physical unfitness should require the ordinary qualification.

It must be admitted that no country in modern times has attempted to deal with the problem of home defence on such lines as we have sketched. But no country is in the same military position as Great Britain; and it is only by considering our peculiar necessities and possibilities that our military problem can be satisfactorily solved. The remedy proposed is a radical one, no doubt; but it may be hoped that it will at least be thought worthy of consideration by such good citizens as are prepared to reject dogmas and to break with traditions in the endeavour to secure the efficiency of the national forces and the safety of the country.

Art. II.—RECENT LITERARY CRITICISM IN FRANCE.

1. *Études sur la Littérature Contemporaine.* By Edmond Scherer. Ten vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1863-1895.
2. *Études Critiques sur l'Histoire de la Littérature Française.* By Ferdinand Brunetière. Seven vols. Paris: Hachette, 1880-1903.
3. *Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine.* By Paul Bourget. Two vols. Paris: Lemerre, 1883-1886.
4. *Nos Morts Contemporains.* By Émile Montégut. Two vols. Paris: Hachette, 1883-1884.
5. *Les Contemporains.* By Jules Lemaître. Seven vols. Paris: Lecène, Oudin, 1884-1898.
6. *Dix-neuvième Siècle. Études Littéraires.* By Émile Faguet. Paris: Lecène, Oudin, 1887.
7. *La Vie Littéraire.* By Anatole France. Four vols. Paris: Calmann Lévy, 1889-1892.

THE nineteenth century may come to be styled the Age of Criticism. Man and Nature have been investigated by analytical methods in the light of various hypotheses derived from physical and metaphysical sources. In France, especially, literary criticism has borne an important share in this investigation. It has been treated as an historical, or even a natural science. It has also remained an art, and a field for the exercise of moral as well as æsthetic judgment.

By the middle of the century we find Sainte-Beuve recognised as the prince of critics. Heir of Chateaubriand and Mme de Staël, of Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot, he was an Alexander with an empire of such extent that his successors needed but to divide it among themselves. Later there arose M. Brunetière, who has claimed the whole empire again, and reigns at the present moment with a kind of authority which Sainte-Beuve did not claim or obtain. How has this come about? Sainte-Beuve, with his delicate tact, could examine literature by the æsthetical, and by the historical and scientific methods. His disciples gradually found themselves constrained to make their account with the third or moral element, with the social function of criticism. M. Brunetière, from the outset of his endeavour, has been engaged in con-

structing a massive system which should harmonise these necessary elements and methods. There has been a course of development. Criticism has proceeded from contemplation to action; from complacent self-culture to devoted altruism; from indifferent or disinterested scepticism to a strenuous desire for the furtherance of the commonwealth. Is it possible to state in outline the course of this development?

It is equally human to simplify, and to distrust simplification, which is the mother of systems and of caricature. Here are many names of high reputation. To treat them summarily is to do them injustice. Nevertheless, in the interests of simplicity, it is allowable to fix attention mainly upon their critical methods. In so doing we shall find that there are men behind these methods, men who are representative of certain modern tendencies. This disposes, again, of any charge that to criticise critics is a work of supererogation, the pursuit of the shade of a shadow. For simplicity's sake it is also allowable, remembering the right, left, and centre of the Hegelian school, to divide the school of Sainte-Beuve in like fashion. It was in the nature of Sainte-Beuve to shun exposition, and above all affirmation, of his various methods. Taine, his younger contemporary, ruthlessly organising that method of 'natural history' which his master preferred to use in freedom, headed one extreme division. Renan, purely a moralist in his few pieces of literary criticism, perforce commanded another wing, with or without his own consent. For certain disciples of Sainte-Beuve, lost in admiration at the dexterity with which Renan, in his old age, employed Sainte-Beuve's spirit of intellectual curiosity, of what the French call 'dilettantisme,' could almost forget that their master made use of it in conjunction with other methods. In what follows, such reference will be made to Renan and Taine, along with Sainte-Beuve, as is necessary for due comprehension. Let us deal first, then, with that extreme wing which may be called the right.

The task of the critic, as conceived by Sainte-Beuve, was to observe everything, comprehend everything, explain everything. Criticism, in his theory and his practice, should be facile and insinuating, mobile and all-embracing. He had himself passed through many phases of intellectual and moral life. It is a question, indeed, whether he

engaged himself more deeply as a neo-Catholic, a mystic, a Saint-Simonian, a honeyed advocate of the Romantic school, than, in his later years, he would have had us believe; or whether intellectual curiosity, a comfortable scepticism, was predominant in him throughout. All tastes at once had entered his soul—so he wrote in an early poem. But suppose a philosopher of wider reach, who comprehended all ideas at once, and seemingly cared as little as Sainte-Beuve to form any conclusion about their respective values. This, Renan—the Renan of the philosophical dramas and dialogues—accomplished in his old age. It was true that Renan had some half-dozen leading principles upon which, in the body of his work, he continuously and seriously insisted. But French youth, dazzled by his benevolent and amused irony, chose with delight to see in him only the finished dilettante, perfect model for imitation. Love-making, wit, philosophy, theology itself, Sainte-Beuve had said, were no more than a kind of learned and subtle games which men had invented to diversify the course of life, at once too short and too long. And, he added, they do not sufficiently perceive that these things are games. Of such a fault, Sainte-Beuve and Renan could not be accused; nor yet the disciples now to be mentioned.

M. Jules Lemaître, a professor of literature in the provinces, when first he listened to the siren voice of Renan, expressed his surprise and mistrust. On coming to Paris he declared his repentance of such mistrust. He set himself to outrival the Parisians who delight in airy wit and inconsequent paradox. In the forefront of 'Les Contemporains' he inscribed Sainte-Beuve's description of criticism as the flowing river that reflects the objects it passes, understands them, as it were, and exhibits to the curious traveller who floats on its bosom the changing spectacle along its course. He would reflect the literature of his own time. He would cast off the slough of professorship and pedantry, and be a modern of the moderns. Was it his fault, he asked, if everything in the literature of his day made him shiver with delight; if he loved it, mad, morose, restless, subtle as it was; loved it for its very affectations, absurdities, and exaggerations, the germ of which he felt within himself, and made his own by the study of it? After all, as he might also have

asked, is one not a contemporary of one's contemporaries? Is there not something of them all in each of us?

Accordingly, criticism should be an art of enjoying books, of enriching and refining one's own sensibility by means of them. And what about judgment? Ah, he would answer with smiling irony, he was so little of a critic; he did but note down his impressions. And these impressions, being individual, varied from month to month. Was not that natural? Nay, when M. Lemaître, his mental agility trained to its height, was occupied with his '*Impressions du Théâtre*,' he could set contradictory impressions side by side, and tell you but to wait for the morrow and another change in his opinion. If it was pointed out to him that he had preferences, which implied judgments, he retorted that M. Brunetière, delivering judgments with authority, had also his personal preferences, which he had but erected into a stately system. If the dogmatic critic professes to judge against his own taste, he is himself content with tasting literature, and refraining from judgment. Or if—to continue speaking on behalf of M. Lemaître—it is easy to prove that he judges, and judges by æsthetical and moral standards, as we shall presently discover, he does not seek to impose his judgment, his personal opinion. He could not do so, convinced as he is that all things are relative, and that it is folly to require the agreement of any except the like-minded. That things are what they are, is apt to be the conclusion both of the philosopher who has accomplished the grand tour in the kingdom of ideas, and of the idler who shirks such toil.

But what of the dangers of such intellectual curiosity and unstable judgment? It would be as reasonable, perhaps, first to bear in mind its necessary limitations, or its disappearance with age and experience. M. Lemaître himself, receptive and suggestive to a brilliant and delightful degree, vivaciously exposes his own limitations, and his enjoyment of these limitations. It is M. Bourget, or an 'academic' critic like Montégut, who is capable of being cosmopolitan; it is M. Brunetière who can patiently make enquiry as to the theories of the 'Symbolists.' For his part, M. Lemaître will hear nothing of Scandinavians, Russians, and the like; he is sure that one had the same thing done previously and better by George Sand and

Balzac, by Flaubert and Dumas fils. The dilettante must of course comprehend and reflect Shakespeare; but, after all, was Voltaire so very far wrong with his 'drunken barbarian'? As to the French writers who had the misfortune not to be modern, well—there was Racine, especially if you treat him as a contemporary. And as to these moderns themselves, M. Lemaître could not forget that he was a native of Touraine, shrewd, practical, sworn enemy of whatsoever was vague or exaggerated; and that he was a professor, a Frenchman, instinctively prompt to judge after the constant Latin-French tradition of classicism. Kindly of heart, he could not help presenting garlands of nettles to most of his contemporaries. If some of them seemed original, there was small wonder in that; they were so ignorant. A Don Juan of literature, as it were, admiring, professionally admiring, a thousand and three charmers, and all in all to each in turn, he reserves, in fact, his admiration for writers of well-considered thought or profound feeling. His theatrical criticism forcibly recalls him to decide upon moral questions; and for the solution of vexed problems he is not loth to offer his native practical wisdom, even that of the average householder, veiled in tender irony. His own dramas revealed him as fundamentally tender, not to say sentimental. In his 'Contes' he showed that he loved the simple and humble of heart and mind, who have the unspeakable merit of not being subtle and inconstant; and that, a Latin as it were of the Fall, weary of philosophic systems, a neo-Latin of the neo-decadence, he harboured a 'piety without faith.'

Presently, Saul is found among the prophets: M. Lemaître is busy regenerating France, along with MM. Bourget and Vogüé, Brunetière, and Faguet. Ever abounding in robust common-sense, he now sets forth his store of simple and excellent wisdom in the conduct of social life. He has become sceptical of scepticism; and his 'Opinions à répandre' are counsels of toil and peace and mediocrity. One detects weariness, perchance, and small belief that his advice will be followed. His pessimistic pity of men flows anew. Scorning art and literature, he craves for action. In the old days he complained that he tried, as it were, to enter into the houses of other men. That was repeating Sainte-Beuve's

description of himself as like the tyrant of antiquity who had many bedrooms, and knew not in which he should sleep that night. Now a political partisan, he has a house to himself; but with what measure of comfort?

Almost all that may be said of M. Lemaître as a dilettante applies also to M. Anatole France. Both share with Renan and Sainte-Beuve a determination to be benevolently optimistic; with Sainte-Beuve and Montaigne, their serenity of practical wisdom. They are Menæchmi, twin brothers, in their keen relish of intellectual gymnastics, their love of the simple and humble, their kindness, their 'piety without faith.' They are equally ready to interest their readers by personal confidences. The difference, for one thing, is in the speed and beat, as it were, of their music. M. Lemaître's style is the more composite and vivacious; in M. France we listen to the calm monotony of rhythmical phrasing. And M. France asserts a much larger claim for the rights of subjectivity. The critic, the artist of whatever kind, never shapes forth anything but himself. The whole world of things, could he lay it under contribution, would only be the reflection of his own soul.

Thus he proposes, in the four volumes of '*La Vie Littéraire*,' to discuss Pascal or Gyp, Hamlet or Homer, in connexion with himself. And the reader, according to M. France, has no cause for complaint, since he, also, does but read himself into whatever he reads. M. France, accused of being an 'impressionist,' and therefore not a critic, is not at all troubled; he never had the pretension to be a critic. When all the sciences have been completed and co-ordinated, say in a few thousand years, one may begin to criticise. Meanwhile he will pursue his own delight by dreaming that his dream is good, by loving the eternal illusion; and will offer his delight in turn to a few chosen and delicate souls, as curious as himself about that which no curiosity can penetrate. If this world of ours, one might say, compact of contradictions, mirrored itself in a St Francis and also in a Voltaire, M. France discovers both of them in his own microcosm, amalgamates them, links them together in amusing discord. Serenely ironical, a saintly Lucian, he is a philosophic humorist, delighted with contrasts.

M. France as a critic would seem to have no use for

standards of judgment. The classic, æsthetical standard? There is the less chance of being duped, he says, if you love diverse things. The historical, scientific? History and science are but dreams of fleeting man. Morals? Let us at least dream that we are kind to our fellow-dreamers. Will he awake from his dream to dreamy action, such moral and social action as that to which all the surviving critics of the Sainte-Beuve school have addressed themselves? Life is lovely if you regard it with smiling irony; and sacred if you feel the pity of it. In his later novels, which are criticisms, self-expression by means of typical personages who are a part of his own self, he reduces contemporary France, nay humanity itself, to vanity and nothingness. Man turns ever in the same narrow circle of misery and error because he will not learn to despise himself. But that, one might say, is the 'memento mori,' the 'dying to live,' of saints and philosophers. M. France is a moralist in spite of himself. He has taken sides with Rousseau and Pascal against M. Brunetière in choosing sensibility rather than reason as the guide of life. A man of action, he adhered to reasonable and abstract justice in a certain 'celebrated cause' that divided French sympathies. Ever a man of good-will, and doubtless still ironical, he can write little social tracts of fair counsel.

Let us turn to the other extreme wing of the school of Sainte-Beuve. That which was an instinctive method in Sainte-Beuve, the naturalist of the soul—his explanation by antecedents and conditions, his classification by types and families, his guiding rules for analytical discovery—all this was reduced to tense formulas and a rigid system by Taine. Literature, according to Taine, is a branch of natural history; criticism a science dependent on the science of physiology. Fresh from the study of Spinoza and Hegel, of Condillac and Mill and Comte, he saw the world, the literature of the world, and men of letters, as a web of causes and effects: determinism sat on the throne of Zeus. All things are mutually dependent and relative. A writer, an epoch, is a problem of mechanics; human volition is not refractory, since it does not exist. To reconstruct the individual you analyse the characteristic particularities of his body and mind, duly recognising

that which is preponderant in the plan of his economy. These mutually dependent and co-existent factors ascertained, you proceed to the study of succession and conditions, the pressure of heredity and environment; and you ascertain the result which these two influences combined were bound to produce at the given time. It is the same with epochs; literature is the complete evidence of historical states of mind, in the individual or the nation.

To all which Sainte-Beuve virtually replied that there was no need of scientific pedantry, and that tact was more useful to the critic than geometry. In fact, subsequent critics have but expanded Sainte-Beuve's sufficient criticism of heredity and environment, and accepted the limitations he assigned to the use of the scientific method. What is left of Taine's method is the preference for, so to speak, the deduction of a writer's work from his ascertained character over Sainte-Beuve's inductive discovery of character from work; and the study of the 'moment,' the pressure of the past, as, for example, where M. Brunetière is engaged in showing how the past body of work in a given 'genre' constrains innovation by reaction or the addition of new elements. Taine himself, in his later years, examining the 'sum of important sentiments' manifested in this or that work or epoch of art, found need to introduce the æsthetic and moral standards of judgment once more; he recognised that art cannot be wholly transformed into so much natural history. He disowned the novelists of the 'Naturalistic' school, who took him so thoroughly at his word. He remains an almost incomparable artist, a Titan in his admiration of the Titanic; able to produce surprising portraits and vividly resuscitate past epochs, by excessive simplification.

M. Paul Bourget, when he wrote in his youth the '*Essais de Psychologie Contemporaine*,' was a critic of the scientific order, and a disciple of Taine, enquiring into what Balzac called the natural history of hearts, and Sainte-Beuve the natural history of minds. He selected for critical analysis certain literary and philosophical leaders who expounded, and therewith propagated, certain intellectual and moral states of conscious sensibility. The younger generation shapes its inward life upon the models offered by elder contemporaries. That is to say, Taine's theory of the general and ideal man who may be supposed

to have resumed within himself the characteristic features of his time, and have produced its art and literature, is subordinated to Taine's doctrine of the 'moment,' the pressure of the past upon the present. These elder contemporaries, these initiators, were nothing else in their sum but this ideal and general man. As the old birds sing, the young birds chirp. And what was the result upon the youth of France, contemporary with the youthful M. Bourget? In the spirit of analysis, in cosmopolitanism and dilettantism, in the theory of the decadence, in the multiplicity of the *ego*, in the creed of universal determinism—in all these M. Bourget found just so many components of pessimism, of intellectual despair.

This critical analysis, which was to set forth the private life of his own contemporaries in youth, this discernment of the modes of living implied in philosophical doctrines, was also a personal confession. To assimilate these chosen masters was to comprehend ideas, the germ of which he already bore within himself. M. Bourget had comprehended that which would further his own development. He could employ these states of mind and feeling for his own purposes as a novelist. And yet he was no comfortable dilettante. He was altogether too serious to employ his 'delicate science of intellectual and sentimental metamorphosis' capriciously, with the enjoyment of swift and inconsequent change. His acquired and natural pessimism was tender, with a tenderness akin to the mystico-sensualism revealed in Sainte-Beuve's early 'Volupté' and 'Joseph Delorme.' In M. Bourget the claims of the heart conflicted with the claims of the logical brain. It was the tragic conflict of faith and doubt; the problem of the poets in the early years of the century intensified by the despairing conclusions more lately derived from the natural sciences; the problem of Hamlet and Job. M. Bourget could not forbear to have pity on man, and endeavour their consolation and guidance. He was sure that the isolated contemplation of intellectual systems, the isolated pursuit of artistic joys and griefs, was a violation of right living. A psychologist, and therefore, by his own definition, unconcerned with the practical consequences of intellectual doctrines; a scientific determinist, who must away with human responsibility; he proclaimed the responsibility of artists and philosophers,

the superiority of action over contemplation, the need of that faith which is the spring of will and love and action. He had become a moralist in place of what he styled a juggler with ideas.

But the development of M. Bourget was complex and hampered in its course. The claims of his heart and his head were not, and possibly still are not, at one. His intelligence, his incorrigible scepticism, the consciousness of his special talent, for years constrained him to set forth certain modes of the soul in full detail. His heart and intelligence also urged him to add prefaces and conclusions of moral warning against these modes. Did he not remember that malady, and not health, is contagious? that warnings pass unheeded, and states of the mind, fully described, are states of the mind which—as he proved in his own person—the younger generation assimilates or seeks to assimilate? Or must the artist be profoundly immoral, as Renan said; careless of morality, like nature itself, so long as he is the artist only? In his last works, still the artist, and still the critic of life seeking to be all warning and guidance, M. Bourget employs his brain in the service of his heart. He would exhibit and defend the aspirations of his practical reason. He has joined MM. Vogüé, Brunetière, and Faguet in advocating the study of prerevolutionary conditions of society and forms of moral feeling, and their appropriate revival in the interests of solidarity.

Suppose you study writers as so many pathological cases. That also will be scientific criticism after a sort, which may be defended and oppugned. The dominant faculty—if that should be a hypertrophy of the organisation? Hypertrophy implies atrophy; and genius, Dryden told us, is closely allied to madness. Genius, then, is nervous degeneration. Thus M. Maurice Spronck could deftly diagnose the maladies of literary artists; and the same may be said of Émile Hennequin, even when he is occupied in examining idiosyncrasies of style. It would be interesting, did space allow, to discuss the treatise in which Hennequin, before his early death, sought to render criticism scientific and objective. A little dialectic might show that, against his will, he proved it to be subjective, and that he employed those judgments which science does not recognise.

But it is M. Émile Faguet who, in criticism, is the pure scientist, if science be devotion to truth. M. Faguet began his career as a dramatic critic. What new technical formulas or promises of formulas were to be discerned in the younger playwrights? he was accustomed to ask, with robust good-humour. Above all, had they any ideas? Then followed his series on the chief French men of letters during the last four centuries. Like M. Brunetière, he discovers two great literary ages in the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries, but he also adds the sixteenth. He describes alternate rise and fall rather than culmination in a single period. Throughout, 'hast any wisdom in thee?' was his enquiry. Again, like M. Brunetière, he cared to understand beauty in its intellectual relations only. He had the passion of ideas, and wished to reflect as objectively as possible—in a mirror, as it were, a reducing 'Claude Lorraine' glass—the conceptions of life set forth by representative writers. But these writers are somewhat tiresome; many of them persisted in being artists, nay, some of them even managed to 'get along,' as one might say, without any ideas at all. Therefore he has once more to set out on his quest for truth, to address himself on a larger scale to discovery. The chief sociologists and moralists of France in the nineteenth century, what did they think of the universe? State this clearly and you will have something like an image of the century. Once more he adopts Taine's method of portraiture; the deductive-inductive presentation of dominant and subsidiary qualities. Biography may be relegated to a footnote; character he will notice so far as it influenced the work produced. A short preface may serve to establish links between these various men, whose position and influence—. Influence? Thinkers have none; a few disciples exaggerate the faults of their masters. A great soul may have influence; but great thinkers—it is difficult to decide whether they follow or guide the march of human happenings. Ideas are but facts, perceived facts; though, perceived by some one and sublimated into ideas, these ideas add new force and velocity to facts. In perceiving these perceived facts M. Faguet does not 'criticise.' He only pauses now and then in order briefly to state the arguments for accepting or rejecting some important doctrine. And, in the intro-

ductions, any general considerations suggested by the systems that he has examined may be reduced, as it were, to a few mathematical formulas.

Has M. Faguet presented these systems of thought with sufficient objectivity? Why, he has had no space or care to introduce any of his own impressions or general ideas. Besides, unlike M. Brunetière, he mistrusts general ideas. He has known too many, and their insufficiency. Is he in danger of becoming a dilettante, harbouring ever new ideas and modes of feeling for the pleasure of it? He has no time for any folly of the sort; the next thinker is waiting to be examined. Let us think, we might suppose M. Faguet to say; let us go on thinking. That is the honour and duty of the race. Our existence, yours and mine, is not long enough for us to sum up the conclusions of our thought. If, some day or other, I happen to form any conclusion, I will at once inform you. Let us think, loyally and conscientiously, and not be afraid of any social consequences. It is man's superiority and duty to think. We cannot help thinking, even if we would; therefore let us accomplish our destiny. In thinking, in organising our observation of facts, we are elevating ourselves above the utilitarian meanness of life. The stern limitations, indeed, of our human thoughts are soon ascertained; and consequently we must cherish the morals, the religion, which aid us in manly endurance and brotherly love. Natural science can give no satisfaction to our hearts; it has but made the world more violent and agitated, increasing envious and selfish desire, but not our comfort. We must return to the sources of that moral force which we have left behind us in our vain quest. We must learn to reconcile anew the positive and the ideal, reflection and sentiment. The labours of all these thinkers of the nineteenth century—the first band of them advocating individualism, or progress, or faith in natural science, which last two are one and the same; the second band endeavouring, in their divers ways, to restore some power of the spirit that might successfully combat the rising moral, social, and intellectual anarchy; the third and latest, confessing that there is no possible union of liberty and equality, that we must learn courageous despair, or console ourselves with the delights of artistic scepticism—what are all

these labours but a declaration of general bankruptcy? But then, he would say, I agree with M. Brunetière that a certain pessimism is our one safeguard and incentive to right action. I agree with him also that literature is vain unless it exercises a social function, and endeavours a social and political, that is to say, a moral, regeneration. Have I not sought to point out in two volumes of political problems some palliations, I do not say remedies, of our unhappy condition? The future will think just what it pleases of what you and I have thought. Meanwhile, let us not be disheartened: let us go on thinking.

It can readily be understood that the critics of these two extreme wings find little need for exhibition of biographical detail, whereas Sainte-Beuve is best known as a psychological biographer. He is the father-confessor of authors, and of men of action who have bequeathed some documents significant of character. Ardent in the quest of anecdote, he readily abandons the analysis and judgment of the literary product that he may employ his Protean faculty of psychological divination. As for definite results, does not one violate truth by affirmation, which is always too exclusive? Sainte-Beuve refused to affirm. But whoever now writes essays of mingled criticism and biography belongs to the centre of his school, and employs, however unconsciously, his method.

There are at least two critics of note who belong to this central group, and that not only because they wrote biographical essays. They are Montégut and Scherer. It was possible for Émile Montégut to graft Sainte-Beuve's talent of comprehension upon the stock of sympathy rather than on that of scepticism. What if love were insight; and if, the more you admired and loved, the more you understood? The converse does not indeed hold equally good. Sainte-Beuve of necessity sympathised with his subjects; it was his interest and pleasure so to do. But then, if Browning's Papal Envoy, having known four and twenty leaders of revolts, set little store by revolutions and revolutionaries, so Sainte-Beuve's sympathy, exercised again and again, was much akin to indifference. For years his intellectual curiosity seemed almost insatiable; but he lacked love, as Goethe

says of Heine. He was botanising, classifying, as he declared, with some half-intention of arranging intellectual and moral mankind into families. He sympathised, but hardly respected. How could he, since man was nature, and nature nature? Jewels have flaws and fine webs a reverse side of ravellings. Truth has its way of being unpleasant; but there was a certain pleasure to Sainte-Beuve in discovering the unpleasant. All things to all men—that was optimistic; and, if a critic should be optimistic, he must also take care not to be duped.

Emile Montégut chose to run the risk of being duped. He was all sympathy, If, for instance, Renan denounced Béranger as a corrupter of France, or Scherer scorned Gautier as a man without a single idea, Montégut would point out that they were rich in sterling ore, and generous of their treasure. One could adduce Montégut along with Scherer as sufficient proofs that it is possible to outrival foreign critics in the appreciation of their own literatures. Such was his admiring delight in literature that he felt no need of sacrificing one national standard of beauty to another. A graceful Stoic, the moral element in his criticism is implicit rather than expressed. In his 'Libres Opinions' and elsewhere, he showed himself not unconcerned with the morals and politics of his country, and was able to advise and warn in wide-minded calm. But his fortunes have been curious. Before and since his death he has not been the subject of critical estimates. His ideas are pillaged without acknowledgment, or he is mentioned with brief courtesy as worthy of trust and honour. Perchance he should have borrowed the critical bludgeon, and have committed a startling onslaught now and then. It may be that he continued his studies of English literature after French interest in it had been superseded by the study of more 'exotic' literatures. It may also be that his appreciation was at times almost too ingenious and profuse of imagery; or again, that, like Coleridge's perfect woman, he was characterless. There is nothing to be said about him, because he is so well-balanced, because he is so charming. Charm is not to be analysed. His method, in short, is almost indefinable.

The second was Edmond Scherer. Becoming a critic of literature in his later years, the links which bound

him in discipleship to Sainte-Beuve were strong. The method of criticism for Scherer, as for Sainte-Beuve, was to comprehend rather than classify, to explain rather than judge. From the analysis of the character and environment of a given writer, the comprehension of his work would spring of itself. Inheriting the Latin tradition, both came to prefer the delicate and finished to the forceful; both were exclusive and even narrow in their sympathies, and prompt in repugnance. But there was this difference. Where Sainte-Beuve was full of suavity, or even unction, Scherer was austere. Sainte-Beuve had finally become a Gallio. The contradictions of human nature amused him. He was satisfied to know that no one could know anything of that which we crave to know. His scepticism was truly a suspense of judgment. But Scherer was a stern and unbending Calvinist who had lost his creed and could not reconcile himself to the loss. The scepticism of Sainte-Beuve was airy and inconclusive, a 'soft pillow to his head,' like the scepticism of Montaigne; whereas Scherer, progressively and coldly detaching himself from his faith, and bringing philosophical dogmas in turn to the test of reason, found himself at last alone amid the ruins. He had sacrificed his all to truth; he had pursued logic thither where logic necessarily destroys itself, had pressed vainly around the flaming walls that hem in human reason. God had disappeared in the crucible of analysis, and the philosophic absolute was not long in approving itself a figment and a simulacrum. There was no sanction of morality; nothing that inspired delight in duty or compelled obedience. Unlike Sainte-Beuve, he had reached desperate conclusions and saw no remedies, however desperate. There was left him at most some secret joy in complete disillusion; some grim relish of disenchantment; that philosophical tranquillity which barely differs from agony. A large part of the 'Études' is but an arsenal to furnish you with all the possible instruments of negative criticism. Whatsoever new philosophical, moral, or social structure arose about him, Scherer could not refrain from demolishing it forthwith.

And literature the anodyne, the charmed circle of æsthetic contemplation? Nay, Scherer was nothing if not a moralist. Criticism could only be a newer stage upon

which to exhibit the tragic conflict of his heart and his intelligence. However conscious he was that theories of ethics are naught, however slight his hope that some æsthetic morality might emerge for the happy few, his sincere austerity, at once his torment and his joy, forced him to despise everything in literature which did not grapple with the great problems of life. How could such a man be comprehensive, mobile, insinuating, nonchalant, as his programme, and that of Sainte-Beuve, required? At times he would let fall dilettante confessions of tolerance; would urge that art is concerned with art alone, is neither moral nor immoral, and perishes if weighted with philosophic intentions. But, at the turn of the page, or in the next essay, he is again the moralist, with increased severity. He will make bold to state that literature is pernicious or salutary according to the disposition of the reader; and, none the less, he will detect the plague-spot amid the fairest seeming.

Sainte-Beuve, remembering his own youthful languor and sensual tenderness, could now and then encourage some young contemporary poet who did not threaten to become illustrious, or paternally scold some wild young dog of a writer whose paradoxes had amused him at dinner. But, to Scherer, the young contemporary was a young barbarian whose barbarity was to remain perennially unredeemed. Sainte-Beuve, resenting offences against taste, and not without a certain jealous malignity, could refrain from criticising the literary idols of his time, or discreetly draw attention to the feet of clay; Scherer was constrained to denounce them as corrupters of a generation far gone in corruption. There were Wordsworth, indeed, and Lamartine, whom he had read in his hopeful youth; there was George Eliot, solemnly moral, holy without a sanction for holiness; there was Racine; but who else could evoke worthy interest, or furnish anodynes in a world of distress? Literature had become a mere thing of commerce, a fabrication of flaunting wares to catch the eye. It was idle to consider new merchandise. The world was rapidly becoming Americanised. If the idea of progress were inadmissible, the fact of degeneration was only too certain. The remnant was passing from out the land; one could only write for some half-dozen survivors of the elect. The coming

generation was not likely to listen to his warning; to his old friends he could only make apology and seek to excuse his occasional appearance as a dilettante airily detached from seriousness.

Wider in his range of studies than Sainte-Beuve, vastly inferior to him in the divination of character, using the historical methods within the reasonable limits which Sainte-Beuve assigned, Scherer introduced that moral element in critical judgment which Sainte-Beuve had successfully neglected. Saint-Marc Girardin, the pleasantly eloquent professor, like the delicately philosophic Caro, could readily handle the element upon acceptance of the official Reid-Cousin philosophy. Vinet, yet another contemporary of Sainte-Beuve, and early master of Scherer in Genevan theology, did not hesitate to apply praise and blame. But to Scherer, tragic soul, art was a suspicious siren, vainly tempting him to abandon his devoted pursuit of the straight path—that led, as he feared or thought, nowhither.

It is ungrateful to pass with no more than a brief salutation such men as J.-J. Weiss, that impulsive, good-humoured, and paradoxical lover of the light and even frivolous aspects of the French genius; or Paul de Saint-Victor, who, linking Taine and Gautier together, sought to resuscitate past figures and epochs by means of balanced phrases that should produce effects in literature akin to those of sculpture or painting. These died before M. Brunetière had obtained the hearing and acceptance of his doctrine that criticism, and all literature, must have a social function, should be a moral act. M. Édouard Rod, who offers one hand to Scherer and Amiel and the other to M. Bourget and M. le Vicomte de Vogüé, mystical democrat, earliest interpreter of the Russian novel and its moralities, an orator among critics—these have aided in the crusade, but we must pass them by. The massive system of M. Brunetière, his new synthesis of the necessary elements of criticism, challenges imperatively.

To M. Brunetière criticism is judgment, judgment, and ever judgment. For these many years past he and the seat of judgment are inseparable. He has magnified his office and discharged its functions with a sacerdotal zeal and gravity. We contemplate the growth of his authority

in awed amazement. It is impossible to speak of him without respect; reverence, even, were a fitting attitude in regard to his intense conviction. After writing brief reviews of a high and dry erudition that secured relegation to small type and back pages, he has come to be editor of the chief literary organ of the French spirit, and to approve himself something like a dictator of French letters. His progress has been marked by the acquisition of ever new enemies, whole groups of enemies. Belated Voltaireans and Romanticists; devotees of Hugo, Baudelaire, Stendhal, or Béranger; *dilettanti* and 'Impressionists' and 'Naturalists'—all have had to endure the lash of his scorn. The folk of the *boulevard* and the worldly life affected to overlook him with light indifference as a hide-bound pedant; and he aroused the wrath of university professors by his enquiries as to the value of the results derived from their studies in history and medieval literature. He was accused of narrow dogmatism, of sour or peevish brutality, condemned without enquiry, caricatured, declared unpopular and altogether negligible. But, with the force that comes from knowing what one wills, he was able to cope with all and sundry; in his impassioned calm, his impersonal strenuousness, he beat down the many-headed, ever-reviving Hydra. Truth prevails; and it had to be recognised that there was much of truth in what seemed to be his most harsh arraignments. He has witnessed the decline of that school of Naturalism which he long ago denounced. The critics of the younger generation, with M. Doumic notably at their head, have come under his spell; the elder are silent, or have joined forces with him. MM. Vogüé, Faguet, Bourget can only be his henchmen in the task he has laid upon himself of awakening France, by his speech and writing, to the needs of a moral and social regeneration.

Is there such a thing as the metaphysics of criticism? Criticism presupposes philosophy; and philosophy—well, philosophers are understood to object when smiling ladies, or busybodies, ask them to sum up their wisdom, their scheme of Being, in a couple of words. No doubt M. Brunetière would readily make answer that criticism is judgment. But does he require criticism to be a science? It would almost seem so. The judgment of

the critic is to be impersonal, objective, scientific. Nothing less will satisfy M. Brunetière. It is to be the judgment of that reason which is common to all men. One remembers Matthew Arnold's 'getting out of the way, and allowing humanity to judge.' And it would almost seem as if, from the material of literature, analysed and classified by his methods, there sprang certain first principles, common to all, the principles of reason itself, from which in turn you could deduce and reconstruct the body of literature. But no: M. Brunetière will not allow that criticism is a science. Science deals with the conditioned; and that only is human which is free, or supposed to be free. There is no science of the individual, as Aristotle would say; and literature is mainly dependent upon individuality. The supposed scientific study of literature is the study of that which is least literary in it. Criticism is, however, an art which may with advantage borrow something of the methods of science.

We are left, then, in presence of three habitual rules or methods, enlarged and systematised by M. Brunetière. Enlarged and systematised; for, in comparison with M. Brunetière, it might be said that Sainte-Beuve had hardly any method, and no principles at all. In comparison, Sainte-Beuve seems a mere guess-work analyst of characters hidden in literary documents, a psychologist without a text-book, who remembered upon occasion that he was also a man of 'taste.' M. Brunetière's whole philosophy would seem to have sprung, Athene-like, in full stature and equipment at the outset, just as he seems from the very first to have been in possession of that periodic style of his, sombre and weighty alike in exposition and challenge.

The first method will be readily detected by the Englishman, detected by an almost instinctive repugnance. Judgment implies a standard. That he will allow. But, by his natural instinct, the average Englishman objects to the narrowing of the standard to that of a Boileau or a Pope. He fears that criticism is being reduced to the discovery of rules and recipes for the fabrication of 'correct' works, and the pruning down of literature to fit, as it were, the standard-bed of Procrustes. He mistrusts the arguments by which, in expositions of Boileau's theory, it is shown that nature,

reason, common-sense, art, and mediocrity, are one and the same thing. If M. Brunetière declares that the English are a race of individualists, and therefore grievously in fault, he is eager to remain an individualist, to deny that individualism is of necessity rebellion against common and traditional sense and reason, or, if it is, to justify such rebellion. But these sentiments are all too instinctive. We could ill spare, for all the richness of our literature, the products of the age of Pope, of that eighteenth century which, following the classic standard, was yet characteristically English. To ignore this standard is to court failure or certain loss. Good literature will ever bear the stamp of classic qualities; though also literature may be good, and yet lack this or that quality, if the compensations offered be sufficient. With the French, their homage to the standard is innate. With the exception of Hugo, whose theory of art was an excellent definition of his own talent, and of Dumas, whom French critics, from French and classical reasons, unanimously agree to disparage as 'one who never wrote a page of literature'—with these two exceptions the rebel leaders of the Romantic school returned more or less reluctantly to the fold. Sainte-Beuve, in all the volumes of his 'Lundis,' is a timorous classic. Scherer is a breaker of foreign idols, because he is unable to endure offences against classic taste. We have seen how it fares with MM. Lemaitre and France. Classicism is the French spirit, the genius of French literature. Nisard, a contemporary of Sainte-Beuve's, writing a history which is one long definition and application of it, would seem to have said the last word on the subject.

Désiré Nisard, conceiving an ideal of the human mind in its perfection, found this ideal historically realised in the French literature of the seventeenth century. Heir of classic and Christian antiquity, this literature expressed the rightful domination of reason, universal, impersonal, and absolute. Reason, the French spirit presiding, as it were, over the history of French literature, furnished models in each *genre*; and criticism, in the name of reason, has but to pronounce the degree of divergence from, or conformity to, these models. Nisard could forget that it was individual men who shaped these models; and that account must be taken of historical develop-

ment. He produced a work of stately and elegant geometry. His system wears an appearance of reasoning in a circle. M. Brunetière, being M. Brunetière, must widen and deepen this system. To him the literature of Louis XIV is truly human because it deals with the general and permanent elements of life. It is universal; it is also national, because of its originality in form, its development of strongly national qualities which yet cannot be separated from the universal; and, for a last note, it is didactic and moral, that is to say, social in its aim, as the highest literature should be. In a word, the French is the human tradition; and there is such a thing as universal truth determined by common and not by individual sense. Believing this, and acting upon our belief, we shall not only be good patriots, but escape anarchy in literature and life.

M. Brunetière pants after objectivity, after certainty of judgment. He is determined to subordinate sentiment to reason. Far from loving that which pleases him, and elevating his personal tastes into rules of judgment, he is suspicious of any pleasure that is not intellectual, and will only judge in the name of the eternal. He agrees with M. Faguet that it is only by complete self-mastery and self-oblivion that we attain to the truth of things. But are we furthered in the critical task by the full possession of the classic and æsthetical standard? There is at least this danger in it. The critic who adopts exclusively that standard is apt to behave like Robinson Crusoe. He retires to his hut and draws up the ladder behind him that he may have nothing to do with his contemporaries. Nisard found happiness and ample room for the exercise of brilliant ingenuity in the arrangement and interpretation of his beloved classics. At most he would venture to admire Byron and Musset, for whom he had a weakness—an excusable weakness, as he hoped. For Sainte-Beuve, the classical standard was compatible with, or justified, something very like envy, hatred and malice and all uncharitableness towards the celebrated living or recently dead. As for M. Brunetière himself, for many years there was no contemporary, except perhaps Daudet and M. Bourget, whom he did not condemn, in his impersonal way, to instant execution. But the question is whether the classic standard of æsthetical

judgment is sufficiently wide and human, however M. Brunetière may enlarge it. In criticism, should not dogma and impressibility co-exist? should not a catholic and generous receptivity house with the acknowledgment of universal regulative principles?

It was known to M. Brunetière that the French classic spirit had the defects of its qualities; that it agreed with the usual defects and qualities of the average Frenchman, and yet never produced a popular literature. After its brief and perfect flowering-time of from twenty to thirty years—the limit which M. Brunetière assigns, say from Pascal's 'Provinciales' in 1656-57 to the 'Phèdre' of Racine in 1677, or at latest to the beginning of the famous quarrel about the 'Ancients and Moderns' in 1687—was all the work that followed to be no more than failure and decline? Such considerations as these, and his constant thirst for objectivity of judgment, must have led M. Brunetière to lay stress upon that second method of his, which he had practised all along from the outset. Judgment implies comparison, classification, explanation. Literature must be explained by the history of literature. Ever since the time of Villemain, Guizot, and Cousin, criticism had been borrowing methods from the historical sciences. Now, certainty is understood to attend upon the use of scientific methods. M. Brunetière seems to have hoped that, if he placed a given work of literature in its historical sequence, and showed how it varied from its predecessors, he would escape the charge of following his own tastes, opinions, and prejudices, which the 'Impressionist' critics brought against him. He did escape, but only in so far as he refrained from submitting the results of his historical method to his æsthetical and moral standard of judgment. Once again, criticism, as he well knew, could not be a science. A man of science, M. Brunetière had often depreciated the factor of individuality, and had just as often elevated it when he found it neglected or abandoned by scientific critics. Genius, personal genius, alike in the man of science and the literary critic, is imagination, the capacity of forming hypotheses; verification is but the patient and necessary trial of the critical hypothesis by facts. Bacon seems to have supposed that one man equally with another might pry into ultimate secrets if furnished with the

correct scientific method. That is not so, even with natural science; and the results of any method in literary criticism will depend on the individual, who marshals and interprets the mass of facts as he may. What M. Brunetière has done, and does, is to renew the history of French literature by most accurate study at first hand. He verifies his hypotheses; and in the process he has shown that many things traditionally accepted as facts are but so many errors.

It also seems to have occurred to M. Brunetière that, availing himself of the theory of evolution, he might become a Spencer of literary criticism. Since the time of Hegel, the manifestations of the human mind have been studied under the aspect of the 'Becoming.' The sequence of Kant, Fichte, and Hegel, depending on that of Locke, Berkeley, and Hume; the rise and fall of Greek tragedy and sculpture; the procession of Italian art from Cimabue to the Caracci—these were obvious examples. But M. Brunetière intended more than this: If Taine's theory of environment corresponded with the fixity of species as propounded by Cuvier, why should he not found criticism on the theory of Darwin that species are variable? A provisional hypothesis very possibly; but meanwhile a fair instrument of explanation. Taine's theory of the 'moment,' also, would be included in its wide embrace. Thereupon M. Brunetière issued a thorough-going programme. Evolution in its essence implied the gradual differentiation of a matter that is primitively simple. In the species there is a tendency to vary. The appearance of these slow or abrupt variations is due to the individual. These variations may be progressive or regressive by the loss of acquired qualities. Simple organisms are capable of lengthy endurance. In the struggle for existence the perfection of a species may depend on the degradation of another. If this and the like be applied to literature, *genres*, branches and departments of literature, are found to correspond with species. These *genres* live, as it were, their own life, organise themselves, are differentiated from a common substance, subdivide themselves into variations. Between neighbouring varieties a struggle for existence, a struggle to realise the definition of the *genre*, takes place. Under favourable conditions a well-differentiated *genre* may be stable for a while and

then must modify itself, grow disorganised, presently disappear. From the ruins of a *genre* other *genres* may be formed. Life, death, transformation, inheritance, exchange—such is the law of literature; and the individual, by differing from the common type, is throughout the cause of modification.

So much, at least, is sure. In the volumes issued after this programme M. Brunetière, applying his analogy, has found means to admire the literature of the nineteenth century. Previously, as is proved by his early volumes and the many essays which he has not republished in book form, he condemned almost every manifestation of the modern spirit as pernicious. Henceforth almost every noteworthy man on the later roll of French letters receives noteworthy treatment. He is able to consider writers as modifiers of a *genre*. In explaining the growth of a *genre* by successive differentiations and integrations, M. Brunetière is so interested, and finds such opportunity to draw from his rich store of general ideas, that he forgets, or lacks heart, to condemn. That is clear gain. But is there any need to lay special stress on this method? For example, in his 'Evolution of French Lyrical Poetry in the Nineteenth Century,' he wishes to show that the *genre* of sermon-writing, made illustrious by Bossuet and Bourdaloue in the seventeenth century, was gradually transformed into the lyrical poetry of the nineteenth. M. Brunetière's evolutionary method allows him at length to discover that France has added a newer to a more ancient glory. Very well; but, with never a look at the programme, he could have stated equally well that God, Nature, Love, and Death, are main themes which are common, or should be common, to sermons and lyrical poetry; that there was no poetry in the earlier century, as there are no sermons in the later; and that individualism, carried to excess in the literature of France during the first half of the nineteenth century, and wisely rejected by the writers of the seventeenth, has its legitimate and necessary uses in poetry.

Thus again, in the promised but unwritten 'History of the French Novel,' M. Brunetière would define the *genre*, and demonstrate that it culminated in George Sand and Balzac. Very well; he has been able, in the 'Manuel,' to value these two, in spite of their offences against the

classic standard. But does not the legitimacy of the definition (which is gained from the examination of George Sand and Balzac) depend on the assumption that their successors can only contribute to the degeneration of the *genre*? Again, when M. Brunetière, in his 'Manuel,' deals with the history of French literature as a whole, and not with separate *genres*, he divides it into epochs and subdivisions. How are these epochs determined? By defining, as he says elsewhere, the 'essential character' of the French nation. We recall the essential character of the English, as defined by Taine: the madly poetical Berserker who, somehow or other, was also a John Bull, too heavily laden with beef and beer to care at all about art and literature and philosophy. The 'essential character' of the French is, of course, the acceptance of the French classic standard as suitable to itself. Consequently, the history of French literature will be the exhibition of a gradual progress towards the complete and ideal nationalisation of literature in the age of Louis XIV, and of the gradual decline that followed throughout the eighteenth century. With regard to the value of the literature of the nineteenth, M. Brunetière leaves us very much to our own questionings. By his evolutionary method he traces the workings of the two chief factors, individualism and natural science. He classifies and explains; but, except in the case of the individualism which he heartily scorns, he does not judge. Nevertheless, upon classification and explanation, according to his own principles, judgment should follow; judgment by the æsthetical method of the classic standard, which is in entire agreement with the moral standard.

What, then, of this third, the moral method? Some time ago M. Brunetière issued a little address on Art and Morals. At the first glance one might infer that he had become ultra-Puritanical, inclined to condemn all art, much in the manner of Plato. At the second, it was open to suppose that, like a Ruskin or a Tolstoy, he was in sore distress how to reconcile art and conduct, painfully seeking to shape a compromise, and uneasily mistrusting any and every compromise. But no; M. Brunetière was justified in declaring authoritatively in the forefront of his earliest work that it and its successor should be the diversified expression of certain fundamental ideas, always

the same. Right literature is universally human, none the less national, and social in its aim. The literature of Louis XIV was marked by qualities which M. Brunetière judges essential to every literature if it is to be high and noble. His criticism is an application of reason. Montégut somewhere says that the true passions of the French are intellectual and moral passions. M. Brunetière, eliminating passion, is sure that reason and ethics are one and the same. He has linked together the æsthetical, historical, and moral elements of criticism in a system massive and compact. The three methods agree each with each. Take M. Brunetière where you will and you find a principle, a general idea, which involves the sum of his ideas. Ask him what question you may, his answer opens out into his whole philosophy.

For instance, suppose you ask him how the value of a piece of literature is to be measured, and for the moment do not interpose objections to his principles as they arise. M. Brunetière would probably declare that it is measured by the amount of universal humanity it contains. Reason is the common bond of humanity, the bond of union; whereas sensibility, the instinctive, animal, egoistic part of man, is particular, personal, anarchic. Therefore the critic, speaking in the name of that which is most permanent and least personal in him, and expressing, as it were, the hereditary conscience of mankind, must condemn the art and the morals which are individualistic, and thereby anti-social. Reason deals with the constant and the general. That is true art which represents humanity, not in its excessive monstrosity or ephemeral detail, but in accordance with the general and sanctified tradition of the race. He rightly innovates in art who enriches the common patrimony; that is original which restamps and shapes anew the common themes and ideas of men. The individualist, in vain pride, separates himself from humanity; even the lyrical poet then only expresses himself when he is spokesman of the general. It is not to be forgotten that art is made for man, and not man for art. Art perishes of itself and involves morals in its own ruin, unless it subserves another purpose than itself—a social purpose. Realism is the basis and beginning of all art: but French realists have failed because they lacked cordial and active sympathy, and therefore insight;

because, adopting certain ideas derived from the natural sciences, they have presented man, not as reasonable and moral, but as a creature of instinct, the slave of nature.

As morals, M. Brunetière would continue, overcome instincts, so criticism, as right judgment, supersedes personal tastes. Right morals are pessimistic and Christian, if by pessimism and Christianity you understand tireless effort to quell the nature, the selfish 'will-to-live,' within us; they recognise that natural life is bad, so that you may live in the moral order, obey God, love the brethren. The critic must define the *genres* of literature and establish an order of merit among them, for this order is that of ever higher and nobler pleasure, of increased complexity, of more humanity. Finding in the seventeenth century a literature which was fit for noble minds, which was universal and general, he must uphold this tradition of the French spirit in its height, and never slacken his warfare against the enemies of this spirit. That is inimical which fails to recognise that art, with its social function, must be in relation with, and dependent on, other social functions. In a well-ordered society, the forces of art, of religion, philosophy, and science, of tradition and progress, are in equilibrium. Finding such an equilibrium, however ephemeral, in the seventeenth century, he cannot but desire that another, haply more permanent, should come into being. For want of it, is not France in the deep waters, and lost? The critic, M. Brunetière would conclude, must also be a moralist, a statesman, and a patriot; he must tirelessly enlarge and renew the traditional synthesis, which is human and perennial.

It is certain that in the development of French criticism during the period between Sainte-Beuve and M. Brunetière, there has been a transition from the dilettante spirit of intellectual curiosity to that of the social reformer. It is also certain that M. Brunetière has had a large share in bringing about this change. The successors of Sainte-Beuve have gradually reintroduced, and M. Brunetière has systematised, the moral element of criticism. Along with M. Doumic, the most notable of the younger critics, and his own closest disciple, he employs the historical method—that method which is always in season when the subject requires it—and subordinates it

to the æsthetical, assuming, as M. Doumic also assumes, that the æsthetical judgment is the classic, and the classic the national and patriotic and moral.

Patriotism is the source of this change in criticism, and the root of the authority which M. Brunetière exercises. Thus pure literary criticism, dependent upon mingled 'impression' and 'taste,' is in abeyance for the moment; and the question arises whether M. Brunetière's massive system, the balance he establishes between the necessary elements of criticism, can be stable. Balances shift; transitions and developments do not halt. In one of his early volumes M. Brunetière pointed out that French literature was but a portion of modern European literature; that there was the same material throughout, transformable, capable of receiving from the genius of each people, predominant in influence by turns, an infinite diversity of character and form. Has M. Brunetière sufficiently taken account of this fact? Has he, in forming his universal criterion, paid adequate regard to non-Gallican literature, to the literature of modern Europe, to that of the Middle Ages, to that of antiquity?

Be that as it may, the critic has a noble, if an endless, task. In these manifestations of the human mind he will discover, here and there, in this and that nation or individual, some momentary harmony expressed, some 'Trace of God' imposed upon the conflicting factors of life. He knows he is studying that which is subject to imperfection and mutability. He will establish his standard, as widely human as may be, and judge with regard to it, but judge in mercy and the loving-kindness of comprehension. To deserve his name, he must at once be artist and philosopher, historian and moralist, with the most open of minds and the richest possible store of guiding knowledge and principles. He must endeavour that which every wise man endeavours, to reconcile the beautiful, the true, and the good; and, if he fails, he only shares the failures of other men who aim at high things.

GARNET SMITH.

Art. III.—THE STUDY OF POPULAR GOVERNMENTS.*

II.

It was shown in an article in the last number of this Review that the study of Political Science has for its primary data the same tendencies of men and groups of men as we see at work in the sphere of ethics and in the sphere of economics, tendencies illustrated by history, which is indeed nothing but a record of their action. These tendencies are general, i.e. present in all men who have entered the stage of political society, and they are permanent. They may, in their essence, be looked for in every community. But they appear under an endless variety of forms and aspects. They differ in strength and in the direction they take according to the circumstances amid which they may be working at a given point of time or of space. Human conduct is the result, not only of the action and inter-action and counter-action of these tendencies themselves, but also of the special character impressed upon them by these circumstances. Thus the general propositions, drawn from psychological or ethical observation, and illustrated by history, which may be laid down as to the behaviour of men or bodies of men in political relations, are affected and modified, when we come to apply them to any given community, by the conditions present therein. Accordingly it becomes needful, before going farther, to examine and to classify these conditions.

It has become a commonplace to dwell upon the influence exerted on institutions by what is now popularly called Environment, i.e. the sum of all the local or temporary circumstances in the midst of which any given institution has grown up and works. This doctrine of the relativity of institutions and laws and human conduct generally to conditions of time and place, dimly or occasionally apprehended by a few thinkers from very early times, was first boldly, though not systematically, developed by Montesquieu. It has been widely applied in the moral sphere, and indeed sometimes carried so far in the judging of conduct as to obliterate permanent moral dis-

* For authorities see previous article, 'Quarterly Review,' July 1905.

tinctions. Here we are concerned with institutions only. Everybody now sees that laws which may be good in one country may be bad in another. Everybody knows that an emperor in Pekin is different from an emperor in Vienna, and that the democratic politics of modern Syracuse in the state of New York cannot be judged by the democratic politics of ancient Syracuse in Sicily.

But external conditions exercise upon men and bodies of men three different kinds of influence, which it is convenient to distinguish. These three kinds pass into one another, yet they are quite separable in thought.

I. External conditions steadily acting during a long period mould the character of men and the bodies of men, superadding to the qualities and habits they have as human beings other qualities and habits peculiar to themselves. Thus races are differentiated, and nations acquire what we call a national character.

II. External conditions determine the nature of the institutions which men create, because the arrangements which are found useful in one particular set of circumstances may be unsuited to other sets of circumstances. Thus a political constitution or a system of laws grows up in a nation different from that under which another nation of the same original stock may be living.

III. External conditions determine the policy of a community, i.e. the general line of conduct it follows for the regulation of its own affairs and for its intercourse with other communities.

This third kind of influence, due to the position in which a tribe, city, or nation finds itself, with neighbours, hostile or friendly, on its borders, needs no further discussion. It is easy to understand, and it scarcely touches our present subject. But the two former kinds are so apt to be confounded that it is well to distinguish them carefully, though the distinction is sometimes hard to draw.

Influences belonging to the first class, those which modify human nature itself, diverting the originally undivided stream into countless racial and national channels, are both more important and more difficult to explain than those of the second class, which affect the development of institutions. The former may be classed generally as being either geographical or historical. They spring either from the physical features of the

country which a community inhabits, or from events which have helped to form its character. The land tells upon the inhabitant in many ways, by climate, by soil, by structure, e.g. if it is level or mountainous; by mineral resources, by forests, by facilities for communication either over land or over water; by the occupations which it prescribes, as agriculture, or fishing, or mining, or seafaring. These occupations, in their turn, coupled with the economic resources of the country, determine the lines of its economic and social progress, creating classes and fixing their relations. Thus they mould the character both of the people as a whole, and of each class in the people. They favour or retard intellectual culture. They tell upon manners and morals. The most deep-seated of all the differences between different communities are those due to race; but racial types themselves, though their origin is obscure, must be largely due to geographical conditions, which act not only directly, but also indirectly, by inducing separation from or commixture with other groups which are beginning to develop a special character. Race mixture has doubtless been a potent factor in days before authentic history begins. Some of the qualities which mark a particular race may be hard to trace to causes connected with external nature. Celts, Teutons, and Slavs have all, so far as we can tell, dwelt for untold ages in the colder parts of the north temperate zone, and under physical and economic conditions generally similar; so there must have been other forces at work, besides those of external nature, to give to each race the distinctive emotional and imaginative qualities which each now possesses. Probably the intermixture of blood in different proportions between these stocks, and between them and other stocks, may account for most of the variations.

Some of the differences between races are doubtless due to the historical group of influences, i.e. to the course which their fortunes have taken, as, for instance, if they have ruled over, or have been enslaved by, some other race. Apart from questions of race, two main factors in the character of a community are due to the historical influences it has undergone, viz. its religion and its political traditions. Religion may colour the whole mental and moral nature of a community, and may create classes (like the castes of Egypt) or institutions which in their

turn still further affect men's qualities and habits. Traditions, including the ideals a nation forms, the views it entertains regarding itself, the memories it cherishes, all imperceptibly shape its character and tastes, and, through its character and tastes, lay their impress on all that it produces, on literature as well as institutions.

As political science examines these various external influences in their power of moulding men, of forming distinctive tendencies and habits in a community, be it a tribe or a nation, a city or a class, a church or a sect or a party, so it follows out the action of the same influences upon institutions, showing how geographical causes or historical causes favour the growth of one form or another of political organisation, or affect the lines along which a particular form moves when once established. This branch of the subject has been dealt with by many writers; so all that need be done here is to present two or three illustrations, sufficient to show how varying external conditions may determine the character of institutions.

Some propositions were laid down in a previous article as generally applicable to the tendencies which men display when invested with absolute power. These permanent tendencies give its broad general character to the institution of monarchy. Now let us take a few instances to see how external conditions vary that character, and modify the action of the propensities of human nature in the monarch.

The size of a country and the number of the subjects give rise to differences. The ruler of a large country is less known personally. He is more likely to be an object of reverence if he is distant. His personal faults are likely to do less harm and excite less enmity. Caligula was less odious to the millions of his subjects than Gian Galeazzo Visconti to the citizens of Milan. In the ninth century, popes who were venerated on the banks of the Rhone were murdered on the banks of the Tiber.

A monarchy may have a military character resting on a warlike class (as on a strong army), and may be ennobled by a course of victory. This will tend to commend it to the subjects, perhaps to make them acquiesce in the loss of their own liberties, unless, indeed, the subjects are a people who have themselves been con-

quered by foreign warriors. When that has happened, bitterness may remain, as it did among the Egyptians under Persia, among the Italians under the Ostrogoths, among the Greeks under the Turks. The Manchu monarchy in China might have been expected to supply another instance; but the disloyalty which the Chinese might naturally have displayed towards a foreign dynasty has been much reduced by the peculiar conditions of China, some physical, some historical, which have made national feeling weak.

A monarchy may be legitimate (in which case it is usually hereditary, though sometimes elective), or the result of usurpation; or again, like the imperial dignity at Rome, neither the one nor the other, because force has practically superseded constitutional right. The behaviour of the ruler to his subjects, the feelings of the subjects to their ruler, will differ so much under these diverse conditions that, although some propositions regarding monarchy will be true of both kinds, each kind will require special treatment.

A monarch may stand in various relations towards the religion of the bulk of his subjects. He may not profess it, in which case he at once loses much of their sympathy and loyalty. He may be the head of it, in which case he receives a reverence which strengthens and almost consecrates his position. The religion may be organised in a powerful Church, in which case he will be subject to a strong moral restraint. The Church may have a head capable of resisting him, in which case he may have revolts to fear when his will conflicts with that of this head. All these cases find their illustration in the position of the Roman and Romano-Germanic Emperors and of the Musulman Khalifs at different periods of their history. The monarchy, always legally absolute (except in the case of the medieval emperors), was from time to time actually stronger or weaker, according to the relations in which it stood to religion. The amazing survival of the legal rights of the Japanese Mikado during centuries of practical impotence was mainly due to Shintoism, centering in the worship of the imperial house.

A few similar illustrations may serve to show how governments, other than monarchical, may also be affected by varying influences due to physical or historical condi-

tions. That some physical conditions favour freedom is an idea familiar to every one.

‘Two voices are there: one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains; each a mighty voice.’

The smaller or larger area of the territory occupied by a race or people may vest power either in primary assemblies of all citizens or in representative bodies chosen to form a central governing authority. The structure of the country may lead to the growth of small city republics, as in ancient Greece, or of small rural republics, as in Switzerland.

Economic prosperity depends upon three factors: the natural resources of a country in soil and minerals, the facility of communication and transport, the industry of the inhabitants. Of these the two former are directly, and the last less directly and partially, due to physical conditions. Economic prosperity affects political development in many ways. Wealth may tend to the separation of classes, and give power to a small class. It may tempt attacks from warlike neighbours if the community is more rich than valiant. It may, in advanced stages of civilisation, enable an aggressive people to enslave other peoples.

A sea rich in fish or a coast supplied with harbours which encourage navigation, tends, by producing a race of seafarers, to form in a people a spirit of independence. It may create a class which is fond of liberty, or perhaps, as at Athens, is disposed to turbulence. A strong navy has generally proved less dangerous to liberty than a strong army.

Religion modifies not only the character of a people, but also its institutions. If they are of one mind in doctrine and worship, it confirms their unity, strengthening them for defence and attack. If they are divided, it proportionately weakens the State, and may cause civil strife or the loss of provinces; as the Roman Emperors, having incurred the anger of the Monophysites, lost Egypt to the Musulmans; as the Spanish Empire lost Holland; as Switzerland was torn by the Sonderbund war in 1847.

When the English went to North America they took their civil institutions and ideas of local self-government

with them. Both became modified under the conditions of a new country down to A.D. 1776, and were modified still further after independence had been won. Then differences, already visible, grew wider between the civil institutions of the Northern and those of the Southern states. Slavery died out in the former, where white labour was available and more efficient than black, and where severe winters forbade the increase of the black race. Slavery extended itself in the South, where climatic conditions were different. It produced large estates, and an aristocracy of planters; and, though the political institutions remained similar on paper, they worked quite differently in fact. These differences contributed to the alienation of sentiment which preceded the War of Secession in 1861.

This rapid survey may be sufficient to convey, in a broad and general way, what are the primary data of political science. They are the natural tendencies of man living in society, as modified by a great variety of external conditions and influences which were not originally a part of his own mental and moral nature, but which have moulded the nature of existing nations, making it what it is now. The process has been going on ever since the differentiation of races began. Of these influences, some had their origin in geographical facts, some in events in the career of the race or tribe or other community which they have helped to differentiate. The tendencies or habits thus created embody themselves in ideas and in institutions, and in the methods of applying ideas and of working institutions. Science, drawing from history all these facts, analyses, classifies, and summarises them. They are really the substance of political history, not given in chronological order, but systematically rearranged so as to bring out the general principles which run through them.

This, however, is by no means all that political science ought to do. That which is most instructive and most practically useful, most needed if political science is to be of assistance to those who are responsible for the conduct of human affairs, is the analysis and criticism of concrete schemes of government. It is in actual states, in their constitutions, and still more in the working of their constitutions, that the tendencies and principles

above mentioned are best understood, because they are seen in the vivid play of life, crossing one another, interlaced with one another, acting and reacting upon one another. Science must accordingly, besides collecting political data from history at large, address itself to the minute examination of the phenomena presented by different states, recording and endeavouring to account for the features each presents, and especially those which are most peculiar, and comparing them with the features visible in other states. Where the subject of study lies in the past, not only political facts, but economic facts also, and the literature of the time will of course be studied. But the states best worth studying are those of our own time, in which the materials are infinitely more complete than any which historical records can supply.

To the methods fit to be used in this investigation we may return presently. Meantime, as it is the study, not of all kinds of states, but only of popular governments that we have undertaken, it is proper to define the scope of the enquiry by considering what governments answer to this description.

A popular government or Democracy means simply that form of government which assigns ultimate power to the numerical majority of the people. If a precise test for determining whether any particular constitution is democratic is demanded, the most obvious would seem to be the qualification for electoral suffrage. Democracy would accordingly be found to exist wherever more than half of the adult male population enjoys the suffrage. This test is, however, not always satisfactory. The present German Empire cannot be deemed a democracy, although the Reichstag is elected by manhood suffrage; and the United Kingdom was virtually a democracy before the Franchise Act of 1884 had raised the number of voters to far more than half the adult males. Other doubtful instances might be suggested. But it is sufficient for our present purpose to take popular government to exist wherever the majority of the male inhabitants can make their will prevail by legal means. Thus the French Republic and the United States, with the several states comprised therein, are democracies. So are the British self-governing colonies. So is the Swiss Confederation,

and all the cantons thereof. Holland, Belgium, and of course Norway may be also so described. In other European states the element of popular power is so blent with monarchy or oligarchy that they cannot be referred to any one category without qualification. The republics of Spanish America present an exceptional group, which must be presently examined.

The expression a 'free government' is so frequently used as equivalent to a 'popular government' that a few sentences may seem needed on the relation between Liberty and Democracy. The habit, more common formerly than it is now, of treating the two notions as equivalent, has evoked protests from some censors of democracy who hold that it is not necessarily either the child or the parent of liberty.

Liberty is usually and may conveniently be taken—it is safer to avoid definitions—to denote the exemption of the individual from any control, whether legal or extra-legal, other than such control as is needed (a) to prevent him from injuring others, or (b) to compel him to discharge his civic duties, such as contributing to the expenses of the State or defending it when attacked. Taking the conception in this sense, it has no necessary connexion with any particular form of government. An autocracy or an oligarchy may secure this kind of liberty to its subjects. A democracy may refuse it by subjecting them to many needless interferences, possibly oppressive, at the hands of state officials. The citizen might conceivably be more free to live as he pleased under a mild and enlightened despot like Antoninus Pius than under the Puritan system of government in the early days of Massachusetts. But in point of fact autocracies and oligarchies, thinking restraint essential to the stability of their power, did not extend this kind of liberty to their subjects; so the natural and indeed necessary aim of the latter was to secure for themselves political power as the only guarantee of freedom from oppression. They were seldom concerned with restricting state interference, but they sought to substitute law for the exercise of arbitrary power, and to make law equal for all members of the community. Thus the participation of the majority, or at any rate of a large part, of the people became associated with the enjoyment of equal civic rights for all

citizens; and liberty, as meaning a share in political power, became a positive conception, as opposed to the negative conception of the absence of state control. This explains the historical association of democracy with liberty, but does not prove either that government by the majority is necessary to liberty, or that liberty will always be safe under it. Whether the individual has generally been or is now in fact more free under popular governments than under others is a question to which we may return, after considering the phenomena which popular governments display.

Many political terms have, like many theological terms, acquired associations which import a more or less conscious prejudice. To some ears the name 'democratic' disparages, to others it commends, an institution; for to some it suggests license and violence, to others freedom and equality. It ought not to suggest either. Science knows no preferences and no sympathies. All institutions are merely phenomena to be investigated. For a monarchy and a democracy she has no more affection or dislike than a chemist has for hydrogen or a geologist for granite. It is no doubt her business to determine 'which institutions work best, but this she must do by examining the results which each of them produces; and to set out with a predilection would destroy the value of the enquiry.

So, too, in the view of science, no institution is permanent. Hydrogen, so far as we can tell, will be the same, æons hence, that it is now. But everything made by man—every institution, every form of thought, every idea—changes under use in his hands. Some may last longer than others, but all change; and any given one may change so completely as to vanish. Popular governments are not necessarily, any more than other governments, destined to immortality. Such expressions as 'Democracy is the final result of political evolution,' or 'Democracy has come to stay,' heard during many years in America, and now heard almost as frequently in England, are no more justified than the address of his courtiers to the monarch of Babylon, 'O King, live for ever!' From the days of Virgil to the days of Dante, everybody believed that the Roman Empire was eternal. Nor is there any pre-

sumption that the present forms of government, and, in particular, the large states and representative assemblies characteristic of modern times, will be permanent. All that can be said is that the causes which have consolidated small communities into great ones seem likely to continue operative for some time longer.

We have now seen that the proper method of studying political facts, though incomparably less exact, is generally similar to that employed in the sciences of nature, viz. the method of observation, analysis, and inductive inference. We have also seen that the primary data of the science are the permanent facts and tendencies of human nature; that the secondary data are the conditions and influences, geographical and historical, which modify the permanent tendencies and give them their special character in different races or peoples or nations; and that, when these two sets of data have been examined, certain conclusions of general validity may be drawn from them. This constitutes the first and preliminary part of the study. When it has been completed, the enquirer must address himself to the study of particular states and governments. He will already, in his examination of the secondary data aforesaid, have learnt something about modern democracies. But now he will investigate each by itself, paying special attention to the phenomena which seem most characteristic, and then comparing it with other governments, similarly investigated, so as to note the points of resemblance and difference, and thereby to elicit further general principles more specific and more definable than those which the earlier part of the enquiry disclosed. The next article of this series will try to deal, very briefly, with some existing governments in countries more or less democratic, so as to show what data for a comparative study they furnish. Concise as such a description must be, it may suffice to set forth two things: first, the diversity of the phenomena which popular government presents in different countries, and the consequent impossibility of arguing directly from one to another; and secondly, the existence of certain underlying facts common to all these governments, which, because they are common to all, may be deemed to be characteristic of democracy. To know these is to know what are the

dangers against which statesmen in democratic countries are always bound to provide.

Before, however, we approach this survey it will be convenient to consider three topics, the determination of which will give us light in examining existing governments, and will serve to fix attention upon the points in each of them which are most material.

The first of these topics is an enumeration of the things which every good government (popular or not) ought to secure to its citizens. The second is an enumeration of the institutions which experience is deemed to have shown to be generally needful in, or helpful to, a popular government. The third is an enumeration of the faults which have been usually charged upon popular governments, whether by philosophers or by historians.

It may be objected that to enter on the second and, still more, on the third of these topics at this stage is to anticipate the results of the enquiry into actual governments which is designed to determine how existing democracies work, and what have in fact been the characteristics of democratic governments. There is force in the objection; but logical propriety may give way to practical convenience. Both enumerations are merely provisional, meant to fix attention upon certain points which experience has shown to be *prima facie* deserving of consideration. In particular a statement of the evils which have been commonly, and often loosely, attributed to the rule of the people will be a useful guide in our study of the actual phenomena. We shall find that some of these evils belong to this kind of rule only under certain conditions, while others are more generally inherent in it; and thus we shall be led back to a discrimination between the permanent tendencies and the accidental manifestations of the democratic spirit.

I. Let us begin by setting down the services which it will generally be admitted that every civilised government ought to render, and by the presence or absence of which its success may be tested. They are:

Defence against foreign aggression.

Security for life and property.

The maintenance of the constitution and the administration against violence, and the suppression of disorders or revolts.

An administration of civil and criminal justice, pure, prompt, and cheap.

Laws suited to the condition of the community and keeping abreast of its progress.

Taxation so devised as not to cripple industry or press hardly on the poor.

An honest and efficient civil service.

As few restrictions as the condition of the community permits upon freedom of speech and writing, and upon free individual development, industrial, commercial, intellectual, and religious.

Responsiveness on the part of the legislative and executive authorities to demands for redress of grievances or amendment of the laws.

II. Absolute monarchies and oligarchies profess, and more or less try to secure, these nine enumerated objects through the wisdom of the ruler or the ruling class, and of the ministers whom he or they employ, all of these being, as a rule, trained men, who make administration and politics their business. Popular governments look to and rest upon the people as the source of power. In the latter, therefore, there is needed complicated machinery for the purpose of enabling a great number of persons, the vast bulk of whom have neither special knowledge nor leisure, to control the government, and to ensure that its course conforms to such views and wishes as the majority express. The construction of a frame of popular government is therefore more difficult than the construction of an oligarchic constitution, wherein there may be little or no provision for any participation by the people or by their representatives, and far more difficult than the planning of a despotic scheme, which becomes (apart from the question of succession to the throne) little more than a scheme for the organisation of a civil, a judicial, and a military or naval service.

To put the same thing in another way, most thinkers are agreed that an autocracy will provide the most efficient administration, i.e. the most steady, judicious, and skilful, assuming the autocrat himself to be a conspicuously wise and just man. They are also agreed that a popular government will best provide an administration in accord with the sentiments and needs of the people, doing for them just what they desire. The difficulty in the former kind

of government is to make sure of getting an autocrat who will respect the freedom of the citizens, and give them laws conformable to their wishes. The difficulties in the latter are: (a) to induce the people to bestow continuous and intelligent attention upon public affairs; (b) to secure the choice of wise and honest men as administrators or legislators. The organisation of an administrative system is a comparatively simple matter, and one even simpler in an autocracy than in a democracy.

It is accordingly necessary, assuming that the people are to rule, to create a somewhat elaborate body of institutions through which the people may express their will, and by which the interests of the humbler classes, who form the great majority, may be secured. What then are the institutions which popular government needs for its proper working? and how shall they be shaped so as to elicit the interest and win the support of the people for whom they are created? Some of the most obvious and vital necessities are as follows.

1. There must be a scheme whereby the will of the people can be used to select certain persons to administer on their behalf, to prescribe the lines on which these persons shall administer, and to supervise, check, and, if necessary, dismiss them should they fail in their duties.

Broadly speaking, two schemes have been employed for this purpose—the scheme of Primary Assemblies, in which all the citizens can meet, speak, and vote; and the scheme of Representative Councils, composed of persons chosen by the people to speak and vote on their behalf. Under both plans the chief executive officials are either formally or practically chosen by the Primary Assembly or by the Representative Council, as the case may be. Under a third scheme, which virtually combines the other two, the people, though they elect a representative council or councils, reserve for themselves the power of reviewing the legislative decisions of the council, and, in some cases, further reserve the power of making laws directly.

2. Voting, either in the Primary Assembly of former days or for persons to sit in the modern Representative Council or Legislature, must be honest, i.e. it must not be affected by intimidation or bribes, but represent the true will of the citizens. Voting power is given to the citizen on the assumption that he will use it for the benefit of

the community. If he abuses it to gain something for himself, the elective system is perverted, for it gives a false result, and the community suffers.

3. Sufficient inducements must be offered to lead upright and capable men to undertake public work as members of the Representative Council or as officials. Such inducements may be either positive, consisting in honour, power, or a salary sufficient to prevent a man from losing if he serves the public, yet not sufficient to make serving the public a gainful profession; or negative, consisting in the absence of deterrent influences. The prospect of being punished for resisting, however constitutionally, the will of the majority, or the prospect of death that rose before an officer who had failed, by no fault of his own, in an enterprise entrusted to him, was a strong deterrent in some ancient and medieval states. In our time the likelihood of being slandered and vituperated is said to operate as a deterrent in some countries.

4. There must exist adequate means for fixing responsibility upon all who serve the public, whether it be responsibility to a superior official, or to a council, or to the people generally. Democracies have been apt to govern through councils, owing to their dread of vesting power in individuals; and, in councils, responsibility is so divided that it often becomes hard to fix the blame for misfeasance on the persons chiefly in fault. This has led some democracies back to the plan of vesting large powers in one official, giving him the appointment of subordinates and holding him answerable for their acts.

5. Since a popular government is regulated by law as the permanent and definite expression of the people's will, the body which interprets and applies the law must be above even the suspicion of perverting it. Accordingly an honest, impartial, and capable judiciary is essential. To be impartial it must be independent of the persons who, for the time being, constitute the governing authority.

6. As all the officers of the government, as well as the members of the Council (if any), are chosen by and dependent upon the people, and therefore, presumably, unwilling to displease or resist the people, it becomes necessary to find some way of preventing the will of the people from sweeping everything before it with swift and overwhelming force. *Ex hypothesi*, it cannot be perma-

nently resisted, because it is legally omnipotent; but its action may be delayed sufficiently to enable time, with opportunities for reflection and reconsideration, to be interposed. Thus a system of checks and balances is needed. If a Primary Assembly rules, the most obvious checks are to be found in provisions requiring certain majorities, or several decisions after prescribed intervals of time. If the full sovereignty of the people is vested in their representatives, these representatives may be divided into two or more councils, the assent of both or all of which is needed for action. But the power of the representatives may be further restricted by being subjected to a constitution not alterable by them, and also limited by reserving certain matters for some other organ of the government. So, too, when certain matters are reserved for the people as a whole, the people may be required to act only after certain intervals of time or by a prescribed (say, two thirds) majority. Many other devices have been tried.

7. In order to secure that the people of each district may settle their own business in their own way, and thus both to relieve the central authority, administrative and legislative, and to stimulate the interest of the citizens in public affairs, a system of local self-government throughout the country is necessary, with provisions for leaving to it those matters which can be dealt with equally well by a local or by a central authority. Such a system tends to cultivate political aptitude and independence.

To these requirements for the success of popular government there might of course be added an element more important than the best contrivances—the self-control, intelligence, and public spirit of the people. For the moment, however, we are concerned with institutions, not with national character; with the machinery, not with the steam that is to work it. No student of history needs to be told that exceptional virtue and intelligence in a people will succeed in working a faulty constitution, or that a constitution which experience has approved for one people may fail in the less competent hands of another. Yet it must be remembered that one of the chief services which good institutions may render is that they evoke the interest and energy of a people.

III. As, in order to have a test by which to try the merits of governments, we were led to consider what are

the benefits government ought to confer on the people; and as, in order to prepare ourselves for judging the efficiency of certain actual popular governments, we were led to enumerate certain institutions and conditions which those governments ought to provide and fulfil; so is it convenient, before examining the institutions of particular states, to note briefly the chief dangers to which popular governments are specially exposed. History records some; modern experience is revealing others. Philosophers, filled with that divine discontent which condemns whatever falls short of their ideals, and dwells most upon the faults of the system under which it lives, have drawn gloomy pictures, in which some transient and local shadows are mingled with some that are permanent. It is only the permanent ones, those which arise from the constantly recurring tendencies of human nature, that we need enumerate in this place.

1. The most pervasive and least curable danger which observers have noted is the indifference of the ordinary citizen to his civic duties. Some will not trouble themselves to vote; many attend so little to public affairs that their vote is unintelligent. Apathy is found in all classes of society. Indolence which will not examine the merits of a question is as common among the rich as is ignorance among the poor.

2. The disposition to abuse civic functions for the sake of personal gain exists under all forms of government, but has been charged more constantly against democracies, partly because under other governments accusations cannot safely be brought, partly because it seems more unworthy of governments claiming to rest upon virtue. In some communities it is frequent enough to poison an elective system at its source by leading many citizens to sell their votes. As in Athens orators were bribed, so in Rome, and in England sixty years ago, were citizens. That men should vote as the interests of their class or their trade appears to suggest is natural, and less culpable or sordid than to be paid for voting, because they can easily persuade themselves that their interests are sanctioned by justice. To take or to offer a bribe is an offence against the community. Yet public opinion has seldom dealt severely with either sin. Men jested about it in England as they jest about it now in Pennsylvania.

3. The liability to be cajoled by flattery and seduced by prospects of advantage, though not confined to the masses, has been alleged as characteristic of them, because in them it is more patent to the world. Nearly every writer, since the days of Thucydides and Plato, has described it under the name of Demagogism. It is seen when an unscrupulous man, possessed of the gift of persuasive speech, reckless in assertions and shameless in tergiversation, secures power by catching the fancy of the people through electioneering arts and lavish promises. Rife in the ancient democracies, this evil had almost disappeared in the large states of modern Europe, because one man could not easily make himself personally known over a wide area. The newspaper press has, however, opened for it a new field, for the modern demagogue's first step is to get hold of newspapers and use them to report his speeches, propagate his notions, pervert or suppress facts, and exaggerate his personal significance.

4. The multitude has by most thinkers been deemed more unstable, more volatile, more impatient and disposed to change, than is a monarch or a ruling oligarchy. There are exceptions; yet it is generally true that any strong emotion is apt, in masses of men, to kindle a flame which spreads fast and burns fiercely. The sympathy of numbers intensifies passion and accelerates decisions. In the small republics of antiquity the people frequently took steps which, in cooler blood, they regretted. The swift transmission of news in our days, and the tendency of newspapers to exaggerate every sentiment, are bringing some modern communities back to the conditions of ancient Athens or Syracuse.

5. When the average citizen has an inadequate sense of the difficulty of political questions and a high conceit of his own importance, he may have scant respect for those whose knowledge or experience fits them to be representatives or officials. Hence, so it is supposed, inferior men, if loud-mouthed and positive, are, under a democracy, preferred to wise men, and the more refined and cultivated among the citizens take little part in public affairs. As it is to the educated class that historians and political philosophers belong, they have dwelt much upon this phenomenon.

6. Money was always a power in all governments.

It is alleged to be now, at least as much as of old, a menace to popular governments, because it can be employed to corrupt men and pervert politics in many more ways than was formerly the case. The bribery of a general or an orator at Athens, or a tribune at Rome, or of juries in either city, was a comparatively simple thing and comparatively easy to detect, for the passing of coin is a tangible matter. 'Putting a friend into a good thing,' or giving private information by which gains can be made, is not. Philip of Macedon boasted that he could take any city into which he could send an ass laden with gold. There are many more paths by which gold can enter the city now; and some of them excite little suspicion. Voters, legislators, officials, persons who influence opinion or manage parties, can all be approached in ways more insidious if less crude than were those of older days.

7. Party is not an unmixed evil. Burke has sung its praises. It is the cement which holds men together for high as well as for low purposes, an inevitable factor in nearly all governments, and an apparently indispensable factor in most that are popular. Yet it is described as the bane of popular governments, for there are dangers inseparable from it which may swell till they injure or even destroy the community.

In its milder forms it is apt to make the ship of State oscillate, and to break the continuity of national policy, as well as to cause the exclusion from office of those who may be the fittest men to administer some special department. When hotter, it distorts the judgment of all but the most sober citizens, and, with the unthinking, supersedes reason. It prompts to violence and palliates guilt, making base things seem honourable because done with motives not wholly selfish.* It is a snare to the good and a tool for the wicked, a thing of which most free peoples may say that they can live neither without it nor with it.

This list of the maladies which have been deemed to infect popular governments may seem a long one. The student will, however, remember, not only that it is a provisional list, but also that the faults which beset every

* Cf. Thucyd. iii, 82, 83, the classical description of the results of faction among the Greeks.

other form may be as numerous and as grave. All forms of government are imperfect because human nature is imperfect. 'There is none good, no not one.' The political reformer may cheer himself with the reflection that he will always have work to do. To whatever point of excellence an administration may be brought, grievances will never fail out of the land. However skilfully a constitution may have been adjusted, each passing age will discover fresh defects. Nothing is good enough to last; as Mephistopheles says in Goethe's 'Faust,'

'Alles was entsteht
Ist werth, dass es zu Grunde geht.'

And the forces of dissolution are ever at work, calling for fresh thought and toil to repair what they destroy.

'Sic omnia fatis
In peius ruere ac retro sublapsa referri.' *

Nevertheless there is among evils a choice of the lesser evil; and perhaps there is even a progress discernible, some slight bettering of political institutions, in the long course of human experiment.

Let us now survey some of these experiments, and, in particular, examine some of the chief countries in which popular governments prevail at this moment, in order to compare the phenomena which each of them displays, and to discover which among them have best succeeded, and how, in securing the merits and avoiding the defects incidental to democratic institutions.

We cannot, however, pass by without a word the democracies of antiquity, because, although their conditions differed widely from nearly all the states of our own time, they have been constantly cited by disputants on both sides of the long controversy over the merits of different forms of government. Moreover, the best book ever written on political science was based on an observation of their phenomena. Aristotle is profitable to-day; and to understand him one must understand them.

* Virg. 'Georgics,' I, 119 :—

'So are we doomed to speed from bad to worse,
Ever borne backwards, drifting whence we came.'

We quote from Lord Burghelere's admirable translation of a poem than which none is harder to translate.

What contributions to political science can the study of the Greek democracies be made to yield?

The only modern communities they resemble in size are some of the Swiss cantons and two or three of the smallest American states. Thus few conclusions directly applicable to the conditions of to-day can be drawn from their working. Some however may be given.

Democracies need a tolerably wide basis, not only for protection against neighbour states, possibly ruled by ambitious monarchs, but also in order to soften down the asperities and feuds which arise from personal antagonisms. These antagonisms are less apt to grow into factions in a large area. Federalism is the best expedient to which small republics can resort for securing strength against foreign enemies. It preserved the Achæan cities in freedom for more than a century after the subjection of Athens and Thebes.

Primary assemblies are not well fitted to deal with large and difficult questions either of foreign relations or of domestic legislation. They have too much impetuosity and too little special knowledge. They can seldom maintain continuity of policy.

The average citizen, however intelligent be the race to which he belongs, is not good enough for the work of civil administration in a civilised community. The Greek practice of selection by lot (which, however, was not applied to the most important offices) is the most extreme form which the disregard of special fitness can take; but it differs only in degree from rotation in office as practised in the United States; for both plans spring from the notion that the ordinary citizen can discharge civic functions. Inefficiency must needs follow.

Judicial work ought to be kept as far as possible apart from political work. The Greeks were almost forced by their circumstances to entrust the former to juries and, indeed, to very large juries, because these were thought less liable to improper influences. But justice and the quality of the law suffered.

No class can withdraw from its legitimate public functions without paying some penalty. The rich in Greek republics were apt to neglect their civic duties in order to look after their property. Their own interests as well as those of the State suffered, for they forwent

their chance of moderating popular excesses. Even in these suspicious democracies, wealth gave not only prominence but the opportunity for acquiring influence, which, if wisely used, would have helped to steady the ship.

Other lessons might be gathered from the countless experiments which the Greeks made in the field of institutions. But the real interest of their history lies less in these experiments than in the illustrations which their annals supply of the permanent tendencies of human nature. Nowhere else do we find so vivid and various a record of these tendencies in their full and free play, embodied as they are in striking characters and dramatic situations. To those experiments in the government of the people by the people, which they were the first to try, they brought an incomparable ardour and ingenuity. Their fitful life, filled with wars and conspiracies and revolutions, was illumined by a blaze of poetry, philosophy, and art, which no subsequent age has equalled. Short indeed was the career of these republics, but it was intense, and it was wonderfully fruitful for all later generations. It has for us the unfading charm of showing human thought and passion in their primal simplicity. The stream, still near its source, runs with the clearness of a mountain spring welling up from the deep recesses of the rocks. We see men as Nature made them, obeying their first impulses, eager and curious, full of invention, full of imagination. We see them unfettered by traditions and recollections, unguided by settled principles, without the habits and prejudices and hesitations which recollections of past failures implant, weaving theories, enriching the world with ideas and maxims as they move onward with the confident joyousness of youth.

The student, when he turns from the Greek cities to Rome, finds himself in a different and far later world. Rome is, indeed, hardly younger in time than they. Her chronicles go as far back as the authentic history of any Greek republic. She was great and powerful before Athens and Thebes fell at Chæronea. Yet Rome seems modern in comparison. Though we note strange survivals of primitive usage down to the very days of Cicero and Cæsar, though the consul takes omens from the flight of birds and human victims are buried alive as a sacrifice, still the contemporaries of Cicero and Cæsar seem quite near

to our own time in their conception of politics and their political habits. It is not in her remoteness, but in the exceptional position and unparalleled career of Rome that the difficulty lies of drawing from her history conclusions applicable to any modern state.

Full of political interest as her history is, and curious as is the parallel that may be drawn between her constitution and the constitution of England, especially as the latter stood in the eighteenth century—a topic which no writer seems to have worked out—her government had too strong an oligarchic element to enable us to draw from her much that bears directly on the merits and faults of popular government in our modern sense. Still there are some lessons to be learnt. One is the falsity of the belief that a government partly democratic must, unless overthrown by force, necessarily grow more democratic, as streams wear their channels deeper. The progress which Rome at one time seemed to be making in that direction was arrested. The general assembly in which popular sovereignty expressed itself did not become a more potent factor, nor upset the balance of the constitution.

Another is the value of a legal habit of mind. The Romans possessed this habit more strongly than any people have done before or since (except perhaps the early Norsemen) till the establishment of the American Federal constitution. It was specially valuable because it enabled them to allow great discretion to magistrates, in the confidence, justified during the best days, that this discretion would not be abused, and that the magistrates would conform to settled usage unless some emergency required a departure from it. The standard of duty set by the law was a high one; and men tried to live up to it both in commanding and obeying.

Their willingness to entrust great powers to the executive had, with some dangers, immense advantages for a nation placed as the Romans were. Modern peoples may hesitate to follow the example, yet it is an example to be pondered, for no harm resulted till the beginning of what was practically a revolutionary period. After the days of Marius and Sulla probably nothing could have saved the ancient constitution.

These wide powers were given—and herein there may

be a justification for the practice—generally to men of rank who had the talent for war and government in their blood, and generally to men who were personally able and experienced. The unscrupulous rapacity which they often displayed in the provinces was compatible with a sense of duty to Rome. Until the days came when wealth bought office, and office was sought for the sake of wealth, no people recognised more fully the value of skill and capacity in officials, or was less liable to be seduced by mere demagogues. The practical monopoly of the higher posts which the nobles enjoyed was no doubt mortifying to an able man of obscure origin, but it was no serious injury to the commonwealth.

Perhaps the most impressive lesson Roman politics have for us is the worth of traditions. Rome lived and thrived by traditions—traditions of valour, of patriotism, of rigorous devotion to duty, traditions also of the spirit in which institutions ought to be worked, a spirit which restrained party passion when it seemed to be endangering the common welfare. These traditions formed a standard of conduct in the ruling class, a class which was not too large to be amenable to the general opinion of the elder men who had filled great posts. Habits and understandings and conventions were formed which gained a force almost equal to that of law. Thus it was that a constitution full of anomalies, of opportunities for obstruction, and of chances of deadlock, full also of risks from the misuse of wide authority, was successfully worked for three strenuous centuries. Men like the Romans of the middle period of the republic could work any constitution. When, as a result of extended conquests, vast prizes were offered to greed and ambition; when the rural element among the citizens had vanished and the *populus Romanus* had become a city mob; when the grand traditions of public duty had decayed; then the faults of the constitution were at once apparent. They proved fatal because the spirit which had formerly counteracted them was extinct.

(To be continued.)

Art. IV.—ERASMUS AND THE REFORMATION.

1. *The Epistles of Erasmus, from his Earliest Letters to his Fifty-first Year, arranged in order of time.* By F. M. Nichols. Two vols. London: Longmans, 1901-4.
 2. *Briefe an Desiderius Erasmus.* By Joseph Förstemann and Otto Günter. Leipzig: Harassowitz, 1904.
 3. *Erasmus-Studien.* By A. Richter. Dresden: Pässler, 1891.
 4. *Érasme en Italie.* By Pierre de Nolhac. New edition. Paris: Klincksieck, 1898.
 5. *Desiderius Erasmus of Rotterdam.* By Ephraim Emerton, Ph.D. New York: Putnam, 1899.
 6. *Corpus documentorum inquisitionis hæreticæ pravitatis Neerlandicæ.* Edited by P. Fredericq. Parts IV, V. The Hague: Nijhoff, 1900-2.
 7. *Kirchengeschichte.* By K. Müller. Tübingen: Mohr, 1902.
 8. *The English Church from the Accession of Henry VIII to Mary.* By James Gairdner. ('A History of the English Church.' Vol. IV.) London: Macmillan, 1902.
 9. *Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus.* By P. Kalkoff. Berlin: Schwetschke, 1903.
 10. *Erasmus of Rotterdam.* By Professor Sir R. C. Jebb. Rede Lecture. Cambridge: University Press, 1890.
 11. *The Cambridge Modern History.* Edited by A. W. Ward, G. W. Prothero, and Stanley Leathes. Vol. II. (The Reformation.) Cambridge: University Press, 1903.
- And other works.

IN the learned and thoughtful volume which Mr James Gairdner has contributed to the 'History of the English Church,' edited by the late Dean of Winchester and the Rev. William Hunt, there is what will strike many readers as a strange omission. There is no mention of the influence exercised upon the minds of the English Reformers by the great writer whose 'Paraphrase' the Injunctions of 1547 ordered to be issued for use in the churches of England. And yet, if we were to seek for a single thinker whose opinions are reflected in the principles of the English Reformation, it would be the scholar whose name stands at the head of this article. The 'Cambridge Modern History,' in the vast multitude of details with which it is of necessity concerned, finds

space for a lucid summary of the character of Erasmus. Dr Fairbairn, to whom it falls to write of the tendencies of European thought in the age of the Reformation, is too strenuously Protestant to have much sympathy with the chief of the moderates: he would place him among the Laodiceans. We do not expect, in so wide a survey, a detailed account of a single influence, however great; but an illuminative and authoritative summary of the conditions under which the thinker was called upon to work is to be found in the chapters, written with force and precision, by Professor Kraus, Dr Lindsay, and Mr Stanley Leathes.

Modern literature, historical and theological, finds more and more of interest in the career and opinions of Erasmus. Scholars in the ancient classics have, indeed, never neglected him; for he did a service to the knowledge of the classical literatures which was in its way unique. As Sir Richard Jebb reminded us in his brilliant Rede Lecture at Cambridge, he made the northern nations 'feel the value and charm of the classics as literature.' In letters his fame as a great humanist cannot be obliterated. But it is in fields more close to the daily progress of human affairs that his interest for modern writers has chiefly been found. He is studied to-day as a man of singularly interesting, at times puzzling, personality; as a prescient theologian and biblical critic; as one who, at once a philosopher and a man of affairs, saw the significance of the problems of his own day, and foresaw those of modern time.

The bibliography of the great Dutch scholar is in itself a large subject, and the University of Ghent is doing good work in its 'Bibliotheca Erasiana'; but the critical studies of the man and of his works, both general and special, are more interesting, as they are more numerous, than the bibliographical. Among the books mentioned at the head of this article—a selection only from a far longer list—a prominent place is claimed by the two volumes in which Mr F. M. Nichols has investigated the data for the life of Erasmus in a laborious endeavour to date accurately all his epistles up to his fifty-first year, and the edition, completed by Otto Günter after the death of Joseph Förstemann, of the collection of letters (1520-1535) in the Leipzig University library.

We are now able to reconsider some aspects of his career from new materials and in a new light.

Erasmus was born on October 27, 1466,* 'ex illicito et ut timet incesto damnatoque coitu,' wrote Leo X when he gave him license to continue his life in the world. He died on July 12, 1536. Thus his life covered the most important years of the German Renaissance and the beginnings of the German Reformation. In the first he was by far the most prominent figure, in the second he was not far from being the most influential. It is this influence, the attitude which he assumed towards the reforming movement, and the origin of that attitude, which we propose now to consider.

The first, and in some respects the deepest, mark was made on his life by his monastic training. Deventer, 's Hertogenbosch, Stein, each left its impression: he became a genuine scholar as well as a canon regular of the Augustinian rule. Gradually the scholarly interest overcame the monastic. From his 'De Contemptu Mundi,' Dr Emerton is justified in saying, 'The conclusion is irresistible that the description of the charms of a monastery as a place of refuge from the distractions of the world, and as affording leisure for the higher life, is a fair reflection of Erasmus's own experience up to that time.' Study brought desires for a wider view of life, and with that wider view came a distaste for monastic restraint; but many years later he could still warn a monk against deserting the cloistered life. It is true that the famous 'letter to Grunnius' would seem to represent Erasmus as from the first an unwilling captive, as undergoing continued misery, and as being disgusted throughout with his life, his companions, and his seclusion. But Mr Nichols' remarks† on this letter seem to us fully justified: the date and the occasion have their importance in testifying to the nature of the composition.

'It may be conjectured that it was on the occasion of Erasmus's suit to Pope Leo . . . and probably during his ten days' visit to Bishop Fisher, between the 14th and the 24th of

* This is the subject of a lengthy examination by Dr Richter, 'Erasmus-Studien,' Appendix A, pp. i-xix; and an appendix by Mr Nichols, 'Letters of Erasmus,' i, 474-476.

† 'Letters of Erasmus,' ii, 337.

August, 1516, that he found time to dictate in his rapid way the correspondence with Lambertus Grunnius apostolic secretary, which appears to have been first printed several years later in the twenty-fourth book of the "*Opus Epistolarum*," 1529. In the epistle inscribed "Erasmus to Grunnius," the writer narrates at some length the story of a certain Florentius or Florence, who had in his boyish days been induced by his friends to embrace the monastic profession, for which his character was not suited. The details of the life of Florence, agreeing with the early history of Erasmus himself, as it is narrated in the "*Compendium Vitæ*," make it evident to the reader that the author was telling his own story in such a way as left him free to modify or embellish without imputation of falsehood. But it does not appear to have been generally understood by his biographers that the correspondent to whom the letter is addressed was fictitious, and that no Lambertus Grunnius, *Scriba Apostolicus*, ever existed except in imagination.

Grunnius, thinks Mr Nichols, was a name derived by Erasmus from his favourite author, St Jerome, who thus nicknamed his opponent Ruffinus: that it was purely fictitious, de Rossi and Carini support Mr Nichols in believing. The letter itself was an 'apology for the bold step which Erasmus had taken in rejecting his monastic profession and adopting a secular life.' It was more than coloured by the feelings of the writer in 1516; it cannot be taken to represent what he felt in 1480. And indeed it would hardly, perhaps, be rash to assert that Erasmus never felt hostility to monasticism as such; he always admitted the attraction of a life of prayer and seclusion and consecrated study; but what he denounced, so soon as he began to express his opinions freely, was the formal obedience to rules and observances when the spirit which should animate them has vanished. A sense of the neglected opportunities of monastic life he certainly possessed and uttered; but fortunately, while he subdued his mind, as he says of his imaginary Florence, he could not mould his body to obedience; as when he was at Paris, in the College of Montaigu, under the shadow of the monastery of St Geneviève, a celebrated foundation of his order, he complained of bad food, bad companions, and ill-judged restrictions. He was ill at ease in places where he could not study the pagan classics and the Fathers

and the Bible with equal freedom, or where he could not combine his studies with cultivated society and the fellowship of men conversant with a wider world. He speaks of himself when he says that the abbot should have warned Florence before he took the vows:—

'Son, it is foolish to strive in vain. Our institution is not suited for you, nor you for it. While that course is still open, choose another kind of life. Christ dwells everywhere, not only here. Religion may be pursued in any dress, if the heart be not wanting. We will help you to return to freedom with the sanction of your guardian and friends' (ii, 355).

When he left his monastery to be the scholar-companion of a diplomatic bishop, a new life began for him which he was eager to profit by and to enjoy. The painful interlude of Parisian study, and a short return to the service of Henry of Bergen, Bishop of Cambray, led on to the more critical influences of his life, those of England, Italy, and the Netherlands. His sojourns in each of these countries affected his intellectual development, and so eventually his attitude towards the Reformation as represented by Luther and by Calvin.

The English influences, as we cannot but remember with satisfaction, were gracious and kindly. Erasmus came first to England in 1499 with his pupil William Blount, Lord Mountjoy, and soon made the acquaintance of John Colet and Thomas More. A few weeks, he told his friend Faustus, made him 'almost a sportsman, a courtier of some practice, one who could bow with politeness and smile with grace, and all this in spite of himself.' He made courtly salutations to the little Prince Henry, then nine years old, and to the younger royal children. He stayed in Oxford, in the Augustinian house on the site of what is now Frewin Hall. With More, ten years his junior, he became very intimate; for Colet he formed a reverent affection.

'You will find in me' (he wrote to the latter) 'a man of slender fortune, or rather of none at all, averse from ambition, most inclined to love, little skilled indeed in letters, but a most warm admirer of them; one that religiously venerates goodness in others and thinks nothing of his own; who is ready to yield to all in learning, to none in honesty; simple,

open, free, equally ignorant of simulation and dissimulation; of a character humble but sound; sparing in speech; a person, in short, from whom you have nothing to expect but character.' ('Letters,' i, 207).

Of Colet himself he wrote:—

'Such is your learning, that without the commendation of high character you deserve to be universally admired; and such is the holiness of your life that you cannot but be an object of love, respect, and veneration to every one.'

It was Colet (he wrote to Mountjoy) and the prior of the Augustinian house, Robert Charnock, 'than whose character nothing could be imagined more sweet and amiable,' who were the chief causes of the love he felt for England. Colet's was the influence, the memory, which he cherished most. It was the beautiful, trustful simplicity of the great preacher which appealed to the somewhat artificial character of Erasmus, that quaint simplicity which betrays itself in all his letters, not least in the founding of his famous school, when he hoped that in prayers for him the boys would lift up their little 'white hands.' Colet was one of those men, rare in every generation, who could speak directly of the deepest things without offence to any man.

'Ah, Erasmus, of books and of knowledge there is no end; but there is nothing better for this short term of ours than that we should live a pure and holy life, and daily do our best to be cleansed and enlightened, so as to realise that which is promised by those Pythagorean and Cabalistical ideas of Reuchlin, but will in my judgment never be attained but by the ardent love and imitation of Jesus. Wherefore it is my most earnest wish that, leaving all indirect causes, we proceed by a short method to the truth.'*

The wise and gentle Warham influenced him too. So did the religious and loyal More; but, when first Erasmus knew him, he was still writing epigrams, at times in no very high strain, and was far from the seriousness of his later days. It was Colet's influence which, at a critical time, was formative for Erasmus. He was hesitating, it is easy to guess, between pure letters and religion. It

* Mr Nichols would read 'ad Veritatem' (instead of 'brevitatem') 'brevi compendio camus' (ii, 597).

was of supreme importance that, when the scholar left the cloister and began to lay aside the canon's dress, he came into contact with the New Learning on its Christian, not on its pagan side; that he was at home in England before he knew Italy; that he was a friend of Colet rather than of Bembo, an intimate of More before he was acquainted with Leo X. The results of Erasmus's English sojournings and of the influence of his English friends were the 'Encheiridion' and the 'Novum Instrumentum.' Not in Italy would he learn to be busy with the things of God. It was in England too, there can be little doubt, that he set to work seriously to learn Greek; and here, too, Colet's influence may be traced.

'It can scarcely have failed to occur to him in his discussions with Colet' (Mr Nichols well says) 'that he should be groping in the dark if he endeavoured to become an interpreter of the New Testament without a more complete knowledge of the language in which it is written' (i, 232).

The author of the 'Adagia,' for all his wit, learned to look on life with serious eyes. The 'Encheiridion,' the 'dagger of the Christian knight,' showed decidedly that Erasmus, like Colet, knew, and did not hesitate to say openly, that the Church needed to be purged of formalism. There is a truth behind the Church's observances, but it is a truth that is too often obscured. 'To worship the saints is to imitate their virtues. The saint cares more for this kind of reverence than if you burn a hundred candles before him.' How easy is the corruption of the monastic ideals; how mechanical the saying of psalms, the keeping of fasts, may become! Yet the Church's rules should still be observed, only the spirit must inspire the observance of the letter.

'What then shall the Christian do? Shall he neglect the commands of the Church, despise the honourable traditions of the Fathers, and condemn pious observances? Nay, if he is a weakling he will hold on to these as necessary; if he is strong and perfect he will observe them so much the more, lest through his wisdom he offend his weak brother and slay him for whom Christ died. These things he ought to do and not to leave the others undone.' *

* *Erasmii Opera*, v, 37. The translation is Dr Emerson's. He very truly remarks: 'It will be noticed that, even thus early in Erasmus's moral appeal, he does not aim at destroying anything.'

From the 'moral appeal' of this striking book, written, like so much that is best in the works of Christian moralists, to meet a concrete case, and effect, if it might be, the repentance of a single erring soul, it was no far step to the source, for Christians, of all such appeals, the New Testament of Jesus Christ. The edition of the Greek Testament which Erasmus published in 1516, under the title of '*Novum Instrumentum*,' was mainly the result of his stay at Cambridge. He may be reckoned as the first of the great scholars of that university to whom students of the New Testament owe so large a debt.

Before he left England for the last time (1517), Erasmus ranked high, perhaps highest, among those who were working to draw back the thoughts of churchmen to the fountain-head of their religion. He had shown that, learned man as he was, he was first of all a Christian scholar; he had shown too, not uncertainly, whence the principles of the needed reform should be derived; for he pointed men unmistakably to the New Testament. There was the model for the Church, because the Scriptures spoke directly of Christ; and men in England, as More's verse showed, felt that Erasmus had made the sacred book shine with a new light. He thought to direct men to the truth without disguise; and so his great service to the world came from the fact that 'he proposed to find out as nearly as he could what the writers of the New Testament had actually said.' And he used the Fathers to support the Bible. His work on St Jerome—also mainly accomplished in England—was designed to show what the great father really said, and to point the lessons of his sagacity and sarcasm.

But the English influences were incomplete without a wider knowledge of the world and of the Church. Italy was to stimulate the humanism of Erasmus, and to barb the wit which wrote the '*Colloquies*' and the '*Encomium Moriae*.' The '*Encomium*,' indeed, though it was written in More's house, was the result of Italian experiences.

There could hardly be a greater change than from England, still semi-barbarous as it seemed to European wits, where literature and the arts had hardly come to birth, to Italy, the home of all that had changed the outlook of the civilised world. In England Erasmus had

found generous patrons and warm friends, men who appreciated his genius and entered with enthusiasm into his literary interests, but he must have felt, as they allowed him to feel, that he was a master among scholars. In Italy he had more to learn than to teach; most of all from the very atmosphere of the place in which letters were studied by the noble, the merchant, the temporal sovereign, and the princes of the Church. Italy was not only the birthplace of the old classic literature which he knew best; it was the home of the great revival which had inspired his own work.

'The appeal of Italy to the historical imagination is, one would say, perhaps the most powerful that has ever come to a scholar's mind from that land of enchantment. It was a time, too, when men's thoughts and activities were turning eagerly to all that side of the new classical study. For a century and a half, ever since the days of Petrarch and Rienzi, the treasures of ancient art, Greek as well as Roman, had been brought to light, gathered into great collections, and made to do their part in the education of Europe. The limits of the Eternal City had been turned into one great treasure-house of precious reminders of former and presages of future greatness. The visitor to Rome or to Florence might study from the originals the choicest forms in which the art of the ancient world had expressed itself.' (Emerton, p. 123.)

It was impossible for all this not to affect the extraordinarily receptive intellect of Erasmus. Dr Emerton reminds us that all the great scholar records of his approach to Italy would allow us to believe that 'his mind was occupied with the immediate profit of the moment—his doctor's degree, his new publisher, the petty comforts and discomforts of daily life.' But this was clearly not the case. He went to Italy almost a stranger as regards personal knowledge of the great leaders of the literary revival; but from the moment of his arrival in the country it is certain that he was known and welcomed as a great man of letters, and that he had the *entrée* into the literary society which he was best able to appreciate. He soon abandoned (for the practical reason, he says, that it led to his being mistaken for a plague-doctor) the habit of the Augustinian canons; and it is not likely that any one among the easy-going clerical dilettantes to whose society he was introduced would take notice of the change or

reprobate it. When he came to Venice he was received with cordial respect by the famous printer Aldus; at Rome great churchmen stood in his presence and said, 'It is becoming for the pupil to stand before the master.'

At Bologna, Venice, and at Rome (whither he went 'to renew old friendships and make fresh acquaintances'), he entered fully into the literary and theological interests of the time and the place; and it is quite certain that he was also a most observant investigator of the political currents. But of the letters which recorded those experiences very few survive. For the ten months which he spent at Venice in the house of Andrea d'Asola, near the Rialto, there are no letters at all; and little detail remains of his visits to Padua, Ferrara, Siena, Naples. Something may be said, however, of his literary associates, of the social conditions in which he lived, of the impression made on him by the Papacy in its pride of power.

That he should thus at once be admitted into the most highly cultured society of Italy was natural. His friend Beatus Rhenanus says, with perhaps a touch of pardonable exaggeration, 'Dignitatem et eruditionem in Italiam importavit quam ceteri inde reportare consueverunt.*' His name was well known in Flanders, France, and England; and the Italian scholars were well acquainted with the work of foreigners. Though he took his theological degree at Turin, it was as a humanist, and as an interpreter of Lucian, that he was first welcomed in Italy. There need be no wonder then that he turned his back on the monks, and at Florence, when he had, it would seem, to choose between the attractions of art and letters, preferred to the glories of Leonardo and Michelangelo the attractions of the Dialogues, which were a model for work that he was to do in the future.

It is not a little characteristic of Erasmus that he was not moved by the memory of Savonarola. 'Nous cherchons en vain,' says M. de Nolhac, 'la trace d'un regret pour la tentative avortée du Florentin, et sommes du reste plus frappés des différences que des analogies morales entre ces deux hommes.' Erasmus had no sympathy for such a burning of vanities as the great Domin-

* His is the best authority for the stay of Erasmus in Italy, 'Vite selectorum aliquot virorum' (Bates), 1081.

ican designed. He came to Italy, as he said, to learn Greek; and it was among the humanists that he was most at home. At Bologna he found many scholars of note: among them, Scipio Forteguerro, who called himself, in Greek fashion, *Carteromachus*; and Paul Bombasio, 'professor of both the learned tongues,' whose charm of conversation is commemorated in the '*Adagia*.' At Venice he met Joannes or Janos Lascaris, a distinguished scholar who had collected manuscripts in the East for Lorenzo de' Medici; Marcus Musurus, whom Beatus Rhenanus calls 'that guardian and high priest of the Muses, who had read everything, mastered everything—modes of expression, myths, histories, and ancient rites'; Baptista Egnatius, professor of rhetoric; Fra Urbano Bolzano, who had been the tutor of Leo X; and Girolamo Aleander, with whom Erasmus made a warm friendship, later to give place to a bitter antagonism.

At Venice Erasmus was long the associate of Aldus and his circle, and very ill he liked the meagre fare and impoverished wine.* Nor did his literary affairs progress very well: and it was this experience, doubtless, that made him say tartly that he had learnt nothing in Italy. He must have known better. As M. de Nolhac says (p. 25),

'N'y a-t-il pas quelque exagération volontaire dans cette boutade? et cette année de Bologne, par exemple, dans un milieu nouveau, à portée de ressources intellectuelles de tout genre, n'a-t-elle pas été pour lui, en dépit de la guerre et de la peste, une des plus fécondes de sa vie d'humaniste?'

Perhaps there were two sides to the question; but Scaliger was outrageously beyond the truth when he represented the great scholar in the house of Aldus as capable of doing two men's work, but idle and drunken when he should have been laborious in study. It was, at the least, a valuable experience to have been admitted to the Aldine Academy, to have studied and written and perhaps spoken Greek in that renowned circle of learned men.

From Venice he passed to Padua, where he fell in with Alexander Stewart, bishop-elect of St Andrews, and natural son of James IV, whom a papal dispensation more

* The constant mention of wine in Erasmus's letters strikes every reader; and the comedy of his bad liquor and bad eggs at Venice is referred to more than once in the '*Letters*' and the '*Colloquies*.'

scandalous even than usual had allowed, in spite of his youth and illegitimate birth, to hold the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Scotland without performing any of its duties. It was with the young archbishop, a boy of twenty, who became at once his pupil and his friend, that Erasmus paid his second visit to Rome; and there the pupil said farewell to his master, 'that cunning clarke,'* returning to Scotland to die at Flodden five years later.

'Rome' (says M. de Nolhac, p. 65) 'avait pour Érasme plus d'un attrait. Outre la visite au tombeau des Apôtres, qui certainement touchait le fidèle, et la curiosité qui invitait le moraliste à la cour pontificale, le grand nom classique de *l'Aurea Roma* devait suffire à enflammer notre humaniste. Il était prévenu par les plaintes de Poggio et des érudits du xv^e siècle; il ne s'attendait pas à trouver du passé romain autre chose que des vestiges. Mais ces vestiges étaient encore considérables sous Jules II; beaucoup d'édifices qui ont disparu depuis, les Thermes de Constantin par exemple, étaient debout; beaucoup d'autres, comme le Colisée, n'étaient pas aussi mutilés qu'ils le furent dans l'âge suivant. Érasme a dû goûter la majesté de ces grandes ruines, qui dictaient alors à Balthazar Castiglione et plus tard à Joachim du Bellay leurs sonnets immortels. Il a eu un mot heureux à propos de cette ville qui étale "les cicatrices de ses vieux désastres." Mais on cherche en vain dans ses livres les observations qu'il a pu faire sur la Rome antique, sur les énormes débris qui couvraient alors l'Aventin, le Célius et l'Esquilin. Il s'est contenté d'allusions vagues et générales qui n'apprennent rien.'

Erasmus lived more than two centuries before Winckelmann and Lessing. The time of archæological research was not yet. But, if he neglected the antiquities, he imbibed the classical spirit, as understood in his day. He lived in a circle of brilliant humanists and men of letters, and was offered high ecclesiastical preferment. Tommaso Inghirami, librarian of the Vatican, nicknamed 'Phædra' from his once having played that part in the 'Hippolytus,' was his most constant companion. It is possible that he may have seen Bembo. It is certain that he made full use of the great libraries, and that his classical studies were continued with assiduity and enthusiasm. But the Roman visits, as the culmination of his stay in Italy,

* Lesley, 'Chronicle' (Bannatyne Club), p. 80, quoted by Nichols, I, 455.

exercised another and a still deeper influence on him in regard to his attitude towards the questions which were to convulse the Church.

First, he found in Rome a lack of belief in the verities of his faith: 'Ego, cum essem Romæ, non omnes reperi æque sincere credentes.' He found a 'pagana sodalitas' among the scholars, who were willing to conform to the Christian Church and profit by its endowments while disbelieving its fundamental tenets. His own sincerity of soul turned with disgust from the Ciceronians, who played at reviving classical Latin and pagan religion. He was shocked by the dishonesty of Christian priests who eviscerated their creed. Above all he was horrified at the policy, the arrogance, the military exploits of Julius II. Like More in his 'Utopia,' he saw in the acts of Julius the gravest danger to the spirit of Christianity; the triumphal entry into Bologna, the pseudo-classic sermon at Rome described in the 'Ciceronianus,' were never forgotten. The 'Encomium Moriæ' contains sufficient evidence of this feeling; but far more strongly is it expressed in the satire which represents Julius as excluded from heaven. The 'Julius Exclusus' can perhaps not even now be certainly declared to be the work of Erasmus;* but a letter of More's seems to show that he had a copy of it in Erasmus's own handwriting some years before it was published, and Erasmus wrote to More of the book as being in the hands of the Chancellor of Burgundy, who was highly diverted by it; while, in his rather involved denial of the authorship, he admitted that he had seen it in manuscript some five years before. It is difficult indeed to doubt that it is an authentic work of Erasmus, the genuine expression of his Italian experiences. The flatteries of humanist cardinals left the great Dutch scholar frigid and dissatisfied, for he was far more a Christian than a humanist at heart; and the 'Encomium Moriæ' was the direct issue of this feeling.

* Mr W. S. Lilly ('Renaissance Types,' p. 144, note) does not believe that Erasmus was the author, and says 'he always denied it; and veracity was one of his characteristic virtues.' But an eminent Erasman is of opinion that Erasmus 'is not entirely to be trusted in his statements on such subjects; for not only did he entirely believe in the principle of property in a secret, but a good many of his own works were published under polite, but more or less transparent, fictions.' Mr Nichols (ii, 610) says that the book 'was beyond doubt the work of Erasmus.'

On his return from Italy, he tells More, he diverted himself with reminiscences of old studies and old friends, and he summed up his impression of the humorous side of life in More's own house, where he composed the satire whose title a pun on his host's surname suggested. The serious part of the book is, one might fancy, but a side issue; it is only by the way that he speaks of folly in religion. But, when he does speak, how bitter are his remarks about the adoration of saints, about purgatory and pardons, about scholastic quibbles on deep points of theology, about the crowd of vicious hangers-on which surrounded the papal court, about the gross neglect of the apostolic ideal of the episcopal office. Certainly he had Italy in mind when he spoke of the mass of friars and monks who are far away from true religion, men who neglect the practice of the Christian virtues as much as the contending sects of philosophers do the actual words of holy writ. All the satire and the denunciation were directed, it is true, not against the Church's theology or organisation, but against abuses which, to the unclouded eye, were obvious. But it was a vigorous protest that reformation was needed; and the Italian journey, in its influence on the mind of Erasmus, placed him unmistakably among the reformers.

England then, and Italy, were each formative; but there was a third and, in a sense, equally decisive influence. The experiences of Erasmus at Louvain stand apart in many respects from the rest of his life, and they form a decisive epoch in the development of his opinions. It was there that his attitude towards the Lutheran Reformation was definitely decided. In discussing this we are much helped by the recent investigations of Dr P. Kalkoff* based upon the despatches of Aleander.

The nuncio was a man of cultivation, interested in the literary revival, and well acquainted with several of its leaders. His commission came to him, after a personal interview with Charles V, on September 28, 1520. He had found the bishops indifferent to the Lutheran danger. He proceeded to act for himself; and, with the

* 'Die Anfänge der Gegenreformation in den Niederlanden' ('Schriften des Vereins für Reformationsgeschichte,' Nos. 79, 81. Halle, 1903).

support of the 'September mandate' (which Dr Kalkoff shows to be identical with the Netherlands mandate of March 1521), he published the bull of excommunication of January 3, 1521, ordered the burning of heretical books and the denouncing of heretical teachers. The relations between the Netherlands and Germany were close; and Aleander watched in the former country the friends and adherents of Luther. Albrecht Dürer was prominent among them. He had visited Erasmus, and he saw the dangers of the time with a full sympathy for the extreme Reformers.

'Oh, Erasmus of Rotterdam' (he wrote in his diary), 'where art thou? Behold what the unjust tyranny of earthly power the might of darkness can do. Hear, thou champion of Christ! ride forth by the side of the Lord Christ; defend the truth; gain the martyr's crown! As it is, thou art but a frail old man. I have heard thee say thou hadst given thyself but a couple more years of active service; spend them, I pray, to the profit of the Gospel and the true Christian faith, and, believe me, the gates of hell, the See of Rome, as Christ has said, will not prevail against thee.'*

It is easy for a man who sees only just before his eyes to write wildly; but Erasmus had the wide outlook of an instructed thinker, and he would not listen to the hot-headed painter. Dürer indeed stood in a dangerous position when Aleander came to the Netherlands; and Erasmus too soon found that he was not safe. If the Augustinians tended towards Lutheranism, and the city authorities of Antwerp demanded the preaching of 'the Gospel'—which, though they disavowed either advocacy or reprehension of Luther, at least showed a sympathy for the reformers—the mendicant orders stood firm; and Aleander threw himself into the strife, singling out Erasmus as his foe. Their old friendship, based on humanism, was at an end.

Erasmus was the first to show knowledge, in the Netherlands, of Luther's writing † in a letter of May 18, 1518. He had, on the whole, been happy at Louvain, despite the theological wrangles with Dorp, Briard, and

* Dürer's 'Tagebuch' (Leitschuh), p. 83, quoted by Emerton, p. 333.

† See P. Fredericq, 'Corpus document. inq. hæreticæ pravitatis Neerlandicæ,' iv, 10,

Lee, and the troubles about the Collegium Trilingue. When the Louvain theological faculty condemned Luther's 'Lucubrationes,' Erasmus, who had made peace with the theological faculty in October 1519, stood apart. But within a few months the scene entirely changed. Erasmus's letter to Luther of May 30, 1519,* was brought up against him. It must have seemed to Luther tepid enough; but yet there were phrases, such as that in which the German's letter was declared to 'breathe the very spirit of Christ,' which could easily be used against the writer. Two enemies took up arms against him—a Carmelite named Nicholas van Symond, and the Dominican, Jacob Hoogstraten, the head of the Inquisition at Cologne, who organised the monastic faction against him and banded the monks together, Adrian Arnouts, Johann Briseldt, Nikolas Baechem, Carmelites, and the Dominican, Vincent Dirks. On the other hand, Erasmus found a confidant in the German Dominican, Johann Faber,† whom, it has been asserted, he employed to put forth his views at the imperial court. Faber's own work, 'Consilium cujusdam ex animo cupientis esse consultum et Romani pontificis dignitati et Christianæ religionis tranquillitati,' though Erasmus denied all responsibility for it, was, in tone and expression, not a little like the letters of the Dutch humanist.

More than this, it has been skilfully argued that Erasmus, driven to lay aside his dislike of anonymous writing, feeling himself in danger, and eager to oppose all obstacles to the drastic policy of Aleander,‡ himself wrote the 'Acta Academiæ Lovaniensis,' which was printed at Cologne for the sake of secrecy, and which did its utmost to prejudice the work of Aleander, among other things, by declaring him to be a Jew, and to discredit the reception of the bull by the University of Louvain as a mere farce. It was argued that the bull was spurious—a reasonable ground to take up; and the Imperial mandate of September 28 is similarly explained away. However this may be, the position of Erasmus became more and more untenable. He was hampered by the indiscretions of that irresponsible amateur in theology, Ulrich

* Opera, lili, 444.

† See 'Archiv für Reformationsgeschichte,' i, 1 ('Die Vermittlungspolitik des Erasmus' by Dr P. Kalkoff).

‡ Ib. pp. 23 sqq.

von Hutten. The writings which took his side, such as the 'Hochstratus Ovans,' October 1520, by Hermann von dem Busche and Hermann von Neuenahr, and the 'Epistola Udelonis Cimbri,' did not strengthen his position among the Conservatives; and, when the Louvain theologians, without Erasmus, were present at the book-burning of October 8, 1520, it was clear that they were no longer in agreement, and he was no longer invited to their official meetings. Between Erasmus and Aleander, after a meeting at Cologne, there was war to the knife.

At first the great scholar was listened to alike at the imperial and at the papal court; but soon the wind changed. 'The critical day,' as Dr Kalkoff calls it, of November 12, 1520, cast Erasmus adrift from all possible Lutheran moorings. The publication of the 'Babylonish Captivity' was a call to which he could not respond; and yet Aleander would not recognise him as orthodox or safe. The edict of Worms was carried out drastically in the Netherlands, under the legate's direction and that of the Inquisition. Books were burnt at Antwerp and Ghent; and Aleander was ready to 'burn half a dozen Lutherans alive.' Early in July 1521, Aleander had a five hours' interview with Erasmus at Brussels, and accused him of being concerned in several Lutheran writings, though he still declared that he was protecting him. Soon afterwards the approval of Leo X was given to Aleander's action, in the first instructions issued by the Curia, for the 'bringing back of Erasmus into the right way.'*

Five weeks later, further guarantees for the good behaviour of Erasmus in church matters were demanded. Matters went from bad to worse. Erasmus was ready, it seems, to write against Luther; but Aleander said nothing of this at Rome. He requested leave to read the prohibited books, but the nuncio refused him. The book of Velenus, on the primacy of Peter, was ascribed to him by Aleander, with the approval of the papal vice-chancellor; and at last, after declaring that he would go to Rome, Erasmus, in plain fact, fled to Basel. Aleander triumphed. The evangelical movement in the Netherlands was sup-

* Dr Kalkoff points to the contrast between this and the letter (Erasmus, Opera, iii, 647) from Bombasio assuring him from Leo that he may disregard the attack of Aleander.

pressed. The two old friends were never reconciled.* The humanists of the Netherlands lost their leader; and, if religion gained in unity by the suppression of German influences, the isolation of Louvain from German learning meant not a little politically as well as theologically. We look forward in thought to the struggles of Joseph II, and see their origin in the policy of Aleander.

But henceforth the course of Erasmus was decided. At first anxious to defend himself from the *odium hæreseos Lutheranae*, and blaming the inquisitors only from personal motives, he devoted himself solely to the danger which threatened sound learning. 'The world' (he said) 'can get over the death of Luther, but never that of learning.' Soon it became certain that Erasmus would definitely join the anti-Lutheran party. His association with the Rhenish Reformers was at an end. He was strong in the support of the Electors of Mainz and Saxony and in friends at the imperial court. He had been audacious enough at Cologne, in November 1520, to summarise the position in the sarcastic epigram, '*Lutherus peccavit in duobus, nempe quod tetigit coronam pontificis et ventres monachorum*,' and sagacious enough to suggest that the matters about which Frederic the Wise protested on Luther's behalf might be referred to a court of arbitration of experts who were beyond suspicion of prejudice. It was a suggestion which, if men had been wise or temperate enough to act on it, might have made for reconciliation; yet nothing could have reconciled Luther and the papal system of his day. Now the very suggestion seemed treasonable. Events had moved rapidly. Luther had passed from Worms to the Wartburg. Erasmus was practically in exile at Basel, and he seemed to be defenceless and in disgrace.

How far, from the point of view of conservative churchmen, was this disgrace deserved? What was the true relation of Erasmus to the Reformation of the sixteenth century? We can answer the question in two ways, by sketching the connexion between him and the chief Reformers, and by summarising his own opinions on the matters in debate.

* Dr Kalkoff confutes the view of Pasquier, '*L'Humanisme et la Réforme: Jérôme Aléander*' (Paris, 1900).

Various associations of thought have been traced between Erasmus and the most famous leaders of the anti-Catholic Reformation. Melancthon, for example, said, 'Cinglius mihi confessus est, se ex Erasmi scriptis primum hausisse opinionem suam de cœna Domini.*' Zwingli had undoubtedly, in his earlier humanistic days, been strongly influenced by the writings of Erasmus; and there was long correspondence between them, marked by considerable freedom. So late as August 31, 1523, Erasmus wrote to Zwingli: 'Videor mihi fere omnia docuisse quæ docet Lutherus, nisi quod non tam atrociter quodque abstinui a quibusdam ænigmatibus.†' Then the correspondence ceased, for Zwingli defended the audacious Hutten. Zwingli, in a sermon of August 1530, decisively declared against Erasmus as rationalistic. He denounced the view that 'the hairs of your head are all numbered' was hyperbole, 'quemadmodum quidam nostro sæculo Logodædalus mundo persuadere conatus fuit.‡' The divergence was certainly complete, for Erasmus rejoiced at the removal of evil by the death of Zwingli in 1530.

As to the association with Calvin, there has been long controversy. The last examination of the subject that is of importance—it has, of course, been acutely criticised—is that of Professor Martin Schulze of Breslau, 'Calvins Jenseits-Christentum in seinem Verhältnisse zu den religiösen Schriften des Erasmus' (Görlitz, 1902). Having previously, in his 'Meditatio futuræ vitæ: ihr Begriff und Stellung im System Calvins' (Leipzig, 1901), traced Calvin's ideas of a future life to Plato, he now shows that the link between them was Erasmus. Both agree, he would say, in their view of this life, its misery and transitoriness; to both 'abnegatio suæ' = 'mortificatio carnis.' There is remarkable similarity, at one time at least, in their view of the will, and the nature of Christ's redemption of man from sin, and the function of faith. By parallel passages Dr Schulze succeeds in demonstrating a close resemblance in their theological work.

But may it not be said that this goes little beyond the traditional medieval view? Is not the expression of it common, not only to Calvin and Erasmus, but to

* 'Corpus Reformatorum,' iv, 470, quoted by W. Müller, 'History of the Christian Church,' iii, 86 (English translation).

† Zwingli, Opera, vii, 310.

‡ Ib, iv, 124.

Tauler, Luther, the other Reformers, even the Bible and the Fathers? It would be a great mistake to exaggerate the originality of the Reformers as men of letters. The emphasis which they lay on certain aspects of Christian faith is in different cases remarkable, declaratory, epoch-making; but the matter with which they dealt is common, and thus the parallels which microscopic investigators have triumphantly pointed out are often delusive. Take, for example, Dr A. Lang's paper on the 'Conversion' of Calvin.* 'Calvin und sein System ist nur zu begreifen aus der religiösen und dogmatischen Entwicklung des gesamten Protestantismus heraus'; and notably, when the All Saints' address is taken as the decisive declaration of conversion, in not a few points Calvin's system can be understood only as based on the 'Paraclesis, id est adhortatio ad Christianæ philosophiæ studium' of Erasmus. For this view again parallel passages are produced; but still more can be produced from Luther. 'The famous rectorial address,' as Dr Fairbairn rightly calls it,† 'which Calvin wrote and Cop revised and delivered' on All Saints' Day, 1533, is the evidence that the writer was deeply indebted to Erasmus; and yet Dr Straehlin has denied that Calvin had any share in the All Saints' address at all.‡ The example is worth giving as showing how much of uncertainty still hangs over details of even the critical points of Reformation history. But it is certainly true that Erasmus was a formative influence on the development of many powerful minds; he compelled them to compare the ideal of Christ with the Church of his own day.

Of the association between Erasmus and the greater Reformation leader himself, so much has been written that we may be content, most briefly, to summarise the facts and emphasise the principles of divergence.§ The Paulinism of Luther seems foreshadowed in a striking passage at the end of the 'Encheiridion,' though Erasmus had no special affinity of mind with St Paul. It is not till a letter of Luther's to Spalatin, October 19, 1516, that we have any mention by him of the great scholar; from

* 'Die Bekehrung Johannes Calvins' (Leipzig, 1897).

† 'Cambridge Modern History' ('The Reformation'), p. 354.

‡ Herzog-Hauck, 'Real-Encyclopädie,' iii (3), 657.

§ See Dr Max Richter, 'Die Stellung des Erasmus zu Luther' (Leipzig, 1900), summarised by the author in 'Neues Sächsisches Kirchenblatt' (1901).

that time it is clear that, at least up to 1519, Luther had read the writings of Erasmus, and that, though the divergence which is seen in the admiration of the one for St Augustine and the other for St Jerome tended inevitably towards division, the influence of the scholarly Melanchthon tended to avert a breach. It was not till after the 'Theses' that Erasmus took notice of Luther; and then for a long time he was very careful not to attack him. Contrasted with the sturdy nationalism of Luther, he was, and remained, cosmopolitan; and, so far as nationalism tended to become Protestant, so far at least cosmopolitanism was inevitably Catholic. As the struggle was concentrated round himself, Luther cared less and less for Erasmus; and Erasmus felt more and more strongly what he wrote to Spalatin on July 6, 1520: 'The truth must not always be spoken: much depends on how it is spoken.' As the 'tragedy' developed—for the comedy of which he wittily spoke did not end with the marriage—it 'burdened Erasmus with intolerable odium, for he was torn in pieces by either party, while he tried to benefit both.'* The final divergence was both political and philosophical—political in regard to Luther's attitude both towards the peasants and towards the temporal power generally; and philosophical in regard to the eternal controversy of the freedom of the will.

'The doctrine of the impotent will has produced some of the most masterful wills before which the world has ever had to bend,' says Dr Emerton; and Luther was not long before he found weakness in the philosophic Protestantism of Erasmus. The 'Novum Instrumentum' contained expressions about original sin which were dangerously lax. 'I am afraid he does not place Christ and the grace of God high enough,' was the modest way in which Luther first hinted his suspicion to Lange. But, before Erasmus had retired to Basel, Luther's condemnation was more emphatic.

Erasmus, though he disavowed Luther's opinions, did his best for some time to protect him. It was Hutten, the firebrand, who, by accusing the great humanist of 'imbecillitas' and 'parvitas animi,' stirred up the final strife.

* This is the phrase of the 'Compendium Vitæ.' On its authorship, see Nichols, I, 1-4.

Letters passed from friend to friend which reached the two protagonists; but a breach was apparent which could not be bridged over. There was, with all the accusations of personal feeling, a far more important question of principle between them.

Luther was too impetuous, too direct, too much a man of his time, in a sense too religious, to agree long with Erasmus. He is, as his distinguished German biographer remarks, 'in the first place, to be understood from the religious side. He judges everything, even on political matters, always from the religious point of view; hence the comparative narrowness of his outlook in these questions. . . . He was much less of a theologian than is generally recognised.*' And Erasmus was, it may be true to say, much more. It has been a fashion among modern German apologists of Luther to declare that Erasmus was a Pelagian. It would be truer to say that Luther's exaggerated Augustinianism was met by Erasmus with a wider view of philosophy and morals.

Erasmus was long preparing for a decisive utterance: he asked the advice of others: his intention probably reached the ear of Luther, who wrote to him a letter of studied friendliness. In September 1524 appeared the 'De libero arbitrio Διατριβή sive collatio.' It was a brief treatise, and its contents may be briefly stated. It endeavoured to show that the moral judgment, Scripture, and the Fathers, all pronounced against Luther. Luther had appealed to authority; to authority he should go. But that authority should be sifted, criticised, analysed, weighed. The acuteness of the human mind should prove the freedom of the human will. His dissection of the Lutheran attitude towards authority is admirable; it is a proclamation of the historic sense against individual choice. Free interpretation cannot be severed, if it is to have any chance of rational success, from the historical process by which it was attained. Nor was it difficult to show that absolute servitude of the will would render morality impossible. Much of the Lutheran position he cordially accepted. He would never undervalue the mercy or the grace of God. But it was impossible for him to doubt that 'one ought to allow to man *some* share in his

* Dr Kolde in a letter to Bishop Creighton, quoted in the 'Life' of the latter, II, 89, 90.

own good actions; not a great share, only "non nihil."* He reviews both opinions in their extreme form. He cannot admit that a dilemma lies between them. 'I prefer the view of those who attribute something to free will, but a great deal to grace.'

A year later came Luther's reply, 'De Servo Arbitrio.' Erasmus complained of it that he was treated worse than a Turk, and he replied in 1526 and 1527 with the first and second parts of the 'Hyperaspistes.'† Melancthon urged Luther not to answer. His apologists declare that he would not condescend to do so; but he was ready enough to warn his followers against the 'Explanatio Symboli' (1533); and in the same year Erasmus wrote 'adversus calumniosissimam epistolam Martini Lutheri.' The hostility was irreconcilable. Erasmus appeared to Luther an enemy not only of Protestantism, but of religion itself. Erasmus contented himself with the view that where Lutheranism triumphed true learning disappeared. And true learning and true religion were inseparable.

Modern criticism of Erasmus has been content, perhaps wisely, to pass away from his philosophical or theological position. The complaint is that, in the free-will controversy, he was not a leader. But leadership cannot be wisely eulogised without count of the direction which it takes. It is not only that 'the "De libero arbitrio" was welcomed by all the moderates of the day, and doubtless did its work in holding to the *status quo* many a wavering spirit which otherwise might have been drawn into the reforming ranks':‡ its value lies in the emphatic demand which it records for a consideration of the whole case, the whole difficulty, the whole problem. It does not show an absolute condemnation of the position of Luther and his friends. 'While the weight of the argument is obviously thrown as far as possible on Luther's side, it calls attention sharply to the weakest points in the Reformation theology.' Erasmus, even when least Protestant, never surrendered his title to be a reformer.

In his last years he pursued his own course with simplicity. The 'Modus Confitendi' (1525) dealt with the right use of confession; the 'Ecclesiastes' (1535) shows

* Emerton, 'Erasmus,' p. 301.

† The argument of the last twenty pages of the 'Hyperaspistes' (1526) is particularly worth reading.

‡ Emerton, p. 397.

him homiletic and pastoral; the 'Modus Orandi Deum' shows him devout and evangelical, as well as conservatively reforming. Everywhere he rebuked superstition and pleaded for moderation. At the imperial court he was an advocate of peace. The Sorbonne condemned thirty-two opinions drawn from his works; it had already forbidden students to read his 'Colloquies.' Paul III wished to make him a cardinal; Paul IV put him, 'with all his books and writings, even when they contain nothing against religion or about religion,' on the Index.

How far then was he a reformer? It is impossible to deny that in his early works he satirised practically all that the later Reformers denounced, and that he did it before Luther wrote a line. Like the Reformers, he bitterly denounced those who preached continually of the power of the Pope, hardly ever of Christ. Like them the standard which he set up, the test by which he tried the existing condition of the Church, was biblical. But his view of the theology of the New Testament is infinitely wider than theirs. For them the heart of biblical Christianity consisted in the certainty of forgiveness of sins proceeding from the sinner's reconciliation with God through the Atonement. For him Christ was the divine exemplar, the model of the righteous man, the true ideal of moral and religious life. It was the doctrine of Christ which must be restored to the knowledge and imitation of mankind. To devote life to the glory of Christ and the love of man, he declares, that is true theology; and Ecolampadius confessed that it was from him that he learned 'nihil in sacris literis præter Christum quærendum.' Christ was for him the centre, the sole object, of all Scripture. The ecclesiastical authorities of ancient and modern days are to be interpreted, or even replaced, by reference to Him alone, His gospel, His philosophy, His example. For him Christ interpreted all things; and the Church was the guide of man because she had the spirit of her Lord resting upon her.

His position is admirably illustrated by More's famous letter of 1519 to a monk* who feared that the Catholic

* 'Epistolæ aliquot Eruditiorum Virorum' (Basel, 1520), pp. 92-138. Mr Froude, in his 'Life and Letters of Erasmus' (pp. 135 *seq.*), gave an extraordinary version of this letter, even inserting a sentence which has no existence in the original.

lawyer might be contaminated by his friendship with the scholar who had produced the 'Novum Instrumentum.' Dearer than the friendly monk, dearer than the dear Erasmus, was truth itself; and to truth, to learning, and to Christianity, the study of Greek was essential in More's eyes. Erasmus, in his free study of the Fathers and of the holy Scriptures in the tongues wherein they were written, represents the true mind of the Church, which obscurantist monks, and enemies of Greek and of liberal culture, distort and disfigure. More, like Erasmus, and like the aged Oxford scholar of three centuries later, was of opinion that the truth for the Church could be found if you would look back far enough for it, and it would be found to be always in agreement with scholarship and intellectual freedom. Humanism could not be unchristian, because Christ was the perfect man; nor theology narrow, because it was the science of the things of God.

Thus Erasmus was in practically the same position as the Christian humanists of the Italian Renaissance. Like Ficino, or Pico della Mirandola, he passed beyond the study of the ancient classics for their own sake; he was utterly opposed to the promotion of a new paganism; he was determined to devote these studies to the service of Christ and His Church. The Renaissance was to be the servant of the needed Reformation; it was to furnish the tools with which the true foundations of Christianity could be again revealed. The Church was to be restored to her pristine virtue, æsthetically, morally, penetrated with the spirit of the New Learning, and thus in the fullest sense reformed. Humanism was necessary to reset the expression of the Church's life in accord with modern needs, to reinvigorate and refurnish her theology; but Christianity, not humanism, was to be the motive power of reform. The ancient languages were indispensable for the recovery of the primitive Christian teaching, and only humanism gave the mind the freedom necessary for dealing with the revelation in relation to the life of the new age. The decisive doctrine of Erasmus, which contrasted with that of the conservative theologians almost as sharply as with that of Luther, was that Christ was the end of all learning and culture. Religion to him was primarily ethical. Culture divorced from ethics was

corrupt: in the plain principles of the Gospel and the person of Christ lay the salvation of mankind.

What then is the relation of Erasmus to the theology which has been developed from Reformation Protestantism? Critically, he was certainly in advance of the Reformers; his criticism had not the contemptuous intrepidity of Luther's, but it had an historical sagacity and acuteness which anticipated the attitude of modern exegesis. Thus he speaks of Homer, Virgil, and the Old Testament as it were in a breath, seems to doubt the Paulinism of the Epistle to the Ephesians, attributes the Epistle to the Hebrews to St Clement of Rome, is hardly more polite to St James than Luther himself, would doubt the authenticity of Revelation '*nisi me consensus orbis alio moveret, præcipue vero autoritas ecclesiæ.*' For him the Bible was not the object of worship, but He of whom the Bible spoke; Christ, not holy Scripture, was the true Word of God.*

It is thus that Erasmus is claimed by the newest advocates of unorthodoxy as the champion of their principles, and that modern advocates of a liberty to 'recite any one of the creeds while conscious of not really believing it' are styled by an American apologist 'Anglican Erasmians.' 'Crypto-liberalism,' we are told, 'has adopted the Erasmian morals. It advocates the "policy" of silence, education, and patient waiting for conservative funerals.'† Is the ancestry thus claimed capable of vindicating its theological pedigree? It is not. It is quite true that isolated passages from the writings of Erasmus, or, what is far more frequent, passages from Mr Froude's translations of him which do not occur in the original, are quoted to show that he maintained the view that truth might be held without the need of proclaiming it at all seasons, and that the received doctrines of the Church should be treated with tenderness even where they did not satisfy intellectual convictions. But isolated passages from many stout Protestants of the most rigid type might be quoted to illustrate the same opinion. In neither case is the quotation fair. Erasmus, when he welcomed free theological discussion, explicitly stated the

* Cf. '*Apologiæ omnes adversus eos qui illum locis aliquot in suis libri non satis circumspecte sunt calumniati*' (Basel, 1522).

† Professor Goodwin Smith, '*Hibbert Journal*,' October 1904,

Apostles' Creed to be the fundamental basis of belief. When he protested against accretions on the Catholic faith, he went no farther than the Athanasian Creed, which defines that faith as the worship of one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. In detail, there is no ground whatever for saying that Erasmus disbelieved in the doctrine of the Incarnation or the Holy Trinity as taught by the Catholic Church. Here lies his essential difference from the moderns who are compared with him.

In general, his tendency is unmistakable. It is that the Bible, learning, criticism, humanism, are each and all incomplete as guides to man without the permanent interpretative power and historic witness of the visible institution ordained by Christ Himself. His appeal is always to Christ; but it is inconceivable to him that Christ should be apart from His Church or the Church from Him. Erring, defiled, her members may be; but every scandal which his keen satire exposes is condemned explicitly as a defection from the pure standard of primitive days, which criticism will discover, and which is found to be the revelation of Christ in the Church. As critic and as historian, Erasmus found it impossible to say that Christ was right and that the fundamental principles of the continuous Church were wrong. Thus what she had regarded as essential doctrines were and must remain the permanent, unalterable bases of loyalty to the Lord. It is this very fact which points the bitterness of his contrast between the essential and the accretive, whether papal or Lutheran. So far as the modern world holds this, it enjoys the heritage of his thought, and so far only.

Perhaps no scholar the world has ever known is so certain of immortality as Erasmus. His position in the history of theology and letters is, in its way, unique. His 'Letters' and his 'Colloquies' are as fresh to-day as ever, and they will remain fresh even if his more serious work should ever be forgotten. But his memory is preserved at least as certainly by the brush of Holbein. Those sharply clever drawings on the margins of Erasmus's own copy of the 'Encomium Moriae,' which are to be seen in the Basel Museum, show the humours of the first acquaintance of scholar and painter. Perhaps the sketch there in the margin of Erasmus in his study is the first

Holbein made of him; it is answered on the next page, where there is the picture of a fat voluptuary who is a 'hog of Epicurus's sty,' and over it Erasmus has scribbled 'Holbein.' The jest was not bitterly meant; for indeed Mr Ruskin was right when he spoke of the painter as 'a grave man, knowing what steps of men keep truest time to the chaunting of death.'

The wonderful series of portraits of the great scholar which follow in long course from that date trace, it may almost be said, every change in his passing feelings as well as every step in the advance of old age. The famous picture at the Louvre, once the possession of Charles I, is just of the time when he came back to Basel. He is beginning a new book, and the lips are shut, with the suggestion of a smile lurking about them, as he writes down the title. The hair and face are ageing, but there is strength and restraint in the pose, and comfortable security in the suggestions of the three rings, the rich warm cloak, and the dark green tapestry, with its flowers of light green and white behind. Dürer's drawing of 1520 has quite a different air—fatter, younger, more sleek, and far more sly: it was drawn when the painter had begun to distrust the reforming zeal of his champion. And Dürer, with his touch of medieval knight-errantry, had not the perfect sympathy of Holbein, who was the supreme type of humanism in German art. The 1519 medal, so content and contemptuous, one may say, is a combination of the two ideas of the scholar. But Holbein remains for us the true immortaliser of Erasmus. In the portrait drawn for a woodcut frontispiece of the Works, the decoration is all classic and humanistic, the aged figure resting his hand on the head of a bust of Terminus, and pointing to it with significant gesture.

In a drawing in the Basel Museum, made at the same time as this for Erasmus, Terminus, the patron-god of settled ways and fixed bounds, is sketched, saying with decision, 'Concedo nulli.*' It was, in truth, the very attitude of Erasmus himself. With all the waverings that men thought they traced in his published opinions, with all the perplexities which are reflected inevitably

* This was a memorial of the signet which Alexander Stewart gave him in Italy. (See Nichols, I, 455.)

from time to time in his correspondence, as in that of every thinking man, Erasmus remained in deed and truth unalterably fixed in the ancient ways. The primitive order of the Church, as a thing divinely inspired, was his firm standing-ground; but what that order was he was keen to sift, criticise, rediscover. This it was that gave him the sympathy of the wise men of his time, conservative or humanistic; it was his because he had the true sense of stability in life and the true understanding of the varieties of human genius and human need. Holbein gives him to us in the pride of his success and self-confidence; but there are later pictures too, more touching and as deeply significant. There is the wonderful miniature at Basel, old, worn, and wrinkled, yet with the touch of a smile on the lips and the glimmer of a light in the humorous eye; and there is at Parma that weary face, wistful, still watchful, but ready to depart, because the scholar has 'warmed both hands before the fire of life,' and as it sinks, knows what man can tell and suffer, and in whose mercy he may trust.

The fascination of Erasmus increases as the years go on. The interest of his character, the more it is known, grows as we approach more nearly to an appreciation of it in which all the facts find place. The interest of his position becomes still more prominent as the problems of the modern world develop themselves. There is a manifest impatience of systems—of scientific systems because of their arrogance, of theological systems because of their incompleteness. Against all such systems, transitory and visibly decaying, Erasmus made repeated protest; and the language of his protests has a strange freshness to-day. But a system which is only the changing, growing expression of an enduring institution, historic through all modern life, and inspired by the breath which kindles all that is finest and best in human thought and human action, which is, to men who see, in the words of Goethe, the living dress of the Godhead, Erasmus revered and clung to as true shelter and true guide. There are words of a modern churchman which he would have made his own, words which indeed might well have fallen from his lips, and are a complete reflection of his thoughts.

'The Reformation set Scripture against the Church, and read it without due sense of its historic meaning. It must be read

in the sense in which it was written. The Reformation set aside the witness of the Church to the Lord. The reformers regarded Scripture as the revelation; but the object of revelation is the Lord Jesus Christ: God's purpose to restore mankind, manifested in the person of Christ. Faith is our grasp of Him, a faculty given by God to be used or cast away. Of that revelation Scripture is the record and the Church the witness.*

The attitude of Erasmus towards the Reformation, as well as his attitude towards individual reformers, finds its explanation in his attitude towards the Church. He believed in the Church, not as a congeries of disintegrating elements, not as a rigid inflexible machine, but as a sacred institution divinely instituted and divinely inspired, and, because it was ever in touch with divine life, continually growing and developing into the knowledge of the truth. It was thus that, in spite of personal feelings involved, blame incurred, and friendships sundered, in spite of difficulties, intellectual and constitutional, which no one saw more clearly than he, Erasmus held by the teaching voice of the Church, and strengthened himself, not by reference to an infallible interpreter, but by belief in the general judgment of the Body, past, present, and to come. The Church was to him the Body of Jesus Christ, and in Jesus Christ he profoundly believed; and, so believing, he was not impatient, not afraid to wait for light. The words that were nearest to his heart as humanist and as Christian were those which John Henry Newman took for his text the last day he preached in Oxford: 'In Thee is the well of life, and in Thy light shall we see light.'

W. H. HUTTON.

* 'Life of Bishop Creighton,' II, 507.

Art. V.—THE ABORIGINES OF AUSTRALIA.

1. *Ethnological Studies among the North-west-central Queensland Aborigines.* By Walter E. Roth. London: Macmillan, 1897.
 2. *The Native Races of Central Australia.* By Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen. London: Macmillan, 1899.
 3. *The Northern Tribes of Central Australia.* By the same. London: Macmillan, 1904.
 4. *The Native Tribes of South-east Australia.* By A. W. Howitt. London: Macmillan, 1904.
 5. *The Primitive Family, in its origin and development.* By C. N. Starcke. London: Kegan Paul, 1896.
 6. *Zur Urgeschichte der Ehe.* By Dr J. Kohler. Stuttgart: Enke, 1897.
 7. *Journal of the Anthropological Institute.* London: Macmillan, 1870–1900.
 8. *L'Année Sociologique.* Paris, 1898–1904.
- And other works.

THE Australian continent, so far as the aborigines are concerned, is a vast anthropological museum. The observer finds himself among men far more backward in civilisation than the remarkable artists whose works, in the caves of France and Spain, can scarcely be equalled by the pencil of the modern copyist. The isolation of Australia, and the conditions of climate, fauna, and vegetation, have not indeed made human progress impossible in every direction. In metaphysics and in religious speculation many tribes would be reckoned 'advanced' even in circles of free thought. The Australians have also reached, in the mechanical arts and crafts, the idea of chipping and polishing stone implements, and attaching them to handles, instead of merely using a rudely-flaked stone held in the palm of the hand, like the now exterminated Tasmanians. In some quarters rude canoes are not wholly unknown, and the art of plaiting is cultivated. Commerce exists: one tribe will barter its boomerangs for the stone spear-heads or red ochre of another; there are trade-routes, or rather paths, and fairs of a kind are held at intervals; dams of stones for fish-catching (now attributed to the god 'Baiaime') attest

combined labour. But no Australian has risen to the conception of fabricating a clay pot; and no remains of native pottery have been found in the soil.

The graphic art scarcely extends beyond decorative scratches on wood and archaic designs exactly parallel to those of our 'cup-and-ring' marked stones, with spirals, volutes, and concentric circles. These patterns exist mainly in the central and north-central parts of the continent. Blacks who have seen our illustrated papers draw very spirited pictures with ink and a sharp stick, rather in the manner of Leech, and they especially shine in depicting animals. On the walls of their caves also they paint scenes from the chase, but not with so much skill as the Bushmen of the Cape exhibit. Some of their songs, of which Mr Howitt has recorded a few, are of a poetic melancholy; and there is poetry as well as humorous fancy in their legendary tales, of which two volumes, with designs by a native, have been published by Mrs Langloh Parker. They appear not to be ignorant of hypnotic methods, and practise crystal-gazing for purposes of divination. It is not so certain as was once thought that the natives have no words for numerals above five; and, if educated, they become expert calculators. 'Who can deny evolution?' said an educated black when he was shown, in a museum, the rude stone and bone implements of our prehistoric ancestors.

Far from denying evolution, the central and northern tribes, as we shall see, have discovered the idea for themselves, while admitting a certain minimum of extraneous assistance, to give the universe a fair start. When Darwin first met the Fuegians he could scarcely regard them as human beings, but he soon found that they learned English easily, while he could not learn German, and that their mental faculties were much like our own though confined to lines practically serviceable in their station of life. In this respect the Australians resemble the Fuegians; but, while we know nothing of Fuegian philosophy, the Australians have evolved a metaphysic and a religion (as we take the liberty to call it) of their own, their physical science remaining chiefly magical.

The natives, however, have applied their intelligence above all things to the structure of a complicated form of society and of a vast body of customary law. This

is perfectly simple in its practical working, while in theory it is so complex that a minute analysis of it, as Monsieur Reinach says, 'is algebra, not literature.'

It must be remembered that the Australians have not only been isolated from foreign communications, but that their country yields neither native cereals worth cultivating nor, excepting dogs and ducks, animals capable of domestication or useful if domesticated. Pre-Columbian America had no domesticable animals, but did grow maize, potatoes, and tobacco, so that the agricultural, if not the pastoral, life was possible. Australia has indeed edible grass-seeds, which are pounded and cooked into cakes. Some tribes, such as the Euahlayi of New South Wales, have advanced so far as to store these seeds; and, says Mrs Langloh Parker, have a kind of harvest-home at the gathering of them; but no tribe has thought of sowing the seeds in prepared soil, nor are we certain that the trouble would be rewarded. The people are thus, of necessity, hunters, and being hunters are necessarily nomadic, each tribe within its unmarked but well-known boundaries. Between tribe and tribe war for purposes of territorial aggrandisement is unknown. They may fight about women, or in the blood feud, for, as nobody is supposed to die a natural death, every death is thought to be caused by hostile magic. Fights are not now resolutely waged, but merely to draw first blood, as a rule; and, as there are no conquests, there are no slaves, and very little material progress. There are no hereditary chiefs, though, among some socially advanced tribes, a kind of magistracy, or a 'moderatorship' of local groups in the tribal general assembly, is hereditary in the male line.

The constitution of each tribe is thus democratic. In the absence of accumulated property, age, knowledge, courage, magical powers, and the possession of women to be given 'in commendation,' enable some men to acquire considerable influence. The chief governing powers are public opinion and customary law, which may be modified by the 'headmen,' or elders and councillors. There are no divisions of rank, except such as are constituted by degrees of age—degrees marked by initiatory ceremonies for the boys and young men. At each stage of initiation new knowledge and new privileges are acquired,

mainly in regard to the eating of foods forbidden to the young, and to knowledge of myths and ceremonies.

The initiatory rites are accompanied by whatever can strike terror into the neophyte, and by bodily mutilations ranging from the knocking out of teeth, in the south and east, to circumcision, and the much more painful, dangerous, and inexplicable operation called *ariltha* by the Arunta of Central Australia. Women, before marriage, have their own tortures to endure; but the religious myths of the tribes and the sacred objects are usually concealed, under pain of death, from the women, a custom common among savages in Africa and America.

Having thus given a general view of Australian society, we must remark that, though on a uniform level of low material culture, the tribes vary in the most surprising way as regards ceremonies, beliefs, and types of social organisation. Speaking generally, the tribes of the south and east appear to retain the more primitive, while those of the central and northern part of the continent have evolved the more advanced regulations, the more complex, prolonged, and cruel rites, the more highly organised magic, the more 'emancipated' speculation, and the nearer approach to local organisation. Our most recent and valuable sources of knowledge must first be gratefully recognised.

In 1878 Mr Brough Smyth compiled a valuable collection of reports from various hands on the natives of Victoria. Among the contributors, Mr A. W. Howitt, then police-magistrate at Bairnsdale in Gippsland, was most remarkable for his scientific interest in the problem (then brought forward by Mr J. F. McLennan and Mr Lewis Morgan) of the constitution of early human society. Throughout the years between 1878 and the present day Mr Howitt, often working with the Rev. Mr Fison, has made many contributions of value to learned periodicals. In 1904 Mr Howitt (who has received the well-deserved degree of doctor of science from the University of Cambridge) summed up the result of his personal observations, and of the reports of many correspondents, in 'The Native Tribes of South-east Australia.' As we shall see, the south-eastern tribes, though early in touch with white men, are, or were, in what Mr Howitt, with almost all enquirers, regards as the most archaic social condition.

Mr Howitt's large work is remarkable for careful investigation and caution in the suggestion of hypotheses, and is conspicuously candid in tone.

Not less valuable and admirable are the two works by Mr Baldwin Spencer, professor of biology in the University of Melbourne, and Mr F. J. Gillen, sub-protector of the natives at Alice Springs, a station in the precise centre of Australia. Here Mr Gillen won the confidence of tribes which, if not wholly out of touch with missionaries, have certainly paid (as our authors prove) no attention whatever to their teaching. We shall be obliged to differ from both Mr Howitt and Messrs Spencer and Gillen on some points of theory; but it is impossible to overpraise the matter and manner of their works. Except as regards linguistic and philological research, they are masterpieces of method. As much may be said for Dr Roth's volume on the aborigines of Queensland, in which philology receives due attention. The works of Taplin, Cameron, Eyre, Gason, Threlkeld, Mathew, Dawson, Ridley, and others, we have read and assimilated; but, as they are cited by Mr Howitt, we need not refer to them in detail, while some researches of the correspondents of Mr R. H. Mathew have proved to be in certain points erroneous.*

The first volume of the 'Native Races of Central Australia,' by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, dealt mainly with the large, or at least widely diffused, tribe of the Arunta or Aranda. The name, in Mr Curr's glossaries, means 'cockatoos.' The authors render it 'loud-mouthed,' a good name for the cockatoo. This book of 1899 was followed by 'The Northern Tribes of Central Australia' (1904). Both volumes represent a cruel amount of toil and exposure to heat, cold, and intense discomfort. The second book is the fruit of a journey, in which two Arunta tribesmen took part, from the north of Lake Eyre straight to Newcastle Waters, and thence due east to the coast of the Gulf of Carpentaria, opposite the Pelew Islands. Some eighteen tribes in all were visited and examined; how conversation with peoples of eighteen different tongues was managed we do not know. Our

* Journal and Proceedings, Royal Society, N.S.W., vols xxviii, xxxi, xxxii, xxxiv.

explorers do not touch on questions of linguistics, philology, and phonetic changes.

Each Australian tribe described by Messrs Spencer and Gillen appears, as regards its beliefs and myths, to preserve a stern orthodoxy unusual among whites, and hitherto unheard-of among savages. Are there no variants, no contradictory myths? Do all Arunta or all Urabunna steadfastly believe and receive an authorised version of their myths, as John Knox believed in his own confession of faith? One important Arunta variant we have observed. Our authors, having been allowed to witness all Arunta mysteries and ceremonials, were throughout accepted as 'initiated' men, like Mr Howitt among the south-eastern tribes, though Mr Howitt's front teeth were not knocked out, nor were Messrs Spencer and Gillen subjected to circumcision.

We must now briefly sketch the social organisation, ceremonials, and beliefs of the tribes of the south-east, south-centre, centre, and north of Australia. In the matter of supplies almost every conceivable thing that comes across their path is food to them. The food-supply varies in various regions, in proportion to the rainfall and the nature of the soil. Where, as Mr Frazer says of the Arunta country of Central Australia, 'the pitiless sun beats down for months together out of a blue and cloudless sky on the parched and gaping earth,' food ought to be scarcer than in regions of a greater rainfall. But the Arunta, if we may trust Messrs Spencer and Gillen's numerous photographs, are not emaciated or anæmic. Of course the natives, as they 'live on the country' where white men would die of hunger, roam about in small family groups, in migratory camps. When several hundred Arunta meet at palavers and ceremonial assemblies which last for four months, the problem of supplies must be very difficult; unless it be solved (as it was in the brief congresses of Mr Howitt's tribes) by the bread, tea, and tinned meats of the white fellow. In a tribal ceremony inspected by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, which lasted from the middle of September to the middle of January, with one service or half a dozen services performed every day, and during most nights, how did the natives obtain supplies? Grass-seed had been gathered; but grass-seed does not go very far, even on the fertile

banks of the river Todd. The younger men hunt; but one would expect them to clear the accessible country of every lizard, blue-bottle, bat, and rat, in four months. However, they solve the problem in one way or another; and we are not informed that they are enabled to spin out their ceremonies by help of civilised damper, beef, mutton, and tea. If the natives procure food for large numbers for a long time so easily, then the Arunta country cannot be so very poorly endowed. If the natives receive European rations, then the length of time to which they protract their rites is not a natural and normal part of their habits.

Though they are all on nearly the same abject level as regards the arts of life, the natives differ, as we have said, in the most surprising degree as concerns social institutions. We take the organisation in which the kin-name descends on the female side, while the maternal kinsfolk dispose of girls in betrothals, to be the most archaic type; and on this point Mr Spencer, Mr Howitt, Dr Kohler, and Mr E. B. Tylor are agreed. Now to advance from the descent of the name of the kin through mothers to its descent through fathers is a great step in progress. Society comes, when this step is made, to be organised on a local basis; the names of the kins are no longer indiscriminately scattered, as when children inherit the mother's kin-name; but the dwellers in a district are mainly of the same kin-name, by paternal descent, like the MacIans in Glencoe. The people are now united both by ties of blood, real or supposed, and of local interests. How it happens that of two adjoining and intermarrying tribes, equally low in material culture, one reckons descent in the female, and the other in the male line—and that where there is no property worth sixpence to inherit—we cannot pretend to guess. Dr Kohler explains the change to male descent as the result of scanty natural supplies; Mr Howitt, as the result of copious natural supplies. The actual facts of the case lend countenance to neither hypothesis. However, in these varying conditions the natives are found; and some tribes, in no appreciable degree more civilised than the others, have almost entirely shaken off the yoke of archaic marriage rules.

We must next consider the local tribes, each with its own distinct language or dialect, each with its recognised,

though unmarked frontiers. A tribe has a name of its own, sometimes derived from an animal, often from the word for 'yes' or 'no' in the language of the tribesmen. It is greatly to be wished that we knew how far the various tribal languages are mere dialects, derived from a common stem, evolved under the many superstitions which induce savages to tabu old words and take up new words. The names of the great social divisions are often practically identical in tribes throughout a vast area of country, tribes who seldom or never meet and cannot understand each other's dialects. Is the identity of names for social divisions among tribes of alien speech due to borrowing from a given centre, or are they relics of a time when a single language prevailed? The natives do not know the meaning of most of the names.

Many tribesmen are bilingual; and, in the south-east, members of tribes which intermarry are invited to each other's ceremonies. In the centre and north an alien to the tribe may even be the chief performer in a given rite. Dances are diffused from tribes among which the songs have a meaning to distant communities, who sing the words without understanding them. As Mr Kipling says, in 'The Neolithic Age,'

'There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right.'

In these and other directions there is plenty of tribal intercommunication; there is borrowing of mystic objects; and there must be an unknown amount of interchange of ideas between tribe and tribe.

It is obvious that these tribes, well organised for their purposes as they are, with their councils, headmen, heralds, prophets, and internal peace, cannot be primitive institutions. We cannot suppose that a horde of pristine human beings, if such a horde could hold together in such a barren country, was organised like a tribe of the present day, or was obedient to headmen, to the inspired prophets, and to a complex and minute body of customary laws regulating marriage, food-supply, burial, ceremonial, and every detail of life.

The nature of these laws, as they affect the relations of the sexes, must now be explained. The rules vary in character and fall into a few distinct grades of com-

plexity. Everywhere certain men and women, of a certain status, are alone intermarriageable; all other unions are incestuous and are capitally punished. In two words any pair can learn, even under the most complex system, whether they are or are not intermarriageable.

The basis of the whole aboriginal marriage law is the well-known rule which forbids two persons of the same totem to marry each other. In Australia, as in some North American tribes, the rule works thus. Each tribe is divided into two 'phratries' or 'exogamous moieties' called, let us say, Eagle-hawk (Mukwara) and Crow (Kilpara). No person of the phratry Crow may marry a Crow, but must marry an Eagle-hawk, and *vice versa*. Matters are so arranged that the same totem (dog, duck, cat, kangaroo, emu, ant, or the like) never occurs in both phratries. Thus it is impossible for a person to marry another of the same totem-name; for marriage must be with a man or woman in the opposite phratry, and in the opposite phratry the same totem-name does not occur. There are other very complex divisions called 'matrimonial classes,' clearly not primitive. In some tribes there are four of these; in northern and central Australia there are usually eight, four in each phratry. No one can marry except into the appropriate class in the opposite phratry, in which his own totem-name can never occur; he or she therefore must marry out of their totem. Phratries, totems, and classes are always hereditary, whether in the male or female line.

There is but one exception to the universal rule of savage society—that marriage must be contracted outside of the totem-name, usually that of a plant or animal—which is regarded with varying degrees of respect and reverence. This exception was discovered by Messrs Spencer and Gillen among the Arunta of Central Australia, some allied sept, and their nearest neighbours to the north, the Kaitish. This tribe, though its usages are those of the Arunta, may legally marry within the totem, but almost invariably avoids such unions. Among all the rest of totemistic mankind, the totem-name is inherited from either the father or the mother; no marriage is permitted between persons of the same totem-name; and the name delimits the kin, real or supposed. There is thus no marriage within the totem-kin, 'however far apart

the hunting-grounds' of the bearers of the kin totem-name. In the Arunta 'nation,' on the other hand, the totem is not a mark of kin; it is permissible for persons of the same totem-name to marry each other, however close neighbours they may be; the totem is inherited from neither parent, though the right to perform its totemic ceremonies is inherited through the father; and each child acquires its totem by sheer accident. Persons of the same totem are merely united as members of a society which performs magical rites for the benefit and behoof of the plant or animal. 'Intichiuma' is the name of such totemic rites. The tribe is a co-operative community, each totemic society working spells for the multiplying of its own plant or animal, of which the members of the society in each case eat very sparingly in a ritual kind of way practised by the Arunta 'nation' alone.

It must here be distinctly understood that, in our opinion, the Arunta and Kaitish are not of a primitive, but of an advanced social type. That is proved by their habit of reckoning inheritance in the male line; by the consequently local character of their communities; by the existence of their Alaturja—holding a kind of magistracies hereditary in the male line; by the 'individual,' not 'group' system of marriage; * by the length, number, and elaborate character of their ceremonies; and by the nature of their initiatory rites, which have almost superseded the simpler and less cruel rites of the more primitive peoples of the south-east.† Moreover, the Arunta, like all the tribes from their southern neighbours, the Urabunna, to the sea in the north, and unlike the south-eastern tribes, believe in no 'All-Father'—though there are traces of this creed in the Kaitish tribe—but hold by a doctrine of evolution. Primary animal forms developed (they say) into human beings, and their spirits are perpetually reincarnated; they do not go to the 'All-Father,' or to any place of reward or punishment or home of the dead. We first meet a germ of this creed in the Euahlayi tribe of New South Wales. They have an All-Father, 'Byamee' or 'Baiaame'; and souls go to their own

* By 'group marriage' Messrs Spencer and Gillen mean a custom of invading actual marriage by allotting permanent paramours. It is confined to a special set of tribes.

† 'Northern Tribes,' xi, 329; 'Native Races,' p. 455.

places, but the spirits of children who die before initiation are reincarnated.*

The belief among the Arunta and Kaitish has yet another marked peculiarity; and this peculiarity is the only cause of the unique, non-exogamous nature of Arunta totemism. As all these things are so, we are unable to understand how the two explorers can regard the totemic system of the Arunta nation as the most archaic now extant. 'It is difficult,' they say, 'to avoid the conclusion that the central tribes, which for long ages have been shielded by their geographical isolation from external influences, have retained the most primitive form of customs and beliefs.'† But their initiatory ceremonies are confessed to be, in all likelihood, later than those of the south-eastern tribes. As descent is admitted to have been originally reckoned in the female line, in this important point especially the Arunta are non-primitive. Again, they are not, in fact, isolated at all. How should they be? 'The tribes are not, generally speaking, separated from one another by any natural physical barriers.' One tribe stretches over both sterile desert country and a relatively well-watered region; another, the Arunta, occupies both sides of the McDonnell ranges of hills. Men of one tribe do magic and rites for men of another tribe. In what sense, then, these tribes can be called 'isolated,'‡ and how the totemic system of the most advanced tribes can be claimed as the most primitive we cannot conceive.

Judging from the system now in vogue among the Arunta, our authors suppose that tribes were originally divided into societies, each doing magic for some object, usually edible. They had, so far, none of the existing rules regulating sexual relations, and, we presume, lived more promiscuously than deer or cattle. The rules came later—why introduced we are not told; though, in the

* 'The Euahlayi Tribes,' by Mrs Langloh Parker (MS.).

† 'Northern Tribes,' p. xli; cf. pp. 13, 18, 22.

‡ On page 18 of 'Northern Tribes' we read that, at the present day, the various groups are frequently shut off from communication with one another by long stretches of absolutely impassable country. On page 13 we are told that 'the tribes are not, generally speaking, separated from one another by any natural physical barriers.' On page 31 we read that the tribes dwell in each others' midst, as visitors. We cannot reconcile these contradictory statements.

south-east, Mr Howitt thinks that a prophet or medicine-man, believing himself to be inspired by the 'All-Father,' pointed out to the headmen that it would be well to institute the phratriac division (as into Kilpara and Mukwara), and to make each division marry exclusively with the other.* The 'reason why' of all this, 'Kutchi' or 'Daramulun,' the All-Father in question, alone knows. As to the reason for making the division and the rule, Mr Spencer has not committed himself to any opinion, or has not done so consistently. Mr Howitt's theory, of course, postulates that the tribe of to-day, with its All-Father, its councils, its headmen, its inspired prophet, and its co-operative magical stores, was already in being before marriage was regulated at all. The theory leaves the origin of exogamy unexplained.

Admitting the imperfect hypothesis merely for the sake of argument, we arrive at the following results. Each primal totemistic tribe was well equipped with magical societies, doing spells for the good, say, of ravens, wolves, and so on (in America), as articles of food-supply, each magical society bearing the name of the plant or animal which it breeds. Who would breed ravens and wolves? The first marriage law was then introduced—we are not told why—and divided the tribe into halves. All known totemists arranged these halves so that the same animal or plant for which sets of men did magic never occurred in both divisions; and thus persons of the same totem-kin can nowhere intermarry. The Arunta 'nation' alone neglected this precaution; here the same totems occur in both divisions; and therefore in Aruntadom, though nowhere else, people of the same totem may intermarry if they are in the right opposite intermarrying 'classes.' Now such classes are a late institution. Or perhaps all totemistic mankind began in the present Arunta condition, and later, with one consent, before developing 'classes,' abandoned Arunta totemism, making it death for people of the same totem to intermarry.

To the system of Mr Spencer the logical objections are nearly as numerous as they are obvious. Even granting the primitive existence of a prehistoric tribe with

* Howitt, 'Native Tribes of South-east Australia,' pp. 80, 90.

legislative powers, how did the magical societies arise? As Mr Howitt himself asks, 'How was it that men assumed the names of objects, which in fact must have been the commencement of totemism?''* There is no answer, unless we postulate the existence of magic at this remote date, and then suppose that each group (what sort of group?) was named after the object for which, either spontaneously or by tribal decree, it wrought a form of magic unknown to the south-eastern tribes of primitive organisation. If that be asserted, what directed the special attention of each magical group to only one out of the innumerable articles of food? They could not have lived, as in an absurd Arunta myth, on one article of food alone; for many articles have as short a season as the may-fly, while all, if exclusively eaten by a group, would speedily be exterminated.

Once more, such groups or societies, doing magic for the behoof of one animal or plant, are found best organised, and in the most flourishing condition, not in tribes of the archaic type (where they are not found at all), but in American and Torres Strait Island tribes, with male descent and with agriculture.† They flourish most as society deserts the archaic type, and not (Mr Howitt says) among the primitive Australian tribes with female reckoning of kin and inheritance. It cannot be argued that these tribes gave up totemic magic because they had a larger rainfall and better natural food-supply than the Arunta; for Red Indians and Torres Strait Islanders, far more prosperous than any Australians, and living in better conditions, work co-operative magic with peculiar energy. The same practice, once universal in Europe, survives in folk-lore.‡

Next, the Arunta, with male descent, with loss of the pristine phratry names (now superseded by the eight 'classes'), with local self-government, hereditary Alatumja, relatively novel ceremonies, and 'individual marriage,' are peculiarly advanced. How then should they alone of mankind retain what is primitive? It is *prima facie* improbable; and, what is decisive, without their present

* 'Tribes of South-east Australia,' p. 153.

† Dorsey, 'U.S. Bureau of Ethnology,' 1881, 1882, pp. 238, 239; 1885, 1890, p. 537; 'Journal of the Anthropological Institute' (new series), 1, 5-17.

‡ See 'The Golden Bough,' in many passages.

advanced social organisation and local totem groups the Arunta system cannot possibly exist.

With the confessedly earlier reckoning of descent in the female line the Arunta form of totemism does not, because it cannot, exist; and Messrs Spencer and Gillen themselves make this a matter of mathematical certainty. The Arunta, reckoning descent in the male line, have necessarily local totem groups. In each district one totem is dominant; in fact, each district has its totem. As the Arunta live in this style, their legends preserve no memory of a time when descent in the female line prevailed and when totems were therefore indiscriminately scattered through all districts. Consequently the Arunta myths represent the legendary first ancestors as dwelling or moving about in groups, each of which contained persons of but one totem. These persons 'went into the ground'; and their ghosts—ghosts all of one totem in each case—now haunt the spot where they 'went into the ground,' and the trees or rocks that rose up to mark the place, as in *Märchen* and in our old ballads. The ghosts especially haunt the small, oval, stone slabs, with archaic markings incised, which each of these ancestors possessed (*churinga nanja*). When a child is born to-day it is merely an ancestral ghost of this, that, or the other local totem, which is reborn from any woman who comes past. The mother fixes its totem by mentioning the place where she thinks that she conceived it. The local totem of that place—say, cat, emu, grub, or whatever it may be—is the totem of the child, whose totem is thus not inherited but fixed by accident. The oval stone slab which the child possessed in the 'dream-time' is sought for on the place of his conception, and sometimes it is found; if not, a wooden slab is made. By this method one totem gets into both of the exogamous sets of classes, so that a person of the grub totem, in one set of classes, can marry a person of the grub totem in the opposite set. That in the prehistoric 'dream-time' no totem was ever in both sets of classes (as by universal rule elsewhere) is averred by one Arunta myth. That the reverse, as at present, was the case is asserted by another Arunta myth. Both traditions are historically worthless. But that the existing arrangement is a departure from the universal rule is certain.

As Messrs Spencer and Gillen write, 'it is the idea of spirit, individuals associated with *churinga*, and resident in certain definite spots, that lies at the root of the present totemic system of the Arunta tribe.' Now this idea cannot possibly be primitive. With female descent each mortuary local centre would be haunted by ghosts of an indefinite number of totems, not of one totem only; and no woman could possibly pretend to guess, as in Aruntadom she is certain, what totemic spirit was re-incarnated as her child. Male descent, confessedly later than reckoning in the female line, alone makes the Arunta system possible. Again, except the Arunta and their neighbours, the Kaitish, the Ilpirra, and one or two other adjacent tribes of the 'nation,' no known people believes that souls are attached to stone slabs, each inscribed with the marks of the local totem, though many tribes believe in reincarnation. Consequently, where no such stones and no such belief exist, the Arunta system does not and cannot possibly exist; nor does it occur among tribes which believe in reincarnation but have no stone slabs. If it had once existed, say among the Binbinga tribe, the stone amulets would be found outside of Aruntadom; but none such are said to be discovered.

Again, let us suppose that the Arunta to-day were to abandon their stone slabs and the belief about them, and make totems hereditary in the male line, as do their northern neighbours. In that case their totems would still be non-exogamous, for the same totems already exist, and would continue to exist by inheritance, in both of the opposed and exogamous set of classes. But among the northern tribes this is not so; totems are therefore exogamous, which they could not be if these tribes had once held and then abandoned the Arunta belief.

We cannot surely be asked to suppose that male reckoning of descent, local totemism, the belief in reincarnation, and the belief in these haunted stone slabs, are all primitive; that all have prevailed wherever totemism exists or has existed; and yet that these four necessary conditions have been preserved intact by only two or three tribes in the known world, while these tribes, in fact, are remarkable for their advanced social conditions and non-primitive ceremonies and rites. The Arunta and Kaitish belief in the myth about the stone

slabs (*churinga nanja*) is as entirely peculiar as is the Urabunna or the Euahlayi creed as to reincarnation.*

It follows from these arguments that, so far as the Arunta vary from the universal exogamous rule, their totemism is decadent; they are far advanced on the way out of totemism. This is just what we should expect from advanced thinkers who are said to have emancipated themselves from religion altogether. By 'religion' we here mean the belief in superior non-natural beings who made or arranged the world of things, and to whom some measure of reverence is paid. The Arunta have magic of the usual symbolical kind, and sorcerers, who know that they perform their own miracles by imposture, or do not perform them at all, but believe in the magic of other sorcerers. They also impress on the women and children the belief in a supernatural being, called Twanyirika, who is concerned with the rites of initiation; but the initiated know that he is a mere bugbear, like the Melanesian Duk-duk or the African Mumbo-jumbo.

The creed of the tribe is evolutionary. Rudimentary living forms arose, it is said, somehow, and were released from their husks by two entities named Ungambikula, meaning 'without beginning.' These 'inapertwa,' or rudimentary forms of life, developed into what we may call Titans, magically powerful shape-shifting beings, half human, half bestial. They traversed the country, inventing implements, instituting rites and ceremonies, acting, in short, as 'culture heroes'; and, when they died, their souls were reincarnated in each new generation. Thus the Arunta have no room for a god, for heaven, or for a place of future punishment. Their two speculative ideas, evolution and reincarnation, have made religion impossible. The interesting point is that these ideas do not seem to be primitive. If we may judge by a number of facts, the Arunta have worked their way out of an early religion, that of the more primitive south-eastern tribes, just as they have nearly worked their way out of totemism. Their neighbours, the Kaitish, who still do not marry, or only very rarely, within the totem-name, retain manifest survivals of the south-eastern

* There seem to be traces of stone *churinga* in the Warramunga and Waagal tribes.

religious belief in an All-Father. The Kaitish are a link, as regards totemism and religious belief, between the primitive south-eastern and the advanced central and northern tribes.

As regards religion, the tribes examined by Messrs Spencer and Gillen, being convinced evolutionists, with a belief in reincarnation, 'have not the vaguest idea of a personal individual, other than an actual living member of the tribe, who approves or disapproves of their conduct, so far as anything like what we call morality is concerned.' The Kaitish believe in a 'very great man' who, far behind the age of evolution of animal forms, 'made himself and gave himself his name'—Atnatu. 'He has another sky and sun beyond the place in which he lives.' He 'made the Alcheringa,' the mythic dream-time, behind which the Arunta do not look. He expelled many of his sons from heaven because they 'performed no sacred ceremonies for him, as they ought to have done.' These sons of Atnatu are the ancestors of some blacks; other blacks were evolved out of lower animal forms. The Father gave his sons 'everything which the black fellow has.' Atnatu insists on the performance of circumcision, on the whirling of the noisy bull-roarer, and so forth. Atnatu is a survival, not yet obliterated by the evolutionary theory, of the All-Father, whom Mr Howitt finds in his socially more primitive south-eastern tribes. He answers minutely to the Nzambe of the Fans of West Africa, as described by M. Allégret.* Even among the Arunta, Mr Gillen, some years ago, in the report of the Horn expedition, spoke of a belief which he and Mr Spencer do not mention in their recent works, perhaps distrusting the evidence. It is not the reincarnation belief. We quote Mr Gillen:—

'The sky is said to be inhabited by three persons, a gigantic man with an immense foot shaped like that of an emu, a woman, and a child who never develops beyond childhood. The man is called Ulthaana, meaning "spirit." When a native dies his spirit is said to ascend to the home of the great Ulthaana, where it remains for a short time; the Ulthaana then throws it into the Salt Water, from which it is rescued by two benevolent but lesser Ulthaana who perpetually reside

* 'Revue de l'Histoire des Religions' (1904), p. 14.

on the sea-shore, apparently merely for the purpose of rescuing spirits who have been subject to the inhospitable treatment of the great Ulthaana of the heavens (Alkirra). Henceforth the rescued spirit of the dead man lives with the lesser Ulthaana.*

This information, linking Arunta with Kaitish belief in a sky-dwelling anthropomorphic being, and depriving them of the belief in reincarnation, is omitted from the two books by Messrs Spencer and Gillen. We have seen another account of such an Arunta belief, in a paper of 1882, from a missionary among the Arunta.† We do not quote the evidence, as it is from a missionary, who might be said to be unconsciously the author of the creed which he records. Other testimony tallies strangely with parts of the Euahlayi myth about their All-Father, 'Byamee' or 'Baiaame.' It is not easy to get at the more esoteric beliefs of savages. In one of the tribes near Lake Eyre an informant of Mr Howitt's, Mr Siebert, found traces in legend of a sky-dwelling being, 'Arawotya,' who made deep springs on earth and then ascended.‡ There is probably more to be known about 'Arawotya,' perhaps a fading All-Father, like the Huron 'Ataentsic.'

If a tribe had the belief in the All-Father, and held that souls of the dead go to him, that creed would be wrecked by the rise of the native evolutionary hypothesis and the myth of reincarnation when these occur to the tribal thinkers. But, if they began with these advanced ideas, how did they come to invent the notion of the All-Father? Messrs Spencer and Gillen think that whites, conversing in pidgin-English with blacks, might misunderstand them and erroneously suppose they believed in an All-Father. But the existence of the belief in the south-east is attested by missionaries who could write native languages, such as Kamilaroi; which perhaps few anthropologists are able to do. Mr Howitt is not a missionary, and many of his correspondents are not; nor is Dr Roth, who finds in Queensland a being called 'Mulkari,'

* 'Notes on Manners and Customs of the Aborigines of the McDonnell Ranges belonging to the Arunta Tribe.' Gillen (Horn Expedition), iv, 183.

† Kempe, in 'Proceedings of the Geographical Society of Halle' (1883). The name of the being is given as 'Altjira,' not 'Alkirra,' as by Mr Gillen.

‡ 'Native Tribes of South-east Australia,' pp. 793, 794.

much on a par with Mr Howitt's All-Father.* Mr Howitt himself knew nothing of this belief till he was initiated into the Kurnai and other tribal mysteries. Among the Narrinyeri he is called 'Nurrundere,' and 'is said to have made all things on earth,' instituted all laws, and ascended to the sky. He has other titles: 'Nurelli' of the Wiimbaio, 'Pirnmeheal' of the Mount Gambier tribes, 'Bunjil' among many tribes, 'Mungan-ngaua' of the Kurnai, 'Tha-tha-pulli' of the Wathi-Wathi, 'Baiaame' of the Kamilaroi, Wiradjuri, and Euahlayi, 'Daramulun' of the Yuin and cognate tribes: but, 'under many names, one form,' he is a supranormal, anthropomorphic, sky-dwelling being, regarded as 'Our Father.' He is kindly, the giver of laws, the maker of things, or of many things, the guardian of tribal morality. He is not a 'spirit,' he is a being *sui generis*. He has no temples built of hands; his images are made in the mysteries and destroyed when these are over; he receives no sacrifice; and, except in cases recorded by Mrs Langloh Parker among the Euahlayi, he is not addressed in prayer. He frequently welcomes the souls of the dead in his sky country. He is a child's idea of God; and he is mixed up with puerile or evil myths, just as Zeus is in Greek mythology.

Mr Howitt believes that he is not the result of missionary teaching—if he were, the women would know all about him, but they do not know—and that he is not the flower of ancestor-worship, which does not exist. Mr Howitt (pp. 498-509) finds in this being 'no trace of a divine nature.' This failure will surprise some mythologists; but Mr Howitt holds that, 'under favourable conditions, the beliefs might have developed into an actual religion.' To us the beliefs appear to be an actual religion already; but that is a question of terminology, and Mr Howitt gives no definition of 'religion.' There are dances round the image of 'Daramulun,' and the medicine-men 'invoke his name.' Mr Howitt probably thinks that religion cannot exist without prayers or sacrifices, or both. As for the idea that the blacks borrowed their conception of the All-Father from the whites, we might as well say that they adapted their evolutionary hypothesis from the 'Origin of Species.'

* 'N.W. Central Queensland Aborigines,' §§ 207, 200, 260, 280-291.

So far as the evidence enables us to judge, Messrs Spencer and Gillen have made a most curious discovery. They have found tribes in a state of very low material culture who have actually, by the aid of what may be called rudimentary scientific speculation, emancipated themselves from a naïve early stage of religion, the stage of the Fans, the Dinka, and the Masai of Africa; the Masai, however, are a prayerful people, in this respect, unlike the Australian believers in 'Baïame.*' The Arunta belief in the 'Alcheringa' (dream-time) and Alcheringa ancestors is the Greek belief in shape-shifting, magical, primitive beings who introduced rites and ceremonies. When the tribes of the north-centre act the adventures of the Alcheringa ancestors, they anticipate the Eleusinia of the Greeks. But they have no mythical being who answers to the Greek All-Father Zeus. The tribes of the south-east, on the other hand, have the germs of Semitic monotheism, the belief in an ethical All-Father, as yet but rarely approached in prayer, and, fortunately, never propitiated by sacrifice, which, in the absence of domesticated animals, would probably be human sacrifice. Neither in the north and centre nor in the south-east of Australia do we observe any trace of ancestor-worship, regarded as the origin of religion in many popular theories.

Our hypothesis is the converse of that apparently entertained by Messrs Spencer and Gillen. They probably regard the Arunta lack of religion as primitive, just as they think the totemism of the Arunta most archaic. They do not indulge in the comparative method in either case; and it is the comparative method that leads us to our conclusions. By recording the instance of the Kaitish, who have adopted Arunta ideas, but not thoroughly; who have the *churinga nanja*, but still refrain from marrying within the totem; who retain the All-Father creed, but partially adopt the evolutionary theory—Messrs Spencer and Gillen enable us to watch the process of religious and social development in Central Australia.

ANDREW LANG.

* 'The Masai,' by A. C. Hollis, Oxford (1905), pp. 345-351.

Art. VI.—THE RIGHTS AND LIMITS OF THEOLOGY.

1. *A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom.* By Andrew Dickson White, LL.D. Two vols. New York: Appleton, 1903.
2. *Histoire du Dogme de la Divinité de Jésus-Christ.* By Albert Réville. Third edition. Paris: Alcan, 1904.
3. *Die Anfänge unserer Religion.* By Paul Wernle. Tübingen: Mohr, 1901.
4. *Les Religions d'Autorité et la Religion de l'Esprit.* By A. Sabatier. Paris: Fischbacher, 1903.
5. *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* By William James. London: Longmans, 1902.

DR ANDREW WHITE'S volumes appeared first in 1895. They are a collection of magazine articles that had been published from time to time in the 'Popular Science Monthly.' If they are popular they are none the less the fruit of serious research and reflection. However disputable his main conclusion may seem to some, and his subordinate conclusions to many others, none will dispute the great value of the work viewed as evidence arrayed for judgment, as a repertoire of facts and documents that must be reckoned with and explained, not so much one by one as in their collectivity and accumulative force. Much as he admired Professor J. W. Draper's well-known work on 'The Conflict between Science and Religion,' Dr White tells us that he himself felt that the conflict were better understood and described as one 'between science and dogmatic theology,' or 'between two epochs in the evolution of human thought—the theological and the scientific' (vol. I, p. ix). His aim, then, is to separate the causes of religion and theology, which Professor Draper confused, and to exonerate religion from a burden of guilt that we should lay wholly on the shoulders of theology. As being in the interests of religion, the treatment throughout is religious and reverent.

In support of his contention that theology has invariably, and therefore presumably of its own nature, been hostile to the interests of both science and religion in the past, and that it must be so in the present and future, he shows us how, as regards the matter, manner, time and date of creation, and its sundry details; as regards

the form, the delineation, and the size of the earth, the possibility and existence of the antipodes, the geocentric theory, the nature and movements of the heavenly bodies and their causes; as regards natural signs and wonders, comets, eclipses, earthquakes; as regards geology, the deluge, the antiquity of man, prehistoric remains, the theory of man's decadence; in the matter of chemistry and magic, causes and remedies of diseases and epidemics; in the explanation of lunacy, hysteria, and exceptional psychic phenomena; in the matter of philology and the origin of languages; finally, as regards the origin of religion, of Christianity, of the Church and her institutions, and of the sacred Scriptures—as regards all these matters he shows us how theology has been invariably the bitter persecuting foe of scientific truth; and this because she has claimed a divine and supernatural, and therefore supreme, jurisdiction over the whole realm of truth. In each several case he shows how the innovations of science have been repelled, often violently and injuriously, as being blasphemous and heretical, as calling the divine veracity in question, as contrary to the sacred Scriptures, to the consensus of the Fathers, to the very substance of Christian revelation; how, in each instance, science, beaten back again and again, has at last come out victorious, while the theologians have been reduced, first, to disingenuous compromises, and finally, to discreet silence; and how what was defended as the very essence and substance of revealed doctrine has been quietly let drop into the class of non-essentials and accidentals, and the whole episode buried in edifying oblivion.

Much as we appreciate the ability, the sincerity, the religious purpose of Dr White's work, we raise an objection to it analogous to that which he raises against Professor Draper. We feel that the conflict is not between science and theology, but between science and what, for convenience, may here be called dogmatic theology. We use the term 'science' and its derivatives throughout in that widest sense in which Dr White uses it, not in the sense of naturalists, who would build up their whole philosophy according to the categories of the purely physical sciences; we use it in the sense of reasoned, as opposed to revealed, knowledge, based directly or indirectly on experience, such as can be attained by man's natural

faculties, unassisted by extraordinary divine interference; in a sense therefore that will include ethics, metaphysics, and theology no less than physics or mathematics. We would submit therefore that, so far as theology is a science, it can raise no other conflict with reason than such as exists at times between one science and another; and that, so far as any other sort of conflict seemingly exists, it is only between science and that pseudo-science which we call dogmatic theology. To establish this contention and, as a corollary, to determine the true relation between theology and revelation, is the purpose of this article; or, in other words, to suggest a supplementary chapter for Dr White's book on the transition, now in process, from dogmatic to scientific theology.

'On appelle *dogme*' (says Réville, Preface, p. ix) 'une doctrine religieuse formulée par ceux qu'on regarde comme ayant le droit d'exprimer officiellement la croyance de la société religieuse dont ils font partie.'

When theologians take the dogmas or articles of the creed and use them as principles or premisses of argumentation, when they combine them with one another, or with truths outside the domain of faith, so as to deduce further conclusions to be imposed on the mind under pain of at least 'constructive' heresy, the resulting doctrinal system is what is here meant by dogmatic theology. We have called it a pseudo-science, not because it takes its principles blindly on faith—given the testimony of an omniscient and infallible witness, what could be more reasonable?—but because it treats prophetic enigmas and mysteries, which of their very nature are ambiguous and incapable of exact determination, as principles of exactly determinable intellectual value, and argues from them accordingly. We propose to call this the dogmatic fallacy, and may now proceed to make good our contention.

It may here be assumed that the divine which is immanent in man's spirit does naturally and inevitably, at a certain stage of his mental and moral progress, reveal itself to him, however dimly, as a *vita nuova*, a new sort of life, the life of religion, with its needs and its cravings for self-adjustment to realities lying beyond the bourne of time and place; that, reflecting on this need, man seeks to explain it to himself by various religious conceptions

and beliefs; and that, with regard to such explanations, it serves the purpose of an instinctive criterion or selective principle, as the appetite of an animal does in regard to its fitting dietary. It is chiefly and more immediately as a determinant of conduct, as consciousness of right and wrong, that this manifestation of the divine will is experienced. Man lives long before he possesses a scientific theory of life, even before he reaches those ruder practical explanations of its nature and functions that are forced on him at the very dawn of reflection. Yet the science is there from the first, implicit in life itself. So too the practices and observances of religion precede the explicit formulation of those truths by which, nevertheless, the said practices are determined. They form the skeleton which grows in and with the living body; it is not first constructed apart and then clothed with flesh, and nerves, and sinews.

What revelation (considered actively as the self-manifestation of the divine in our inward life) first defines for us is therefore a certain mode or way of life, action, and conduct. It is only later, and in the second place, that our intelligence begins to reflect on this process and tries to picture it and understand it, to invent a philosophy or a history to explain it, and still more for the practical purpose of registering or fixing our experiences, of communicating them and comparing them with those of others. If we consider the generic characteristic of these explanations, to wit, the affirmed existence of superhuman transcendent beings beyond the range of ordinary experience, with whom, nevertheless, man stands in close practical relations of subjection and dependence, it is plain that the way of life or mode of action whereof these imaginings are explanatory must have reference to a world or order of existence beyond, above, yet closely related with, the world of daily experience. In this sense the teaching of religion is a popular substitute for metaphysics, so far as this latter stands for that part of philosophy which deals with the ultra-phenomenal; but they differ radically in that metaphysics, in obedience to a merely intellectual need, is deduced from a scientific reflection on the totality of phenomena, whereas religious beliefs are, in obedience to a practical need, explanatory only of the facts and phenomena of religious

life, and are therefore only indirectly representative of the world to which those phenomena have reference. They are determined by life, sentiment, and conduct, whereas the rational 'theology' of the metaphysician precedes and determines his practical life so far as it affects it at all.

In the main, then, religious belief is directly explanatory and justificatory of religious life and sentiment. These latter are, in the first instance, determined by the nature and action upon us of that order of things to which they have reference, and not by our knowledge of that order. Certain suggestions or occasions first wake the religious need into consciousness; and then, by experiment, co-operation, tradition, we determine a complete code of *fas* and *nefas*, of piety and impiety. Lastly, reflection sets the imaginative intelligence to work to construct some picture, idea, and history of the world to which this code strives to adjust our conduct.

So far, then, revelation (considered objectively) is a knowledge derived from, as well as concerning, the 'other world,' the supernatural. But its derivation is decidedly indirect. What alone is directly given from above, or from beyond, is the spiritual craving or impulse with its specific determination, with its sympathetic and antipathetic responses to the suggestions, practical or explanatory, that are presented to it, whether casually or by the industry of the reflective religious intelligence. Here is the true 'Urim and Thummin,' laconic as the voice of conscience, deigning no information beyond 'yea' and 'nay,' according to our questionings. To find the object which shall explain this religious need and bring it to full self-consciousness is the end and purpose of the whole religious process.

Every man has the power of shaping some rudimentary language for himself—a power which tradition and education render unnecessary, except so far as the language he has been taught may on occasion prove too narrow for his needs. So too revelation, in the above sense, is accorded to most men; but religious tradition and education are usually beforehand to wake up the religious need and to overwhelm it with the treasures of the collective spiritual experience and reflection of the past. They are few who ever master this tradition in its entirety; fewer

still who rise above it or revolutionise it. It is these last, however—the great founders and reformers—who alone are credited with being the recipients of revelation from on high, whereas in truth they often but reap what has been sown by multitudes of forgotten labourers. There is, however, little doubt that an intense feeling, passion, or emotion will in some instances incorporate itself in congenial imaginations and conceptions; that from the storehouse of the memory it will, as it rushes outwards, snatch to itself by a sort of magnetism such garments as may best set it forth on the stage of thought. In respect to such conceptions and visions the recipient is almost as passive and determined as he is in regard to the spiritual emotion so embodied. Hence these presentments of the supernatural world seem to be quite specially inspired, to possess a higher authority and to come less indirectly from God than those that are deliberately sought out in explanation of the life of religion. Yet in fact their only superiority is that they may indicate a stronger, purer, deeper, impulse of the divine spirit; not that they are any more directly representative of those invisible realities known to us merely by the blind gropings of love. All revelation truly such is in some measure or other an expression of the divine mind in man, of the spirit of God; but it is not a divine expression of that spirit; for the expression is but the reaction, spontaneous or reflex, of the human mind to God's touch felt within the heart, much as the dreams of the sleeper are created or shaped by outward disturbing causes; and this reaction is characterised wholly by the ideas, forms, and images wherewith the mind is stocked in each particular case.

But in thus allowing that the rudest religious beliefs are inspired so far as they originate purely in a spontaneous effort to interpret the workings of grace in the heart, we do not for a moment equalise them otherwise than generically; nor do we forget that there is here, as in other spheres of human life—in art, in science, in politics, in ethics—a true progressive tendency and a firm criterion of such progress, the criterion of life amplified and invigorated, or life contracted and impoverished. If the whole field of experience, if that world from which the philosopher draws his metaphysical theology, may in some sense be called a revela-

tion of God, yet we shall be keeping closer to the original and historical sense of the term 'revelation' if we refer it to those presentations of the other world which are shaped and determined by man's inward religious experience, individual and collective. Here it is that man seems to be guided and taught, not through the ordinary ways of knowledge, but more or less supernaturally, by a divine spirit in direct communication with his own; and this in the interests of conscience and duty and worship, not in those of speculative curiosity. Hence the peculiarly sacred character attached to revelation as distinct from theology. For the former, God is felt to stand guaranty, whereas the latter is fallible with the fallibility of the human mind. And yet it is to their eventual confusion as truths in the same order, to the ascription of divine authority to theology and of scientific or philosophic exactitude to revelation, that the mischievous results of dogmatic theology must be traced.

But in what sense are religious revelations divinely authorised? What sort of truth is guaranteed to them by the 'seal of the spirit'? In accordance with what has been already said we must answer—a truth which is directly practical, preferential, approximative, and only indirectly speculative. What is immediately approved, as it were experimentally, is a way of living, feeling, and acting with reference to the other world. The explanatory and justificatory conceptions sought out by, or even forced spontaneously from, the mind, as postulated by the 'way of life,' have no direct divine approval; they are at best a purely natural reaction of man's mind to a supernatural stimulation of his heart. Again, the divine approval of the way and the life (and therefore indirectly of the explanatory truth) is mostly preferential, it is a favouring of one alternative, not as ideal and finally perfect, but as an approximation to the ideal, as a 'move in the right direction.'

To take revelation as representing the divine mind in the same way as a philosophy or science represents the human mind; to view it as a miraculously communicated science, superseding and correcting the natural results of theological speculation, is the fundamental mistake of dogmatic theology. Yet like all wide-spread and persistent errors it is a very natural one, as natural

as the belief in geocentricism. It needs no slight degree of critical development to distinguish *momenta* in a phenomenon that seems to be given all at once and is therefore taken in the lump, i.e. to discern the soul of the act from its body, its essence from its accidents, the action of grace from the reaction of nature, the warmth of the heart from the light which it kindles in the mind, the infusion of divine love from the ideal or image in which it clothes itself or is clothed by our reflection.

The story of the birth of our dogmatic theology is now fairly well made out. Dr Paul Wernle, in his 'Die Anfänge unserer Religion,' with perhaps a somewhat too indiscriminate antitheological bias, shows the process by which a religion that in its origin and spirit was so largely a protest against that dogmatic fallacy which builds a theology on the letter-value of spiritual and prophetic utterances and makes the Word of God of none effect through the vain traditions of men, came itself to lapse into that very same fallacy. While admitting that religion without some sort of dogmas, some sort of beliefs and symbols of the other world, is as impracticable as ordinary life would be without some rude practical knowledge of ourselves and our surroundings; while even allowing that theology, though not essential, may be as helpful to religion as science is to daily life, yet it is all but impossible to imagine the Christ of the synoptics, the advocate of the poor and simple against the intellectual tyranny of lawyers, scribes, and theologians, attaching the slightest religious value to the theologically correct formulation of the inscrutable mysteries prophetically symbolised by the Heavenly Father, the Son of Man, the kingdom of God, etc., or making salvation to depend on any point of mere intellectual exactitude.

In its first form the Christian revelation was altogether apocalyptic, prophetic, visionary in character. The ethical teaching of the Gospel was not considered as part of it, or as in anywise new. The kingdom of heaven, its nature, the circumstances of its advent—this was the 'good news'; but the repentance, the preparation for the day of the Lord, lay simply in walking in the paths of holiness already trodden and marked out by the saints and prophets. But of these apocalyptic teachings

the prophetic spirit was the criterion, even as it was the author; they were at first avowedly the setting forth of the future ideal order in figurative and imperfect language, borrowed from a lower order of reality; and, while thus understood, the only opposition with natural experience which they had to fear, and did encounter, was with the history of the future which they ventured to predict more or less ambiguously. Very early, however, arose the apologetic desire to show that, as the spirit gave to children and weaklings a virtue and self-control exceeding that of the philosophers, so it gifted them with a miraculous wisdom or philosophy which turned pagan light into darkness. Hence the endeavour to argue deductively from prophetic enigmas to scientific conclusions; to discover the highest philosophical systems embedded in the Christian revelation, and then to find gropings after Christianity, thus interpreted, in all the best philosophies. Forthwith the resulting system, compounded of prophetic revelations and philosophical theories and conceptions, is proposed for general belief as a divinely revealed *Weltanschauung* or general philosophy, as having all the oracular authority of a prophecy with all the exactitude of a scientific theology. Here we have dogmatic theology full-blown in all its hybrid enormity, i.e. a would-be science governed, not by a scientific, but by a prophetic criterion.

Concurrently with this transformation of revelation into a revealed theology there arises a parallel and dependent perversion of the notion of faith into that of theological orthodoxy. Faith is now an intellectual assent to this revealed theology as deriving directly from the divine intellect; it is no longer the adhesion of the whole man, heart, mind, and soul, to the divine spirit within—primarily a spirit of life and love, and only thereby a guide or beacon leading the mind gradually to a fuller instinctive apprehension of the religious truth implicit in the inspirations of grace.

So long as the Christian revelation was felt to be an utterance of prophetic enthusiasm, a communication of visions whose correspondence to the felt realities of eternity was more or less enigmatic and inexact, variations of form were not considered prejudicial to its truth. Prophets, like poets, may deal quite differently, yet quite

truthfully, with the same theme. But, as soon as it pretended to be a revealed philosophy and to possess a more or less literal and exact correspondence to fact, substantial variations of form were felt to be inconsistent with the oneness and unchangeableness of truth. As mysteries of faith the threefold personality of God, or the godhead of Christ, could not come in conflict with theological monotheism or the metaphysics of nature and personality, but as literal fact-statements they had to be squared with the requirements of intellectual unity.

One inevitable result of this intellectualising and stereotyping of revelation was the sterilising (due to other causes as well) of the sources of prophetic inspiration. Under the tyranny of a dominant classicism, art and poetry dry up; yet this at most is the tyranny of a fashion, not that of a divinely-revealed immutable standard. To force prophetic or poetic vision to take certain shapes and forms under pain of anathema is to silence and quench that spirit the breath of whose life is freedom. Tried by such standard orthodoxy, the prophets who could not prophesy to order and rule were discarded as charlatans and impostors, and gradually their whole caste fell into discredit; nor was their function as agitators and reformers compatible with a conservative ecclesiastical institution such as that into which the primitive communities were being fast welded. Such additions and modifications as the canonised doctrinal system subsequently received were chiefly the work of theological reflection, deduction, explanation, controversy, definition. Hence, too, the early conviction that the period of prophecy, inspiration, and revelation was but a necessity of the gestation and infancy of Christianity; and that it was in no wise necessary for the conservation of the results then attained, which conservation might be trusted to natural means supplemented by special providences. Thus, although the prophetic spirit has never ceased working in the hearts of every living member of the Church, has never ceased revealing God to man in new ways and aspects, yet all this spiritual harvest has been largely ignored and ungarnered by the guardians of revelation. Eventually, in spite of the explicit promise of an ever-abiding source of further revelation (John xiv, 16, 26), a fixed and surely most

gratuitous belief obtained that, since the death of the last of the twelve apostles, there had been and could have been no addition to the Christian revelation.

The current theological, philosophical, and historical beliefs and conceptions, in which the original Christian afflatus or enthusiasm embodied itself, being thus canonised as part and parcel of the divine revelation, and as being therefore God's own philosophy of existence and of human history, the whole force of the Christian religion, with all its highest sanctions and motives, was thrown into the scale against the progress of knowledge and, thereby, of civilisation. All those categories, philosophical, scientific, and historic, all those readings of the world and of history, that were involved and presupposed in the canonical traditions and scriptures, were imposed by conscience upon the understanding as the Word of God, as matter of divine faith, to be questioned only at the peril of one's immortal soul. So closely interwoven are all the parts of the kingdom of knowledge that this meant its entire subjection (at least in the event of conflict) to the ultimate control of revelation now identified with dogmatic theology. The superiority of this so-called revelation over reason was no longer that of a higher kind of truth over a lower, excluding the possibility of conflict in the same plane, of prophetic mysteries veiled from the impertinent scrutiny of reason, but only that of a higher truth in the same plane or order.

Quite apart from the juridical and physical coercion so freely resorted to by ecclesiastical authority, the very conception of a divinely revealed doctrinal system, ramifying out into every corner of the field of knowledge, held the Christian intelligence for centuries captive to the Christian conscience. No philosophical speculation, no scientific or historical discovery, could merit consideration or toleration which seemed to come into conflict with a divinely revealed theology. Reluctantly, as time went on, and as the hopes of a near *παρουσία* yielded place to a prospect of possible centuries of delay and of an intervening ecclesiastical era, the idea of development or growth had to be admitted to justify undeniable additions and alterations forced on the Church by the necessity of adapting her teaching to new times and regions and circumstances, to new forms of thought and speech.

Yet in theory, at least, this theological development allows of no transformation of those scriptural and primitive conceptions, with all their now largely obsolete historical and philosophical presuppositions, in which the spirit of Christ first uttered itself. These are to be developed, like the immutable first principles of geometry, by combination with one another, or with truths of natural reason and experience outside their own order. Revelation having ceased with the apostles, it is only in and through these primitive conceptions that we retain any sort of distant and mediate contact with the facts and realities which dogmatic theology defines, and by which its truth may be experimentally verified and criticised. In sight of these facts and realities, were they still present to us, we might venture to readjust these their earliest expression to our own mode of thought and speech; but now such a criticism is impossible. It is therefore a necessary supposition of dogmatic theology that the scriptural and apostolic utterances were faultlessly and divinely perfect; that it is itself practically like an abstract science in being delivered from those revolutions and changes of governing categories which befall sciences ever confronted and controlled by the experiences which constitute their subject-matter. Such, then, is the theoretical immutability of dogmatic theology. Needless to say, it is an impossible and unattainable ideal.

Two causes at least have at all times resisted this attempt to petrify the whole body of knowledge by thus giving divine certainty and finality to one of the governing members of its organism, i.e. to theology. First, the theologico-apologetic necessity (already indicated) of trying to demonstrate the harmony between the revealed and the scientifically assured conceptions of philosophy and history. Secular knowledge moves on by a process of true development and transformation, the old ever dying away and dissolving into the new. Dogmatic or revealed theology professes to stand still; to say, to mean, the same to-day as two thousand years ago; to be as exactly and finally true. In all cases, as Dr White's induction shows, the first artifice of self-defence employed by dogma is to throw discredit upon those innovations of science which seem proximately or remotely irreconcilable with the obsolete scientific con-

ceptions involved in the language and symbolism of the primitive tradition; to denounce them as heretical and blasphemous; to muster all the forces of religion and conscience to the task of their suppression. But, in proportion as this repressive effort proves impossible, as science marches forward heedless of anathemas, and as the credit and authority of religion seem likely to be the only losers in the conflict, the next self-defensive artifice is that of accommodation and compromise, of reinterpretations and distinctions between the letter and substance of revelation—all resulting in an ungracious concession to pressure, whereby, under cover of mere comment and explanation, the substantial sense of the 'form of sound words' is quietly transformed into something different. He would be a bold theologian who should affirm that such articles of belief as the Creation, or as Christ's ascent into heaven, His descent into hell, His coming to judge the living and the dead, and many others, are held to-day in the same substantial sense as formerly. We may say that what we still hold is, and therefore always was, their substance or essential value, purged of non-essential accidents. But these accidents were once held to be essential *sub anathemate*; and those who questioned their necessity were (as Dr White shows abundantly) persecuted and condemned as blasphemers, denying integral parts of the divine revelation. Theologians find it convenient to forget these chapters of history, but we cannot afford to forget them. What guarantee have we that what theologians impose on us to-day as substantial may not in like manner be explained away as accidental in some future generation? In consequence of this stealthy process of accommodation, the professedly immutable dogmatic teaching of the Church has been reluctantly dragged in the wake of general mental progress, always lagging behind far enough to incur the reproach of obscurantism, yet not so far as to merit the dubious if not damning praise of absolute immutability, purchasable only at the sacrifice of all vital connexion with the mind of the age.

The other cause which hinders the attempt to petrify revelation is to be found, not in the theological and ecclesiastical, but in the spiritual and religious life of the Church. However perverted from its original use,

the Christian creed is, according to its primary intention, an instrument of the spiritual life; it offers a construction of that mysterious world to which the spiritual life has reference, in the light of which construction the soul can shape its conduct and school its sentiment, profiting thus by the registered collective experience of the whole Church, and building, not from the ground, but from where former generations have left off. That this construction has not been excogitated *a priori*, nor revealed miraculously at one burst, nor addressed immediately to the understanding, but has been suggested, bit by bit, by the instinctive movements and blind gropings of the soul after its rest and centre, has already been implied. But the developments of the spiritual and religious life, both social and individual, require, like those of the mental life, a continual alteration and transformation of categories. Its belief is, as it were, its shadow, which grows and moves with its growth and movement; it is the index and register of the degree of correspondence between the soul and its supernatural environment; and of that environment it gives but an indirect, more or less symbolic, presentment, capable of endless modification and adjustment. It is as though we had to walk backwards towards the light, and to guide our steps by the shadows cast in front of us by the objects behind us.

For the exigencies of this ceaselessly developing life an unalterable creed, such as dogmatic theology dreams of, would be a strait-waistcoat, a Procrustean bed; every day it would become less helpful, and at last hurtful and fatal. The soul that is alive, and wants to live and grow, must have a congenial, intelligible idea of the world it would live in, and will therefore either adapt and interpret the current creeds to suit its requirements, or else break away from them altogether and make a home for itself. To the irrepressible vigour of the spiritual life we owe those movements of religious revival within the Churches which have ever been opposed by the theological schools, and yet, when victorious, have always exercised a modifying influence on dogmatic *intransigence*, even when the victory has been at the cost of a revolt or schism.

If dogmatic theology cannot afford to quarrel utterly with the scientists, still less can it afford to split with the

saints, for nine tenths of its strength are due to the fact that it can enlist, and has so largely enlisted, conscience and piety in its cause. Its great power in the past and present is principally due to its pretence of being at once a revelation and a science, of possessing all that spiritual authority over conscience which is due to the promptings of divine grace, as well as all that logical authority over the intellect which is due to apodeictic demonstration. If it has been unable to maintain its immutability absolutely, yet in the effort to do so it always has been, and will be, detrimental both to intellectual and to religious progress. It has crucified Christ, and 'which of his prophets has it not persecuted?' and yet always in the name of God and truth and conscience and religion.

We have thus, in accordance with our proposal at starting, endeavoured to pass from the merely inductive conclusion of Dr White's volumes (namely, from the fact that dogmatic theology is naturally and always the rival of science) to some more or less *a priori* understanding of the necessity of this hostility; and we have seen that it lies not so much in the general idea of theology as in its specific differentiation as dogmatic, oracular, or revealed. Hence we may understand, what Dr White's investigations make so evident, why there is so little to choose between Catholicism and Protestantism, at least in its extreme form, so far as hostility to science is concerned; and that such difference as exists is just proportional to the different amount of 'revealed theology' accepted by the two confessions. If the dogmatic fallacy is excluded by the spirit of the Reformation, yet that spirit has been very slow to arrive at adequate self-consciousness and self-utterance on this point. The Reformers took over with them the greater part of the old theology; their quarrel was with some of its conclusions rather than with its fundamental principles and presuppositions. And, even in its most anti-ecclesiastical developments, Protestantism has clung fast to the dogmatic fallacy in retaining the Augustinian conception of scriptural inerrancy in other than purely religious matters.

But it would be an unpardonable exaggeration to lay the blame of all obscurantism at the door of dogmatic theology, even though it is responsible for its frequently

religious and fanatical character. The inertia of customary ways of thinking, speaking, and acting is as much a factor of social development as is the progressive spirit with which it is ever at war. A permanent and entire predominance of one or the other would be equally fatal. It matters little whether societies, institutions, systems, sciences perish by petrification or by disintegration. Every new discovery, practical or theoretical, is met at first with a very wholesome public scepticism, and is expected to struggle for, and prove its right to, existence. Besides this, it often comes into collision with various vested interests, and threatens existing monopolies and privileges; and hence it is almost sure to encounter a more active and unscrupulous opposition than that of mere inertia. Moreover, some one with Dr White's skill might easily fill a couple of volumes with the 'warfare of science with the scientists,' for these too have their tradition, their 'authority,' their inert resistance to all innovation, nay, more, their class-interests, their jealousies and bigotries; these too, 'the priests of science,' build up the sepulchres of those prophets whom their fathers persecuted. Also it must be allowed that, in the common conscience, what is customary and comes to us with all the weight of universal agreement is so nearly synonymous with what is moral that the opposition offered to the innovator is largely sanctified and authorised in the name of morality. Still, this is as nothing to the force, heat, and vehemence with which novelty is opposed, in the name of faith and religion, as blasphemy, heresy, atheism—a vehemence due to the belief that certain philosophical and historical propositions were miraculously revealed by God; a belief which has consecrated and set free some of the worst passions in some of the best and holiest of men.

But, whatever advantages (as well as disadvantages) have accrued to Christianity from the process which so soon transformed it from a movement inspired by a belief in an immediate consummation of all things into a permanent institution and world-religion, the like must be credited to dogmatic theology as part and parcel of the same process. However great the price paid, it must be allowed that, but for the said process, Christianity could not have survived the disappointment of its primitive hope, or have lived to understand itself better and to

determine its own essence more fully. In the creed of the Church there survives for us, as gold in the ore, the spontaneous self-expression of the most primitive, and yet most vigorous, stage of her spiritual life, clothed in the now largely obsolete forms and categories of that day; while in her dogmatic theology, which is professedly but the further definition and the extension of that creed, we have the product, not merely of apologetic and theological ingenuity, but also of the spirit of Christianity struggling to adjust the forms of the past to the religious needs of the present. If less legible and more sparing, the testimony scratched on the intractable but durable rock is worth more to posterity than the most elaborate record written in the sand. A patient pondering and criticism of that testimony may enable us to discern those elements of our creed that have been selected, if not fashioned, purely by the exigencies of the spiritual life from those shaped by theological curiosity and other causes, good, bad, and indifferent.

If M. Réville's account were the whole truth, we should have to say that the central dogma of Christianity, the divinity of Christ, was a somewhat unskilful accommodation of theology to the demands of that by no means purely ethical or religious enthusiasm of popular hero-worship which insists on the unqualified glorification of its object, and which, owing to the unsettled state of theological thought and to other contingencies, was able at last to win more for Christ than it could ever win for Confucius, or for the Buddha, or for Mahomet, or for the Madonna. But, as Mr W. James points out in his 'Varieties of Religious Experience,' the value of a belief is not determined by its origin. A false argument may have a true conclusion. 'Every plant which my Father planted not shall be rooted up.' It is by the fact of their survival, by the experimental test of spiritual fruitfulness, that the underlying mystical truth of such dogmas receives the 'seal of the spirit.' No doubt, to our very abstract and incomplete understanding of the conditions it would seem that the 'theologising' as well as the 'catholicising' process might conceivably have been conducted on other lines and have secured similar gains superabundantly and without any losses to speak of; but the ideal rarely obtains, least of all in the embryonic stages of a process.

Suffice it that every error at length works itself out and demonstrates its inherent contradiction. Taught thus, we hold and value the truth as otherwise we never could have held and valued it.

It is just this slow working-out of the dogmatic fallacy that is revealed to us chapter by chapter in Dr White's work. When, in opposition to the wisdom of the Greeks, the Christian revelation first claimed to be the 'true gnosis,' miraculously delivered by way of oracle and put within the reach of the poor and simple, to the confusion of the learned and cultured, this gnosis was hardly considered as a theology in our narrow restricted sense, but rather as a philosophy in the wider sense, a comprehensive view of all known truth under its widest and deepest aspects. As such it was inclusively a revelation of science and of history, of all those matters whereof it was avowedly a divine interpretation.

The fields of sacred and secular gnosis were much more largely coincident then than now, and gave the spectacle of one and the same territory under a double jurisdiction. The conflict was not so much between dogmatic theology on one side and science on the other as between sacred knowledge and profane, between the miraculously and the naturally obtained knowledge of the same matters. Thus, for the Christian, the Church became, if not the exclusive, yet the supreme arbiter of truth in every department. Subordinate to revelation as to the ultimate criterion, natural methods of investigation might have free play, but their conclusions could have no weight if opposed by the Word of God. Conscious of this, no Christian enquirer could enter upon natural investigations unfettered and with a perfectly open mind. His faith, his conscience, bade him bring to the task certain revealed conclusions that, *ex hypothesi*, would have aided and lightened his labour and given him an incalculable advantage over the unbelieving enquirer, but which, in fact, were only so much dust thrown into his eyes, rendering impartiality impossible and even criminal. Never were fact and hypothesis more diametrically opposed.

One unfortunate result of the tension thus created between the interests of conscience and candour, of faith and intellectual sincerity, was the gradual identification

of the cause of scientific truth with that of irreligion; for, just so far as a philosopher or historian was a conscientious churchman, he would shrink from lines of investigation that might lead to heterodoxy, and would count it a matter of devotion either to torture inconvenient facts into agreement with ecclesiastical tradition, or else to bury them in a shroud of edifying silence. Hence the light of profane knowledge, if occasionally kindled, more or less innocently, by the dutiful and devout, was kindled more often by the inquisitiveness of minds less scrupulously religious. Certainly, in all cases where the glare of truth has been too strong for orthodox eyes, it has been mainly through the opposition of the heterodox and of the irreligious that the efforts to extinguish it have failed in the end. Thus even the religious and orthodox have come to acquiesce in the very embarrassing admission that, as a fact, science and religion are mutually hostile, that candour and freedom of enquiry are dangerous to faith. To have thus falsified one of the first principles of morality, which tells us that conscience and truth are inseparable allies; to have perverted conscientiousness into a cause of mental darkness rather than of light, is the deadliest fruit of the dogmatic fallacy.

Dr White, then, shows us the process by which the sciences, practical and speculative, broke away, one after another, from the control of faith and from the jurisdiction of revelation, and asserted their independence under the control each of its own proper criterion—a process by which the domain of revelation has been steadily narrowed down till at last little is left to it beyond the still disputed territory of theology and ethics, over which its hold grows weaker as that of science grows stronger. But in his final chapter ('From the Divine Oracles to the Higher Criticism') he consciously or unconsciously passes to another plane. Science having wrested the various matters just enumerated from the dominion of scripture, and of dogma based on scripture, at last turns its search-light upon the sacred writings themselves, on the history and causes of their formation and canonisation. This plainly is a more radical attack, a criticism of principles and presuppositions. Yet, here too, the dogmatic conception of the Scriptures as *verbally* dictated by a divine voice has been driven for ever off the field, and the

claims of miraculous inspiration have been narrowed and altered out of all recognition. Needless to say that the claims of ecclesiastical infallibility, so far as they rest on, and are implicated with, those of scriptural inerrancy, must suffer a corresponding and even a greater enfeeblement. Moreover, the scientific history of the current creeds or dogmatic systems, like that of the sacred records, offers proof conclusive that they too have not been created in full perfection once and for all in a remote past, but have grown like rivers from a confluence of innumerable tributaries deriving often from insignificant and untraceable sources. They are not the work of a week of flats but of the slow struggling of the spirit of light with the spirit of darkness in the heart of man.

Driven thus from one department after another of the field of knowledge, the last and of course the most vital claim for which dogmatism holds out is that of ultimate jurisdiction over reason within the strict limits of theological science. If all other assertions and implications contained in the divine tradition, written or oral, must be excluded from the substance and kernel of the inspired Word as so much protective husk, as accidental or incidental, as *obiter dicta* or what not, yet surely our notions as to the nature of the other world, and as to the conduct of our life in reference thereto, pertain directly to religion. If these matters are to be delivered over to the disputations of philosophers, what will become of the crowds? What, moreover, will be left of the once universal sway of religion over the human intelligence? Here the time-honoured arguments for the necessity of a divine revelation of some sort are plausible, and of course owe their plausibility to that mingling of truth and error whose hybrid issue is fallacy.

Religious truths, it is said, are of two kinds—those that can, absolutely speaking, be reached by man's wit, and those that cannot. Of the latter class are such strict mysteries as the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Atonement, etc., where neither are there premisses given, within the range of natural experience, from which such conclusions could be deduced, nor are the conclusions themselves capable of exact apprehension and statement. To the former class belong some of the most vital and fundamental beliefs of religion, such as the existence of God

and the immortality of the soul; yet so feebly, rarely, and hesitatingly are these all-important beliefs reached by the individual reason, that a divine revelation of them is necessary for the salvation of those multitudes who have neither ability nor inclination for philosophical dispute.

What is true in this view is the perception of the utter inadequacy of human philosophy to the practical ends of religion; what is false is the idea of fetching a ready-made philosophy from heaven as a substitute, or in other words, the implied 'intellectualism,' the notion of revelation as a direct instruction of man's intellect by God. In what sense it is indirectly instructive we have already seen, namely, in offering us experiences which the mind must strive, as best it can, to represent and explain, and in constantly shaping and correcting such explanatory presentments by further and fuller experiences.

This last struggle of dogmatism is doomed to the fate of its predecessors; theology and ethics as intellectual interests must inevitably be free from the control of faith with its practical and religious interests. The notion of dogmatic theology will prove as incoherent and fallacious as that of dogmatic astronomy, cosmogony, chemistry, medicine, or any other sort of dogmatic science. For indeed the imaginary compromise by which dogmatism resigns the control of every science but one is daily proving itself impossible. The scientific system is one, and its parts are too closely knit together and interdependent to admit of the severance of one of the principal members, if not the very head and heart of its organism. In the realm of science the dogmatic criterion must be 'aut Cæsar aut nullus.' If Cæsar, then our attitude towards the natural criteria of truth must be one of conditional or suspensive submission—whence that tendency to a sceptical or agnostic habit of mind which so often goes with blind traditionalism, and gives plausibility to the definition of faith as an act of intellectual suicide or desperation.

Abandoning the idea of dogmatic theology as incoherent, we have therefore to enquire as to the true relation between theology and revelation, that is to say, between that philosophical construction of the other world which has been built up from the data of general

experience by the reflection and labour of the understanding, and which belongs to the unity of the whole system of our organised knowledge, and that other construction of the same world which has been more or less instinctively created out of materials supplied by popular beliefs, sentiments, traditions, and views in obedience to the requirements of the religious life, which is the spontaneous mental self-embodiment of the collective religious experience of whole peoples and communities.

Accustomed for centuries to the notion of a theology that professes to be revealed, and of a revelation which professes to be theological, it is hard for us to fancy a relation of comparative independence which never has obtained and perhaps never can obtain altogether; for the intellect has always been curious about God and the other world, and about problems of ethics; so that, amongst the materials from which religious experience seeks a garment wherein to clothe and communicate itself, there are usually many theological and ethical conceptions, and these, in the measure that they are felt to be apt and congenial, are likely to be credited with a directly divine origin, or at least adoption. As known to us, the Christian revelation is largely expressed in the language of theology; while, on the other hand, theology, if truly scientific, must take account of the phenomena of religion in general and of Christianity itself, i.e. of a revelation embodying certain individual and collective religious experiences. Hence we can only clear the point by some sort of abstraction from the condition of complication which actually obtains.

Given a long-continued working of the religious spirit under favourable conditions in some people or society, the result will necessarily be the growth and development of a certain system of conduct and observances by which man's life in reference to the world beyond is found experimentally to be fostered and extended. Explanatory of such observances, there will arise a publicly accepted body of beliefs and dogmas representative, at least figuratively, of the nature of that world beyond, whose growth and modification will, if disturbing influences are left out of account, be determined *pari passu* by that of practical religion.

But, intellectualism and theological curiosity apart

—which they never wholly are—the truth of these revelations or explanatory beliefs is best described as ‘prophetic’ in relation to historic and philosophic facts and realities. No prophet feels or would allow that his utterances are merely poetical or allegorical; he feels that they are not less but more truly representative of reality, or representative of a truer and deeper reality, than the prose language of historical narrative or philosophical affirmation. Yet he feels that the said reality is transcendent with respect to clear thought and perception, that it looms through clouds, is revealed piecemeal by glimpses and vague shadowings; and hence that the fact-value of his enigmatic utterances is not closely determinable and may be subject to the correction of other criteria without any prejudice to the supremacy of faith over reason. Philosophic or scientific truth is always more or less abstract and hypothetical, and owes its definiteness and certainty to this fact. Under such abstraction much may be true which in the concrete is false, and yet is incapable of scientific disproof. Hence the justice of the claims of intuition, of common-sense, and of practical experience against many a scientific theorem. Our religious experience being the sense of the dynamic relationship obtaining between our spirit and the Universal Spirit, affords us a practical criterion in virtue of which we can set aside any theory inconsistent with such experience. As merely a human explanation of our supernatural religious experiences, revelation has no standing against science or even against theology, so far as theology is a science; it is simply the artless explanation of a child as against that of an instructed mind. But the child’s story, because artless, has another value as an unsophisticated statement and direct product of experience; and in this sense too revelation and prophetic utterance are worth more than theology or science, because they are simply the natural shadow of experience, of religious fact. Hence, too, traditional belief, so far as it is the product of the collective and continuous experience of the community and has not been sophisticated by theology, has that critical superiority over science which the concrete has over the abstract; it is critically valuable, not as an explanation, but as embodying or implying the phenomenon to be explained. Its artless

constructions of history and science and philosophy may crumble under the touch of criticism; but this latter will be condemned unless its reconstructions find room for all that revelation strove to shelter.

It is impossible within these limits to give perfect precision to this notion of prophetic truth whose object, unlike that of science or history, is the ideal rather than the actual; the future, or else the eternal, rather than the past or present; what ought to be and is in process of becoming, rather than what is. The character of what, by way of contrast, we may call fact-truth is coherence or consistence with that systematic reconstruction of the world which is slowly built up by the labour of the understanding. Though such coherence is no proof of truth, yet any historical or scientific assertion which is out of joint with the rest of our systematised knowledge must be rejected, or else the whole system must be modified to make room for it. Prophetic truths, as incapable of exact determination, cannot be thus systematised. Misinterpreted as literal statements of fact, they are often inconsistent with one another and with the world of fact-truths.

Prophecy has a twofold utterance. It expresses itself in deliberately sought-out symbolism, observance, ritual, parable, and fiction, or else in a more or less idealised reading of history and nature. The moral and religious sense of man is determined by his fundamental unity with the source and end of his being and of all being, of what ought to be and is in process of becoming, as well as of what is. It is ever seeking to understand and interpret itself, and to find that ideal or object in which its satisfaction will be complete. In its reading of history and nature it is ever keen and impatient to see its own desire realised; to interpret the kingdom of God as near; to believe that what, according to its limited outlook, ought to be, already is, that what ought to have been, actually was; to narrow up prematurely to a sudden apex the slowly convergent lines of God's providence stretching out beyond all range of our vision; and to find the fullness of his scheme in the brief pages of our recorded history. Hence it is ever at war with common-sense and with fact as a bias, a principle of falsification. Yet each is right in its own order of truth; each wrong in its

trespass on the other's territory ; both right only when they listen to and learn from each other, and strain after that perfect accord which belongs to their ideal perfection. Eventually prophecy justifies and gains through the resistance offered by common-sense to its impatience of fact, even as common-sense comes at last to justify the instinct, though not the critical judgment, of prophecy. Still, at any given stage, the prophetic reading of history is truer to the deeper and more distant realities than is the common-sense reading ; it is more like what ought to be and what will be than to what is, more like what therefore is in the deepest stratum of reality than to what is on the surface.

Plainly the attitude of prophecy towards historic and scientific truth can never be so indifferent as that of poesy and art. Religion and morality claim the supreme government of man's life, i.e. they imply that the ultimate purpose and reality of life are religious. To see God working in history and in nature, not merely as power and wisdom, but principally as goodness and love, is an exigency of religion. Prophecy, unlike art, is not merely contemplative, but is primarily practical and directive of that life which man lives in history and in nature, and with reference to God as working in both one and the other. Poetry has no such function. For the poet the æsthetic value of the Gospels is independent of their prose-truth ; for the prophet this prose-truth is the very subject-matter which is transfused and perhaps transfigured by the glow of his spirit.

Considered as true with the truth of prophecy, which, as utterances of the prophetic spirit, is all that they can claim, the dogmas of revelation would rarely, if ever, come into dialectical conflict with one another or with science and history, and, as time went on, would insensibly modify their form of expression so as to retain their symbolic value unaltered. Their exponents would rightly refuse to be tied to exact statements of their speculative value, insisting rather on their pragmatistical, provisional, and approximative truth, so far as the 'fact-world' is concerned, and on the necessarily undefinable nature of the 'ought-world' and its eternal realities. The development of such a body of dogmas or mysteries would not be dialectical, like that of abstract sciences, nor quasi-

organic, like that of natural sciences, but analogous to that of ecclesiastical ritual and observance, which preserves its substantial unity of signification in spite of local variations and a continual process of obsolescence and accretion; and, like ritual, it would call for and be subject to the unifying control of the Church. As there is a continuous development of the Christian life and spirit in the Christian people, so there would be a unity and continuity in the varying symbolism of successive ages by which that life and spirit is interpreted—such a unity as might belong to an educated man's conceptions and explanations of his own nature and character at the different decades of his life. The unifying principle is not any 'fundamental dogma,' but that spirit of Christianity which is characterised by what God *is*, and man *is*, and Christ *is*, not by our *notions* of what they are. Our notions of what they are are embodied in dogmas and prophetic mysteries; and of these some, such as Christ's divinity, are fundamental in the sense that certain rites (baptism, or the breaking of bread) are fundamental, binding ages and nations together, making a permanent core round which is clustered a body of variable usages, and serving as an outward and effectual sign of an all-pervading unity of the inward spirit. To demand, as some liberals do, an up-to-date restatement of such fundamental dogmas is really to ignore their prophetic character and to interpret them scientifically as dogmatic theology does.

But, both for good and evil, theological curiosity (as well as other obstructive influences) hinders the course of true religion from running so smoothly. The exponents of religion are early tempted to claim dominion over all knowledge in consequence of their close relation with the deity, and to present revelation as a miraculous gnosis. Moreover, in assuming current theological notions as congenial vehicles of self-expression, the spirit is too readily supposed to seal them with a divine finality and certainty. Finally, as soon as revelation is credited with scientific, instead of prophetic truth, it is at once petrified and begins, as far as possible, to resist all adaptation to the growth of the spirit, and thereby even to retard its growth by refusing it room to expand, and forbidding it to seek room elsewhere.

Turning now to theology as such, we must remember that merely intellectual curiosity about the gods and about another world was bound to be awakened early in history by the facts of religion, as well as by the facts of nature, whose governing forces were conceived human-wise and were dealt with accordingly. In the endeavour to answer these childish questionings we have the first germs of theological science. But, in so far as it is a science, theology is but one department of that systematising and unifying of all knowledge by which the understanding turns universal experience to account and makes from it an instrument whereby we can pass from the near to the distant, from the present to the past and the future, and thus adapt our action to an indefinitely wider view of the world than else were possible. If, 'in the intention of nature' (to use a convenient phrase), the purpose of this systematising is practical and directed to a greater fullness and range of life, yet, 'in the intention of the individual,' the effort is oftener stimulated by the interest and pleasure naturally attached to speculation; and men of thought seek to perfect and integrate the system without any very explicit reference to its practical utility in the cause of general progress. Obviously, so important a section of human experience (individual, social, and racial) as is religion must find its place and connexion in this synthesis; while the whole of experience (in which this section is included) must raise questions as to the ultimate what, whence, and whither of that totality which are more commonly answered by means of theological conceptions. So far, therefore, as the understanding reflects on the data of religious experience (that is, on the revelation of God as given in the general religious movement in the world), and upon the ultimate problems raised by the totality of all sorts of experience, and then strives to frame a theory of these matters harmonious with the rest of its systematised knowledge, it gives us a theology. Needless to say that, like every other science, its tendency is to twist and warp experience by omissions and rearrangements, and even by fictitious additions, into agreement with the schemes, hypotheses, and categories of its predilection; whereas experience always strains against the sides of these bottles, stretches, and at last bursts them.

The same thing happens, though more slowly, to the totality of our systematised knowledge, which makes for unity in its entire complexus as well as in each of its parts. A revolution in any one such part involves a readjustment of the whole, either as cause or as effect, or as both. Hence the science of theology will be always liable to revolutions according as the accumulation of its own proper sort of experience calls for restatement of its theories and conceptions, and also owing to the progress of the whole complexus of knowledge whereof it is a part or member. Nor will mere patchings and lettings-out suffice; there must be transformations, the dying of form into form, the new containing the old virtually and effectually, explaining as much and far more, but altogether differently, and not merely by an extension of the same principle of explanation. And, side by side with this quasi-organic development of theology, we ought, in an ideal state of things to which we may ever approximate, to find a living and growing creed or body of dogmas and mysteries reflecting and embodying the spiritual growth and development of the community, one, not with the coherence of a logical system and according to the letter-value of its statements and articles, but with the coherence of divers manifestations of one and the same spirit, a living flexible creed that represents the present spiritual needs of the average, the past needs of the more progressive, the future needs of the less progressive members of the Church.

This 'revelation,' viewed rather as an immediate and natural reflex of experience, nearly equivalent to experience itself, than as (what it also is) a popular and practical explanation of that experience, supplies theological reflection with new subject-matter. Theology, on the other hand, more even than any other department of general knowledge, furnishes the religious spirit with new living categories for its self-expression in harmony with the general thought of the time. To look for a perfect adequation between two such totally different orders of truth—the prophetic truth of revelation, the scientific truth of theology—is the root-error of dogmatic theology. Neither can be independent of the other without paying the penalty of sterility. A revelation that ignores the check of theology, that speaks in a dead language,

that uses an obsolete and unintelligible thought-system; a theology that ignores the check of revelation, the continual progressive self-manifestation of God in the religious life of humanity, and seeks Him only in the sub-human—both these are alike fruitless. Neither, however, has any right to trespass on the other's territory, or to hamper its free development on its own lines and according to its own principles. This is what happens whenever revelation asserts itself to be a divine theology and offers its prophetic enigmas as scientific truth, or when theology *en revanche* would force revelation to keep to the lines, methods, and pace of theological development, thus equivalently putting fetters on that religious experience which is its own subject-matter, and cutting off its own food-supply. Thus, however intellectually and theologically untenable, there might be more religious truth, and therefore ultimately more intellectual truth, a fuller, richer, and better embodiment of the divine, in a polytheistic pantheon of personified excellences than in a sterile and possibly non-moral monotheism. Intellectual unification might be purchased at too great a sacrifice of ethico-religious values. Idolatry or heresy, as a merely theological mistake, is harmless compared with the moral idolatry of the heart. What is intellectually a superstition may not be so ethically or religiously; many a prayer or sacrifice to the true God may be more unworthy and superstitious than those offered to idols. Hence a premature intellectualising or theologising of religious beliefs may be eventually detrimental to theology no less than to religion.

If, therefore, this delimitation of territories, this determination of the true relations of dependence and independence, between revelation and theology should obtain clearer recognition as time goes on, it will not be due to religion alone, which cares nothing for philosophical interests, but seeks itself everywhere and in all things; nor will it be due merely to philosophical reflection, which cares as little for the interests of religion, and has no patience with revelation and prophetic enigmas. It will be due to the shock and clash of their interests in the soul of man; it will be the work of philosophical reflection originated and stimulated by the religious need. Philosophy will not endure the pretensions of

dogmatic theology; religion will not endure the negation of that world-wide experience to which dogmatic theology seeks to give expression.

But at present dogmatic theology holds, as for centuries it has held, the field; it is as old as the 'catholicising' of Christianity, is an important element of that process, and shares, among its other inevitable limitations, the tendency of that process to make law and rule not merely an aid to, but a substitute for, the creative spirit of light and love. As given us in the creeds, and in their orthodox theological extensions, the Christian revelation retains only a few relics of its original prophetic form of expression, and still fewer traces of influence from the subsequent workings of the prophetic spirit in the Church. Its forms and phrases are partly scriptural, prophetic, evangelical, but mainly theological. Still worse, they are the forms of a theology belonging to a bygone and all but obsolete thought-system. It is not a living theology that might be induced to relax its grasp, but a dead theology whose roots are wrapped round those of the Gospel of Christ and forbid their expansion. Yet what is dead is no longer able to withstand the expansive forces of an imperishable life, and will soon fall to pieces.

To such a crisis we are undoubtedly hastening; and the hearts of the men of little faith are failing them for fear. Let them remember, first of all, that men's lives and conduct are and have been proverbially little influenced for better or for worse by dogmatic theology, for the simple reason that it is only our implicit unformulated convictions, our inward response to revelation, that influence us practically; that the most theologically orthodox peoples and periods have been anything but the most religious and edifying. If we see that a break-up of social morality is normally coincident with the casting-off of dogmas, let us ask which is cause and which effect. In truth, neither; for there is a solidarity between all the factors of man's spiritual life which advances or recedes as a whole. It is idle to ask whether a man is better because he is more religious, or more religious because he is better. Because the cause of dogmatic theology has so long been confounded with that of religion, those who are intellectually constrained to abandon the former

often erroneously fancy their quarrel is with religion, while in heart they are implicit believers. Others forsake dogma simply because they are irreligious and corrupt. In neither case is the abandonment of dogmatic theology the cause of social decay; in the latter it may be the effect, but not necessarily in the former.

Once more, let us remember that the discrediting of dogmatic theology is not the discrediting of revelation or of theology; it is not even their divorce *a vinculo*, but simply the establishment of a truer and better relationship between them. The criticism of the creed, in the light of science in general or of theology in particular, cannot touch that religious value which, quite independently of the external history of its origin, it has been proved to possess as an instrument of the spiritual life of the Churches, cannot assail its truth as a prophetic utterance (at least by adoption) of the spirit of Christ and of the mysteries of the kingdom of God. It can and must destroy its illegitimate claim to be a body of premisses for exact theological argumentation, i.e. a source of schism and hatred among men rather than of unity and love. Not only will the Churches still retain all their functions as guardians of prophetic or revealed truth, and of a flexible unity of dogma analogous to the unity of rites and observances, but, liberated from all the entanglements of an indefensible claim to scientific inerrancy—a claim as obsolete as that to temporal or coercive jurisdiction—will recover their sorely compromised dignity and credit. Moreover, their doctrinal divisions, the bitterest fruit of the dogmatic fallacy, will cease to be regarded as differences of faith when the prophetic nature of dogmatic truth is more intelligently recognised. After all, their doctrinal rulings have ever been avowedly in the name of prophecy, not of theology; as imposed by the spirit, not by theological reasonings. The spiritual authority of the traditional creed, as of the product and expression of the collective religious experience of the community, will ever be needed to waken, foster, and educate the Christian spirit in the individual.

Art. VII.—GOETHE'S MOTHER.

1. *Die Briefe der Frau Rath Goethe*. Edited by Albert Köster. Leipzig : Poeschel, 1904.
2. *Briefe von Goethes Mutter an die Herzogin Anna Amalia*. With a preface by K. Heinemann. Leipzig : Seemann, 1889.
3. *Goethes Mutter*. By Karl Heinemann. Sixth edition. Leipzig : Seemann, 1900.
4. *La Mère de Goethe, d'après sa Correspondance*. By Paul Bastier. Paris : Perrin, 1903.
5. *Cornelia, die Schwester Goethes*. By Georg Witkowski. Frankfort : Rütter and Loening, 1903.

THE literature of Goethe is notoriously immense. Within three-quarters of a century of his death it has embraced, not only every phase of his life and work, but every personality of mark who had the slightest share in moulding his genius. There is not one of the long array of ladies who held their passing sway over his heart but has been made the text for some essay or monograph; not one of his dramas but has been seized on by a hundred commentators and tracked to its sources in his own experience. Naturally enough, his immediate family has received a special measure of this attention. His father and sister are the subject of one good-sized book apiece and of numerous shorter studies; but the amount of labour already bestowed on his mother by German writers is prodigious. Even in France the figure of 'Frau Aia' has been made familiar by M. Paul Bastier's charming sketch; but in this country we have as yet no formal biography, though a partial translation of her letters by Mr Alfred Gibbs has appeared in America.

It was the intention of one whose too early death has robbed us of a beautiful and inspiring presence, to remedy this deficiency; and no one could have been better qualified than William Thomas Arnold to undertake such a task. Nephew of Matthew Arnold and grandson of the great headmaster, he had his full inheritance of critical and literary power; and though, as sub-editor of the 'Manchester Guardian,' he devoted the best years of his life to journalism, he never allowed the toil of every day to interfere with his passion for what was truly 'the best

that has been thought and written in the world.' Whether in English, French, or German, he read with a swiftness and retentiveness that would have rivalled Macaulay's; his knowledge of our own literature, from Chaucer to George Meredith, was such as few amateurs can boast; and his little well-worn volumes of the classics were always at his elbow, to be read and tasted with a keen enjoyment rare indeed in this overworked generation. More than this, his critical edition of his grandfather's 'Second Punic War' and his brilliant essay on 'Roman Provincial Administration' gained him a position in the first rank among students of Roman history; and it is hoped that, before long, the only fragment he lived to complete of a history of the Augustan age will be given to the world. To these powers of mind he added a native sweetness of character which endeared him to all who had so much as an hour's talk with him. His last eight years were years of illness and suffering, and of continual plans for fresh work, which were as continually frustrated; but, throughout, he never lost his dancing fun and humour, his gaiety and malice, which lighted up his talk like flashes of sun on the water of his own northern 'becks.' He had a genius for friendship, for, as he hated all shams and dishonesties, so he felt a spiritual bond uniting him to the generous and warm-hearted wherever he found them among men dead or living. It must have been this fundamental cheerfulness, this absence of any trace of egotism, which first drew him to study the personality of the delightful woman who is the subject of this essay; for 'Frau Aia' too kept through good and ill a serene and happy temper, bubbling over with humour and with the milk of human kindness, and she too had learnt by sad experience the philosophy that makes the most of the small joys of life.

In the last year of his life William Arnold devoted himself to Goethe's mother. He had been engaged in a study of the great man himself, with a view to writing, if health allowed, a critical biography for which he claimed that there was room, and even need, in addition to that of G. H. Lewes. But as the gigantic nature of the task grew more and more apparent, and health grew less instead of greater, he finally decided to abandon it in favour of the slighter and perhaps more congenial enterprise of a study of the mother. He plunged with ardour into the subject,

read and noted with his usual discernment all there was to be read, and made a large collection of extracts from other writers, interspersed with pithy observations of his own. But again the clouds descended; and the work had perforce to be postponed to a brighter time, a time which, alas, never came, for his long fight ended as the spring of 1904 was passing into summer. The present essay is founded on the materials he collected; and any interest it may possess is due to his energy and his inspiration alone.

It happens that within a few months of William Arnold's death there has appeared the first complete collection of the Frau Rath's letters, edited by Herr Albert Köster. This collection does not claim to offer new materials, but it is an immense advantage to the reader to possess at last a clear sequence of all Frau Goethe's letters, instead of having to seek them through the three or four partial collections which had hitherto held the field. Herr Köster's edition is also furnished with a graceful introductory sketch of his heroine, an excellent biographical and general index, a synopsis of the letters, giving the *provenance* of each, and some explanatory notes which are most useful in elucidating the numerous allusions scattered through them. We trust that the book will take its place as a real contribution to German classics, for, by virtue of the personality revealed in them, these letters possess a fascination seldom equalled by the more polished epistles of literary women known to fame.

It may perhaps be worth while to cast a general glance at them before considering more particularly what manner of life their writer led, for they give so faithful a mirror of that writer's character that letters and personality must in an unusual degree be judged together. On first opening the book, the reader will be struck by the quaint peculiarities of spelling and punctuation. Though a daughter of the chief magistrate of Frankfort, Elizabeth Textor had had but a scanty grounding in the humanities; her German orthography indeed, while by no means conventional, is generally kept within bounds; but, when it comes to the Germanised French words which were then becoming the rage, her imagination asserts itself and fairly runs

riot. With sovereign independence she turns 'Conducteur' into 'Contontucker,' 'Contribution' into 'Contiportion,' 'engagiren' into 'angaschiren,' 'jabot' into 'schapo'; she knows there is a difficulty somewhere in that troublesome word 'Physiognomik,' and so gives it triumphantly as 'Phisionockmick,' while her awe of the great Napoleon comes out in the rolling 'Bononaparte' to which she expands his name.

As might be expected, these things are only the outward symptoms of a general tone of rattling straightforwardness and spontaneity which makes the peculiar charm of these letters. As their author once confessed, she 'hated stylifying nature'; and everything that comes into her head is transferred hot to the paper. Yet this does not prevent her from packing all she writes with illustrations, images, and anecdotes, which come tumbling one over the other, springing straight from a mind that naturally gave a pictorial turn to whatever it envisaged. For Frau Aia can no more help being picturesque in her language than in her spelling; though her hatred of 'stylifying nature' is deep and genuine, nature to her is picturesque, and therefore her expression of it becomes so without any effort on her part. She has, in fact, that rare combination of faculties, the story-telling and visualising powers joined with a shrewd sense of humour, which produces the perfection of conversational letter-writing. Whether addressing her 'dear, best Princess,' Anna Amelia, the Dowager-Duchess of Weimar, or little Fritz von Stein, or Wieland, the patriarch of letters, she always hits the right tone without the least sense of strain; and the delight produced in these friends by the receipt of a letter from her may be seen from a remark of Wieland's: 'When the Duchess has a letter from Frau Aia, she speaks of it just as if it were some great piece of good luck that had befallen her, like the woman in the Gospels who called her neighbours to rejoice with her when she had found her lost piece of silver.'

This enthusiasm of her correspondents surely points to something very lovable in the character of the letter-writer, and to something individual and arresting too, which distinguished her letters from those of other lively and lovable women. As we read on we find indeed that every letter is more or less deeply stamped with a sort

of hall-mark, the mark of Frau Aia's philosophy, which becomes ever more clearly defined as she goes on her way through life. The keynote of it is, 'Be cheerful and don't fuss; take the rough with the smooth and be thankful it isn't worse'; or, in her own words, 'If you've got to swallow the Devil, gulp him down without stopping long to look at him.' She adopts Götz von Berlichingen's motto, 'Cheerfulness is the mother of all virtues,' and is persuaded that 'a man who laughs can do no deadly sin.' But she was fond of expatiating on her own attitude towards life, and we cannot do better than quote two or three of her best characters of herself. The first is from a letter to the Frau von Stein, written in November 1783.

'I am very fond of my kind, and they all feel it, old and young alike—I go through the world with no great pretensions, which suits my fellow-mortals, both male and female—never bemoralise anyone, always try to find out the good side of people, and leave the bad to Him who created us all and knows best how to file off the rough edges. And on this system I am always well and happy and contented.'

Yet, although she was 'very fond of her kind,' there was one class of persons of whom she could never speak with patience—the sentimental or insincere. To be sentimental seemed to her a sin against the sanctity of true feeling, just as a forced composure seemed to her unnatural and false. The former type was embodied for her in the circle presided over by the elegant novelist and *femme savante*, Sophie von La Roche, who, as the mother of Goethe's Maxe and the grandmother of Bettina, holds a curious and important position in the history of the Goethes. Frau Aia's humorously disparaging references to her throughout the letters are exceedingly characteristic, and involve the tacit implication that, as her own emotions were all genuine and straight from the heart, she had no need to manufacture new ones. On the other hand she did not approve of suppressing them.

'Since God has mercifully granted' (she writes) 'that from youth up my soul has never been made to tight-lace, but has been able to grow and flourish and to spread its branches in all directions, and has not, like the trees in those stupid ornamental gardens, been cut and mutilated into a shape like an umbrella, I find I can see whatever is true and good and

honest better than perhaps a thousand others of my kind. When in the storm and stress of my heart, at a performance of "Hamlet," the turmoil of my feelings makes me gasp for breath, someone sitting next me often turns round and stares and says: "But you know it isn't true—they're only acting." Well, this strong and unadulterated natural feeling is what keeps my soul, thank God, from plague and corruption.'

Finally, in the last year of her life, she tells us:—

'I rejoice in my life while the lamp still burns—don't look for the thorns—if the doors are too low I stoop—if I can kick the stone out of my way I kick it, but if it's too big I go round—and so I find something to be pleased with in every day. And then the corner-stone—faith in God! That is what makes my heart joyful and my countenance joyous.'

For the rest, all she asked of the world was an atmosphere of peace and quietness. 'Peace, peace, that is my real delight,' as she writes to little Fritz von Stein, in 1785; but at the same time no one was more capable than she of dealing with worries when they came, as she was to show to admiration in the long turmoil of the years of war, when the tide of French invasion came rolling backwards and forwards through the streets of her beloved Frankfort. She had, besides, the secret of loving and making herself beloved; she was a grand citizen of one of Germany's proudest cities, and she gloried in the fact. But there is one fact of still greater import, without which perhaps not even her vitality would have sufficed to save her from the company of the delightful dead: she was the mother of Goethe. It was this which predisposed her own generation to do her honour; and it is still this which induces us moderns, who have, perforce, to be fastidious in our acquaintance with the past, to bestow our attention on Frau Aia, and even to follow with kindly interest the outlines of her history.

The life of Elizabeth Textor, daughter of the 'Schultheiss' or chief magistrate of Frankfort, was governed by two things, her love of home and her love for her son; and the tragedy of it lay in the fact that she did not transmit the former among her other qualities to the child whom she adored. Goethe's life, for good or for ill, was spent, from his twenty-eighth year onwards, at Weimar; his mother was so staunch a Frankforter that

only once, under the stress of a hot bombardment, could she be induced to leave it for three days. Born in 1731, she saw the pageant of the eighteenth century, from Fritz to Napoleon, pass in strife and heat before her eyes; and she lived to see the downfall of that Holy Roman Empire which to her, at least, had been a reality, bringing colour and romance into the life of the old town. For Frankfort-on-the-Main was one of the few Free Cities of the Empire which had survived the deadly torpor left by the Thirty Years' War; thither the merchants from far and near still came for the two annual fairs (*Messen*); and thither, above all, came the Emperors for their crowning, ever since, in 1556, Ferdinand I had braved the thunders of Pope Paul IV against a prince who had favoured heretics, and had improvised a coronation at the Free City instead of at the Aachen of Charlemagne.

As a girl of eleven, Elizabeth had seen the first-fruits of Frederick's activity in the coronation of the ill-starred Emperor Charles VII, and had developed a passionate adoration for his beautiful and melancholy figure. As a privileged person, she had watched the coronation from the clock-gallery in the old town-hall; and, when the Emperor returned to Frankfort next year, she had followed him about in a tremor of awe as he made his pilgrimage from church to church and knelt always 'at the very back, among the beggars.' So at least we are told, nearly a hundred years later, by Bettina, in that fragment of narrative which Goethe took as the foundation for his piously planned, but never executed work, the 'Aristeia'; and the vivacious authoress, reporting the story as she had it from the Frau Rath's own lips, goes on to say:—

'She told me that this was the first time in her life that she had divulged it to anyone, for it had been her first real passion, and also her last. Later she had had various likings, but never one which had come as such a mighty revelation, and at the very first step had opened such new and heavenly regions to her.'

As the melancholy Emperor died in 1744, when little Fräulein Textor was thirteen, we must certainly conclude from this that she was a precocious maiden, or else that we have in the passage one of the finest flowers of Bettina's artistic imagination.

When, four years later, her hand was applied for by the grave and middle-aged councillor Herr Caspar Goethe, she submitted to her parents' choice without any thought of revolt, but also without the smallest pretence of being in love. The Herr Rath was twenty-one years her senior, a doctor of laws, and withal a rich man, being the son of a master-tailor who, besides thriving in business, had married as his second wife the proprietress of a popular tavern. He had, however, received the best possible education, had studied law at three universities, and had then been sent on the grand tour to Italy, returning through France and Holland. This journey, though he wrote of it with almost comic dissatisfaction at the time, became in after years the one recollection in which all his romantic feeling centred. He hung his walls with Piranesi engravings, which planted the first seeds of a mighty longing for the South in little Wolfgang's head; and he was never tired of repeating his stories of Rome and Naples to a dutiful but perhaps slightly bored circle of wife and children.

These, however, were the relaxations of the Herr Rath's life; its main business lay, first, in training the sadly miscellaneous mind of his young wife, who came to him without even a knowledge of French, still less of Italian, and then in superintending the education of his children, or at least of the only two out of the six born to him who survived the illnesses of infancy. The question of Herr Goethe's share in his son's genius and character has been much debated, but no modern analysis has proved truer than that son's untranslatable little rhyme, in which he assigns his parents their different parts in words as just as they are happy:—

‘Vom Vater hab’ ich die Statur,
Des Lebens ernstes Führen;
Vom Mütterchen die Frohnatur,
Die Lust zu fabuliren.’

Which is variously interpreted by the admirers and the detractors of the Herr Rath to mean, either that Goethe inherited from him his fundamental virtue, or else that the Olympianism which became so marked a feature of his Weimar development was directly traceable to his taciturn

and pedantic parent. At any rate, we must admit that the old man was stiff, self-willed, and narrow-minded in his dealings with his family, though always well-intentioned; in carrying out his joyless, cut-and-dried system of education he would stand no nonsense either from the fiery Wolfgang or from the morbidly sensitive, shrinking Cornelia; so that in due time he reaped the bitter dislike of his daughter, whom yet he dearly loved, and the impatient contempt of his son.

In that son's youthful scrapes, of which there were not a few, it thus fell to the tactful little mother to act the mediator—a task in which all her sympathies lay with the boy, for was she not actually nearer to him in years than to her husband? Moreover, in him she had found an outlet for all the pent-up stores of love which she could not lavish on the husband of whom she stood in awe; he was her first-born, and, as she watched over the unfolding of his passionate, sensitive nature, as she told him fairy-tales with his great black eyes fixed upon her as though he would devour her and the story together, she had felt an ever surer presentiment that this was no ordinary being whom she had brought into the world. It is to be feared that she spoilt him as much as she dared. 'Children want love,' she used to say; and in that spirit we must needs confess that she aided and abetted him in certain follies and delinquencies which had better have been sternly suppressed. At the time of the French occupation, for instance, when Wolfgang was twelve years old, she not only prevailed upon her husband to allow him to use a free pass to the French theatre, but even supplied him with a latch-key in order to conceal from his father the taste he thus early developed for midnight wanderings. The unhealthy impression left on the precocious boy's character by the bad company into which he was thus thrown was never wholly effaced, and remains the one serious charge that can be made against the Frau Rath for her too blind interpretation of the law of love.

In 1765, when Wolfgang was sixteen, his father decided to send him to study law at the University of Leipzig; and there ensued three years of dreary existence for two beings who, though their unhappiness sprang from the same cause, were yet prevented by a deep gulf

of temperament from diminishing it by mutual sympathy. The story of the Frau Rath's relation to her daughter Cornelia, or rather of her complete absence of relation, is very curious; for the daughter appears to have entered the world, not only without a spark of her mother's natural joyousness, but with a tendency towards a melancholy, introspective brooding upon which that joyousness must perpetually have jarred. A diary which she kept about this time, now brought to light by Georg Witkowski, reveals, amid a confusion of pathetic vanities and self-pities, the true secret of her foolish heart. She knew that she was plain, and that neither for her outward nor her inward qualities would she ever win the love of man. In the very first entry she wrote the sad words:—

'Je serais à blâmer si je désirais d'être une grande beauté; seulement un peu de finesse dans les traits, un teint uni, et puis cette grâce douce qui enchante au premier coup de vue; voilà tout. Cependant ça n'est pas, et ne sera jamais, quoique je puisse faire et souhaiter; ainsi il vaudra mieux de cultiver l'esprit, et tâcher d'être supportable du moins de ce côté là.' And again, a little later: 'Mon miroir ne me trompe pas, s'il me dit que j'enlaidis à vue d'œil . . . je vous dis que j'en suis quelquefois pénétrée de douleur, et que je donnerais tout au monde pour être belle.'

But Goethe bears emphatic testimony to her qualities of mind; and when the young student, stricken for once with genuine remorse, came back from Strassburg and from Friederike, it was to her, not to his mother, that he opened his heart; he consulted her freely in the writing of 'Götz,' and reproduced at least some traits of her character in his picture of the gentle, patient Maria. Indeed the parallel was perhaps closer than he knew, for six months after the appearance of 'Götz' (in November 1773) Cornelia, like Maria, married a worthy fellow for whom she felt no love. His name was Schlosser, and he tried to make her happy; but, separated from Wolfgang and all else that was dear to her, her natural melancholy grew stronger; she became nervous and hypochondriacal, and with the birth of her second child in 1777 she died. The parents' grief was piteous, though it does not seem to have been tinged with any

bitter sense of their own failure; and the Frau Rath writes in touching words to her friend and 'son' Lavater of her anguish in breaking the news to the old father, who had 'loved his only daughter above all else.'

But Cornelia's story has taken us too far on, for the years covered by her marriage were perhaps the most eventful and inspiring of her mother's life. They saw the young doctor's sudden blaze into fame with the appearance of 'Götz' in 1773; they saw the old house in the Hirschgraben become (much to its master's disgust) a caravanserai for the throngs of young enthusiasts or venerable patrons who came to press their homage on the new divinity; they saw the gigantic vogue of 'Werther,' true offspring and climax of the *Sturm und Drang*; and they saw the rising and setting of the star of Lili. In all this turmoil of life the Frau Rath took a delighted part; she welcomed her son's worshippers and boon-companions with open arms, and bestowed the much-coveted title of 'son' on a select band of them—on Klinger, author of the now forgotten play which gave its name to this agitated period, a dear boy who declared he could 'sit for hours nailed to his chair listening to the Frau Rath's fairy-tales'; on Lavater, prophet, mystic, and quack, who combined the piety of the 'Herrnhuter' with a new theory of physiognomy to which he went about converting the world; on Merck, the intellectual luminary of the Darmstadt Court, whose critical, Mephistophelian spirit must have had so wholesome an influence on the author of 'Werther,' and finally on the genial Wieland himself, who, after a sharp passage of arms with Goethe, was to capitulate to him at first sight on his arrival at Weimar, and to become his mother's lifelong and devoted friend. Early in 1775 the list was swelled by the addition of the brothers Stolberg, two young Counts of the Empire, who had long worshipped the author of 'Götz' and 'Werther' from a distance, and now hurried to Frankfort to make the personal acquaintance of the 'glorious Goethe, that wild but splendid fellow, so full of genius and fire.' Their coming gave rise to the famous incident which earned for Goethe's mother the immortal nickname of 'Frau Aia.'

One evening at dinner, when they, with Goethe and another fiery spirit, Baron Haugwitz, were declaiming

with unusual bloodthirstiness against the accursed race of 'tyrants,' she, to give a cheerful turn to the conversation, hurried down to the cellar and soon reappeared with a bottle of marvellous old Rhine wine, which she deposited on the table with a flourish, crying, 'There is the true tyrants' blood! Drink that, but let me have no more of your slaughter-breathings in my house!' Then the four youths declared that she was like Dame Aia, the mother of the four sons of Aymon, who entertained her own sons unawares and treated them to just such a generous wine as that with which their hostess had regaled them. She adopted the idea with enthusiasm, and soon took to calling herself nothing but 'Frau Aia' or 'Mutter Aia' in her letters to her intimates, from the Dowager-Duchess down to little Fritz von Stein.

By this time, the spring of 1775, Goethe was already deep in the romantic episode of 'Lili.' His parents' part in it was most characteristic. In spite of the evident and genuine mutual devotion of the young couple, neither father nor mother could endure the idea of having a fine lady as their daughter-in-law; and as such they could not help regarding the daughter of the rich and aristocratic banker Schönemann. The Goethes were *bourgeois*, in spite of Wolfgang's fame; and the notion of the airs this young lady would give herself in the common *ménage* was intolerable to their pride. Unfortunately there are no letters of the Frau Rath now extant which give her views of her prospective daughter-in-law—for the pair had succeeded in becoming formally, though not publicly, betrothed, in spite of all opposition—but it may be supposed that she was not very urgent in holding Wolfgang to his plighted word, when, after a summer of unworthy waywardness and vacillation, he finally decided to break free. The invitation to Weimar came most opportunely; only the carriage which was to convey him thither was more than a fortnight late in its arrival; and readers of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit' will remember his dramatic account of that fortnight, during which he dared not go out by day lest he should meet Lili, but crept up to her window one night with longing at his heart—longing, and, let us hope, an uneasy consciousness of having played but a weak part. Long afterwards, when, as an old man of eighty-two, he had a

visit from Lili's granddaughter at Weimar, he wrote the sad confession :—

'I was never so near attaining my true happiness as in those days of my love for Lili. The obstacles which parted us were not in reality insuperable, and yet . . . I lost her.'

Wolfgang's departure for Weimar was not accomplished without strenuous opposition on the part of the old Rath, who saw in the whole affair only another device for wasting time and spending money, whereas the young doctor ought, in his eyes, to be settling down as a practising lawyer at the bar in his native city. His consent was only won at last by Frau Aia's intercession; yet, when Wolfgang's carriage had finally rumbled away from the door of the old house, it seemed as if it bore with it the sunshine of Frau Aia's life. Could she have looked into the future, could she have seen the thirty-three long years that were to pass with only six visits from the son who was all in all to her, her courage might indeed have failed. But she steadily put the bright side of the business before her, and refused to mope; she threw herself with ardour into the details of his Weimar life, of which she kept herself informed through 'Dr Wolf's' servant-secretary, Philip Seidel, for a letter from Dr Wolf himself was of the rarest occurrence; and she welcomed with pathetic eagerness any wanderer from that holy city who would sit and give her an hour's gossip about her beloved 'Herr Legationsrath.' Her centre of gravity was in fact transferred to Weimar; she was soon to set up a special room for Weimar treasures—presents from the Duchess, silhouettes, busts, and the like, and to express her chronic hunger for Weimar news in a letter to her 'dearest Princess':—

'If my little ship is to travel at all, its sails must be swelled by a wind from Weimar; the rest of the world is a vale of tears to me and I never trouble my head about it. Even the postman knows that, for when he has a letter from Weimar to give me he pulls the door-bell nearly out, while for others he only goes "ping-ping." And I've given him a double New Year's tip for it too, because he understands Frau Aia's inmost thoughts so well.'

Her correspondence with Wieland began in the spring of 1776, on the strength of the latter's enthusiastic

adoration for Goethe, whom he called 'the greatest, best, and most glorious human being God ever created'; and the opinion he formed of the mother from her letters was so high that he could scarcely wait for the time when he should be able to make the journey to Frankfort and meet her face to face. She on her side was equally eager; and when at last, in December 1777, he actually appeared, with Merck and a young Weimar musician named Kranz, her rapture knew no bounds. They spent four blissful days together in the 'Casa santa,' as Wieland had already christened it, dining at the family table and making friends with Frau Aia's special intimates; and the feelings of the whole party are reflected in Kranz's letter of thanks, written six weeks after their departure, when one would have thought that their first intoxication would have had time to cool:—

'Here in Weimar I can't get used either to the air or the people; and quite natural too, for those days I spent with you were—I say it without any hesitation—the happiest of my whole life. It is impossible to describe to you my feelings as I sat at your round table, next to Goethe's dear parents, and with Wieland and Merck—such a band of pure souls! O, how I have grown to love my fellow-men since then! . . . The Herr Rath used to sit there quite silent, but I think inwardly pleased (though he didn't manage to express it), and just said once or twice, "O, that was good, that was very good." But you sat opposite to me in all your glory. However much you might be interested in the conversation, nothing else that went on in the room escaped you. . . . Your *servante* might occasionally forget something in the waiting—*schnups!* she would get a smack, and on you went with your talking, while I just sat there and sucked it all in.'

The accounts spread by the returning guests of their Frankfort entertainment soon reached the ears of no less a personage than the Dowager-Duchess herself, Anna Amelia, mother of Goethe's young Duke, a woman of whom her uncle, the great Fritz, had said that 'her talents for ruling were too great for so narrow a kingdom.' She was also a woman of learning and a duchess of delightfully unconventional views, and had from the first taken Goethe's part against the strait-laced section of the Weimar Court, which had looked with horror on the sudden rise of a mere *bourgeois* who could not boast

a single quartering. Her desire to make his mother's acquaintance grew with the reports of her which continued to reach Weimar; and in the summer of 1778 she took the opportunity of a journey to the Rhine to stop twice at Frankfort and enter into the closest personal relations with the Frau Rath. She and her lively lady-in-waiting, Fräulein von Göchhausen, made daily visits to the house in the Hirschgraben, to the immense delight of its mistress; and a friendship, resting on the surest of all foundations for Frau Aia—a common admiration for her 'Hätschelhans,' as she loved to call him—sprang up between the three. Naturally this friendship found vent in a lively correspondence when the exalted guest had departed; and it is in her letters to the Duchess that Frau Aia perhaps reaches the zenith of her remarkable epistolary talent. They are effusive, yet never beyond the point of absolute genuineness; sometimes comically reverential, yet never in such a way as to justify a charge of servility; and always full of racy anecdotes, confidences, and humorous descriptions of her own doings, such as would have won the heart of a far less appreciative reader than the Duchess Amelia. Perhaps the tone of this correspondence will best be seen from a letter written at the time of the great spring fair of 1779. She has been describing the universal pandemonium by a somewhat ribald quotation from Goethe's 'Jahrmarktsfest zu Plundersweilen,' when she suddenly pulls herself up:—

'But keep a civil tongue in your head, Frau Aia! Madame La Roche is here!!! Dearest Princess! If Dr Wolf could only see the son-in-law that the authoress of 'Sternheim' is going to hang round her second daughter's neck, he would gnash his teeth and swear most godlessly, in his usual praiseworthy fashion. Yesterday she introduced me to the monster—good Lord!!!! If that man wanted to make me queen of the whole world, including America, I should know how to send him about his business. He looks—well, like the Devil in the seventh prayer of Luther's Shorter Catechism, is as stupid as a maggot, and on the top of everything else he's a *Hofrath*. May I be an oyster if I can see what it all means. A woman like the La Roche, with brains decidedly above the average, passably rich and a person of some rank and importance too, setting to work like this to make her daughter miserable!

And then writing "Sternheims;" and those precious "Letters from a Female" too! In short, my head is going round like a mill-wheel. I hope Your Highness will forgive me for going on in this way, but I have just had it all before my very eyes, and the tears of that poor dear Luise are more than I can stand!"

To this the Duchess replies:—

'I showed your letter to Dr Wolf, but, as court life has made him very polite, he didn't gnash his teeth, still less swore, but just shrugged his shoulders over the lamentable event.'

We may guess from this that the 'Wolf' whom Frau Aia remembered, warm-hearted, impetuous, and outspoken, was already undergoing his metamorphosis into the stately Jupiter of the German Olympus.

The Duchess on her side was never weary of provoking Frau Aia to fresh ecstasies, by sending her little gifts and tokens of her friendship; once it is a pair of garters embroidered by the Duchess's own hands, on which Frau Aia candidly remarks in her letter of thanks: 'But Your Highness must have a tremendous idea of my corpulence, for one of them would make just two!' Another time she sends a miniature of herself, rightly guessing that nothing in the world would give her impulsive friend so much pleasure. These treasures were then placed on show in the Weimar room, whither, if ever Frau Aia felt depressed, she would go to cheer herself by examining them one by one, 'first reminding herself,' as she tells the Duchess, 'that the best of all princesses used once to walk up and down here.'

Indeed there must often have been lonely times to go through in the deserted house. The old Rath was beginning to fail more and more; visitors from Weimar were at best but few and far between; and above all, the long-desired visit from her 'Hätschelhans' seemed no nearer at the end of three years than of one. There was much talk instead of the Frau Rath's going to Weimar; the Duchess pressed her to come, and even proposed to send the court musician, Kranz, to cheer the father in her absence. For a time she coquetted eagerly with the idea, but decided at last, towards the end of 1778, that it would be impossible for her to leave the old man, 'for,' as she tells the Duchess regretfully, 'he has such sad

ups and downs; at one moment he thinks it might be managed, and the next the mere thought of my going away makes him ill.' So Frau Aia stayed at home, and at last she had her reward; for in August 1779 Goethe announced that he and his Duke would be passing through Frankfort on their way to Switzerland, and that Karl August actually wished to lodge in the house of Goethe's parents. Their arrival is inimitably described by the Frau Rath in a letter to the Duchess.

'The 18th of September was the great day, the day on which the old father and Frau Aia could not envy the gods either their dwelling on high Olympus, or their nectar and ambrosia, or their vocal or instrumental music, but were so happy, so supremely happy that I don't think any mortal can ever have tasted any greater or purer pleasure than we two happy parents on that day of rejoicing. Well—His Highness our Best and most gracious Prince, in order to give us a real surprise, got down a little way short of the house, so that they came to the door without making any noise at all, rang the bell and marched into the Blue Room. Now Your Highness must just picture to yourself Frau Aia sitting at the round table—suddenly the door opens, and before she can turn round her Hätschelhans has fallen on her neck—the Duke stands a few paces apart watching her maternal joy—till at last Frau Aia runs up intoxicated to the best of Princes, half crying and half laughing, and not knowing in the least what she's doing! Then his introduction to the father was altogether beyond description—I was quite afraid the old man would die on the spot—and at this very moment of writing, when His Highness is already far away, he has scarcely recovered his senses, and Frau Aia is no better off.'

Five rapturous days she spent with them; and so delighted was Karl August with his hostess and his entertainment, that he carried out his plan of returning by way of Frankfort, and arrived at the old house with Wolfgang for the second time, and for a longer stay, in the last days of December. Proud days were they for these plain *bourgeois* folk, who had thus captured a reigning duke under the very noses of the *noblesse* of the Free City. Yet, for all Frau Aia's profound satisfaction, the housekeeping for these distinguished guests, with the Duke's gentlemen-in-waiting, servants, etc., must have given her many anxious moments; and rumour ran that

the old Rath was exhibiting his usual closeness, reigning Duke or no. However, on his return to Weimar, the Duke contrived to send her, unknown either to husband or son, a handsome present to indemnify her for the heavy charges he had caused.

The travellers had bidden farewell to Frankfort on January 11, 1780; and more than twelve years were to pass away before Goethe revisited his native city, or set eyes on his mother again. In these long years of waiting, Frau Aia's philosophy of cheerfulness was put to a hard test; but by its help she rose triumphant over all temptations to grumbling and peevishness, when grumbling and peevishness would have seemed the natural outlet to many a human being with less cause to indulge them. At first she was fully occupied with tending her poor old husband, who was becoming quite childish, and used even (so it is credibly reported) to amuse himself by cutting patterns in his clothes—a practice which Frau Aia found some difficulty in concealing from the prying eyes of her acquaintance. A severe illness of his in the autumn of this year coincided, much to Frau Aia's chagrin, with another visit of the Duchess Amelia to Frankfort; but in the winter he recovered sufficiently to take pleasure in the visits from Weimar, especially in that of Kranz, at whose departure he wept bitter tears. But his existence all through 1781 was, as Frau Aia put it, more that of a plant than of a human being. In the spring of 1782, the end came, and the 'strong, silent man,' as William Arnold calls him, 'from whose masculine grit his son inherited so much,' passed out of a world which had not always been just to him. In Arnold's opinion it is not just to him yet; and the final estimate in his note-book explains the reason: 'The poor old gentleman had no power of self-expression, whereas wife and son had it in the highest degree. So naturally they get the best of him with posterity.'

There is no record of what passed between the mother and son on this occasion, for the letters of neither have survived; but it is at least certain that Goethe did not go to Frankfort to assist her with the manifold business arrangements entailed by the old man's death. Wolfgang was, in fact, becoming more and more closely chained to Weimar, partly, no doubt, by the claims of

public business, but also, let it be clearly understood, by the fascinations of the woman who, for good or ill, exercised for ten years the dominant influence over his life. Whatever may be the truth about that much-debated question, the precise relations of Goethe and the Frau von Stein, it is, at any rate, clear that his passion for her absorbed his powers both of mind and heart to an ever larger extent, and that one of the victims of this state of things was the mother who bore him. Goethe himself confessed in a letter to Lavater about this time: 'She has gradually taken the place of mother, sister, and sweetheart to me; and a bond has been forged like the bonds of nature.' Twice during the years 1783 and 1784 he was within two days' journey of Frankfort, yet could not make up his mind to extend his absence from the enchantress even to that small degree. On the first of these occasions he was travelling with her son, the little ten-year-old Fritz, who already cherished an eager desire to make Frau Aia's acquaintance, and implored Goethe to take in Frankfort on their tour; but the great man was inexorable. On the second, in June 1784, when Goethe was at Eisenach on business, there is an almost sinister note in his confession to Frau von Stein.

'They tell me I could be in Frankfort in 31 hours, and yet I cannot entertain the most fleeting idea of going thither. You have so drawn my nature to you, that I have no nerve left for my other natural duties.'

One benefit, however, Frau Aia did reap from this strange attachment—her delightful correspondence with little Fritz. This boy, Frau Charlotte's youngest son, had been almost adopted by Goethe in the early part of 1783, and actually lived in the house with him till his departure for Italy in 1786. As we have already seen, he soon developed a keen interest in his patron's mother; and Frau Aia on her side saw her chance. The little fellow opened the correspondence himself early in 1784; and in her reply she suggests that he should keep a diary of everyday events—such as, 'Yesterday Goethe went to the play, and afterwards to pay calls. To-day we had a party, and so forth'—and send it to her each month. 'For,' as she tells him mournfully, 'the fonder you are

of him the more easily you will believe me when I tell you that my absence from him often gives me melancholy hours.' When Fritz responds gladly to her proposal with the first instalment of the diary, her delight is touching to behold. He becomes her 'dear little cherub'; she constantly sends him presents to stimulate his ardour; and once, when he has sent her a silhouette of himself and Goethe, she returns the compliment, not only with a silhouette of herself, but also with the best description we possess of her personal appearance. She tells him that she is 'rather tall, and rather corpulent, with brown eyes and hair, and flatters herself that she would not do badly for the mother of Prince Hamlet.'

At last, in September 1785, Fritz is able to accept her repeated invitation to come to her at Frankfort; and the woman of fifty-four and the boy of twelve have three weeks of pure fun together amid all the excitements of the autumn fair. Her correspondence with him goes on actively for the next three years, and through it we obtain delightful glimpses of Frau Aia's everyday life.

'Here in my little household things are still much as they were when you saw them, only, as the sun chooses to stay in bed longer, I do too, and don't get out of my feathers till half-past eight; nor do I see in the least why I should upset myself, for peace, peace, that is my real delight, and as God grants it me I enjoy it with a thankful heart. On Sundays I go to dinner with Frau Reck, and in the evening three or four friends come to play *quadrille* or *l'hombre*, at which we have the greatest fun. On other days God always vouchsafes me something; and so one trudges along through the world enjoying the little pleasures and not asking for big ones.'

In another letter she tells him that she has four 'hobby-horses'—reading, playing the piano, lace-making, and the theatre—which carry her cheerfully along through the lonely days. The whole episode of Frau Aia and her 'little cherub,' in fact, is the feature which, together with her continued correspondence with the Duchess, lends grace to this period, in which one might otherwise see a mere record of a starved existence, all the more pathetic for its gallant efforts to survive cheerily on half rations.

Whether her fortitude was ever crossed by a shadow

of complaint it is hard to tell, for the sources of our knowledge run dry at the critical point. In 1797 Goethe, for some unexplained reason, destroyed all his mother's letters of the years 1772 to 1792, so that the glimpses we have of their intercourse during this long period of absence are especially few and far between. Even of his letters to her but three have survived, and of hers to him only two of any length, the first dated June 17, 1781, in which we find a characteristic description of her alarm at a report brought her by Merck that her 'Wolf' was ill, and the second addressed to him in Rome, in November 1786, in answer to one from him giving news of his mysterious journey. Its tone certainly betrays no shade of resentment at his treatment of her (for on his sudden departure two months before he had left her, as well as every one else, in the dark as to his intentions), but rather rejoices at his promise to return by way of Frankfort.

'Dear Son, an appearance from the nether regions could not have startled me more than your letter from Rome. I could have shouted for joy that the wish you have carried in your heart from your earliest youth is at last fulfilled. . . . Those words of the poor Klettenberg will always stick in my memory: "When your Wolfgang goes to Mainz, he brings more back with him than others when they come from Paris or London." But oh, how I wish I had seen you when you first set eyes on St Peter's! However, as you promise to come and stay with me on your way home, you must tell me everything then, down to the very tiniest detail.'

She allows her imagination to play upon the glorious day of his arrival—how all the friends must be invited and treated to a splendid dinner, 'Venison and game like the sand on the seashore—it shall be done in style.'

So for a year or more she lived in a state of eager anticipation of this visit, kept informed as to his movements by his journals to the Frau von Stein, which were sent on to her at his request; but, about the beginning of 1788, Goethe seems to have changed his mind about the return journey, for in a letter to the Duke (March 17) we find the sentence: 'I have already undeceived my mother about seeing me on my way home, and have consoled her with the hope of some other occasion.'

Four years more were to pass away before she actually

set eyes on him. But at last, when the storm had broken in earnest over the West and the indignant monarchs had set their armies rolling, Goethe came. His Duke was commanding a Prussian regiment, and summoned his chief minister to join him at Longwy, so that he was able to take Frankfort on the way. Of this long-desired meeting no particulars have survived; but his departure was softened by another promise to come again on his way home—a promise which was destined to be as lightly held as the last. For in the interval Mainz had fallen; and in October Custine had occupied the Free City itself. He could only maintain himself there long enough to exact an immense contribution from the burghers, and in December he was driven back again on Mainz; but the whole district was now in the war radius, and Goethe preferred to return to Weimar by a quieter and more circuitous route. In the next year, however, he was again obliged to travel westward to join Karl August at the siege of Mainz; and this time he managed to stay at Frankfort both on the outward and homeward journeys.

These visits, especially the second, leave a very pleasant impression. He was evidently concerned for his mother's comfort, and advised her to try to sell the old house, which only involved her in endless expense from war-taxes and billetings, and to move to a more manageable lodging; while, in case of need, he pressed her to come and take refuge with him at Weimar. But all idea of her giving way to the general panic she laughed to scorn. Frau Aia's roots were struck too deep in the life of the old Free City for wars and rumours of wars to tear them up so easily; and all through these years of terror and disturbance her *sang-froid*, one might almost say her enjoyment of the situation, was amazing. Her contempt for the alarmists comes out in a letter to Goethe of January 1794, when the French, under Hoche, had just overrun the Palatinate.

'A panic terror has seized on Frankfort' (she writes), 'and it would not be surprising if one were carried away by the stream, for fear is just as infectious as a cold. . . . People here will believe anything, if it only sounds frightful enough; whether probable or not they don't trouble to enquire, but the madder it is the more they believe it. As a proof, here's just one story out of a thousand. On the 3rd of January, at

about 7 o'clock in the evening, Frau Elise Bethmann comes running over to me in her dressing-gown, quite out of breath. "Räthin, dear Räthin," she pants, "I felt I must come and tell you of the fearful danger: the enemy is bombarding Mannheim with red-hot balls: the Commandant says he can't hold out more than three days," and so on and so on. I kept quite calm and asked her coldly: "And how are they managing to bombard Mannheim? For they haven't got any batteries, so they must be shooting across from the flat river-bank, and then the balls will have plenty of time to get cold in crossing the broad Rhine. And as for what the Commandant means to do, he is hardly likely to trumpet it forth to all the world. Where did your correspondent get all this from? If I were you I should tell him he's a *haresfoot*." . . . All this muddle and confusion hasn't worried me at all, thank God; I sleep my eight hours through every night, eat and drink as much as I want, and—which is the best part of it—am in excellent health. They didn't send me the wounded lieutenant after all, but instead of him a Prussian Major with four of his men; and I can tell you they think they're in Paradise! But the amount of food they get through!! They were so starved out that they went to one's heart. So yesterday I sent them a dish of roast pork for their dinner, and you can imagine what a royal feast they had.'

She busied herself during this year with making preparations for her move from the old house by selling the books and the 'old gentlemen,' as she affectionately called the grand wines laid down by her husband long ago; but the change was not accomplished until the summer of 1795, when, after much trouble and worry, she was able to sell the historic 'Goethehaus' for the sum of 22,000 florins to a young wine merchant, tempted by the wonderful cellars which had housed the 'old gentlemen.' She moved to a delightful apartment in a house overlooking the Rossmarkt, Frankfort's chief open space, whence the burden of her letters now is, 'Ah, such a life, such a life, as one leads at the window there!' The town was full of soldiers, who drilled in the square and marched past with bands playing all day long; and she could see straight down the Zeil, the busy old street leading to one of the main gates of the city, through which the wounded came in on carts from Mainz, and the peasants from all the country round with provisions for the garrison. For the war still raged in the Rhine country, though the

treaty of Basel, in the spring of this year, had detached Prussia from the alliance; and Frau Aia was yet to pass through an ordeal to which all her other anxieties had been mere child's play. The year 1796 was to see the great advance on Vienna; and in June Jourdan crossed the Rhine at Neuwied and ordered Kléber to occupy Frankfort. The city was not a fortress, yet the Austrian garrison could not make up its mind to surrender without a blow. Kléber accordingly opened a bombardment, and Frau Aia at last grew uneasy. She tells the story of the terrible three days in a letter to her son.

'The idea of the French marching into the town hadn't frightened me at all, for I was firmly convinced they wouldn't plunder; so why should I trouble to pack? I left everything as it was and kept quite calm, for no one dreamt that the Austrians would hold the place; and, as the sequel showed, it *was* the purest madness. But, as they decided to all the same, things began to look serious. . . . The Austrian Commandant was staying just opposite to me, so I could watch all the hullabaloo—the French with their eyes bound up—our burgo-master—everyone in terror of what was going to happen next, etc., etc. On the 12th, towards evening, the bombardment began; and we all went down to our landlord's room on the ground floor. When it slackened a little I went up to bed; but towards two in the morning it began again, and up we had to get. Now at last I began to pack—not for fear of the French, but for fear of fire, and in a few hours everything was down in the cellar—all except the iron chest, which was too heavy for us. . . . Up to this point I was still quite serene, but now such fearful news began to come in—how this person and that (and people I knew, too) had been hit, one struck dead by a shell, one having his arm and another his foot shot away from his body—that at last I began to be frightened and made up my mind to get away, though not very far, only just so as to escape the bombardment. But now I found that no vehicle was to be had for love or money, till at last I heard that a family near me was going to drive to Offenbach. I sent to ask if they would take me with them, and they very politely said they would. Well, I'm not one of the timid souls, but this awful night that I was able to pass quite quietly at Offenbach with Mama la Roche might perhaps have cost me my life, or at least my health, here in Frankfort. So the 13th and 14th I spent in my sanctuary, but early on the 15th came news that they had signed the capitulation

and that there was no more danger to life or limb—only one must be sure and get back that day, as the French were going to march in on the 16th, and then the gates would be shut. Now I wouldn't have stopped at Offenbach for anything—first because they might have treated me as an *émigrée*, and secondly because they might have taken away my beautiful rooms, which were standing there quite empty (for I had taken the maids along with me). So our old friend, Hans André, took pity on me and lent me his nice little gig, and soon I was back in the *Goldener Brunnen* again, thanking God for preserving me and my house.'

Until the peace of Lunéville in 1801, the Frau Rath was never quite free from billetings, though she usually managed to compound for them with her landlord at so much a head; but, though the treaty brought definite release from this burden, she is nevertheless disposed to grumble at it.

'Things are only middling with us: the Peace gives us no very extraordinary delight, though they do assure us that Frankfort is to remain what it is—a Free City of the Empire. Well, God grant it may be so!'

Free City it remained indeed for another uneasy five years, during which the star of 'Bononaparte' rose to a height ever more ominous and threatening; but its decline began on the field of Austerlitz. When the Holy Roman Empire was no more, Frau Aia felt as if she had lost an old familiar friend.

'The doctors tell you there is no hope; you know he is going to die: and yet, in spite of all your certainty, it is a shock when the news comes that he is dead. That is how it is with me and the whole town. Yesterday for the first time there was no prayer for the Emperor and the Empire in church. Illuminations and fireworks go on, but without any sign of rejoicing; it's more like so many funerals.'

Yet she took quite kindly to Frankfort's new master, the Prince-Primate of Dalberg; and the last picture we have of Frau Aia in a public capacity is her grandson's account of a dinner given in her honour and his by the Prince in 1807.

'The Prince went to meet Frau Rath as a special mark of courtesy; but, as he was wearing his ordinary clerical dress she took him at first for an Abbé, and did not pay him any

particular attention. Also, when she was sitting next him at dinner, she began by looking the reverse of pleased; and it was only in the course of conversation that she gradually found out from the behaviour of the other guests that this was the Primate himself.'

So the last years of Frau Aia's life by no means lacked their setting of great events, yet their essential note of domesticity never changed through all the din of change around her; nay, it even gained a new intensity by the accession to her family circle, about the time of the beginning of the war troubles, of one whose position of intimacy made her a factor of the first importance. Christiane Vulpius, Goethe's wife by a 'conscience marriage' ('Gewissensehe'), as he grandiloquently put it, has now at last got her rights, thanks to the efforts of Heinemann, Philip Stein, and others; she has been recognised as the good, self-devoted 'Hausfrau,' whose presence was essential to her lord's happiness and ease, and who was even capable of taking an interest in his scientific pursuits. But the patronage of posterity is still bestowed on her in a grudging spirit, very different from the whole-hearted way in which Frau Aia welcomed her when once the first barriers had been broken down. At what precise point Goethe first told her of his connexion with Christiane it is impossible to say; but probably it was not until his visit to Frankfort in June 1793, when his little son was already three and a half years old; for Frau Aia's first mention of Christiane occurs in a letter written shortly after his departure, and runs, as though in reference to a promise made him during his visit: 'I am going to write to your sweetheart.' And write she did in the most friendly tone, preparing the way beforehand by sending her a gift of some little personal adornment; and presently we find no letter of hers to Goethe without its complement of greetings to 'his whole house,' 'all who are dear to him,' and even to 'dein Liebchen' or 'dein Bettschatz'! The irregularity of their relations seems scarcely to have troubled her; and only once, when a new grandchild was expected in 1795, does she venture to hint at matrimony.

'My best wishes for the little citizen-to-be' (she writes); 'but my only trouble is that I mayn't announce my grandchild's

arrival in the "Gazette." Still, as nothing perfect is to be found under the moon, I console myself with the thought that my Hätschelhans is more content and happy so than he would be tied up in a regular marriage ("fatalen Ehe").

In 1797 Goethe was able to bring both Christiane and his little boy August to stay with Frau Aia—a thrilling event for both women, and luckily a complete success. On their departure the mother writes: 'Though your stay here was so short, we were none the less happy and hearty, and the hope that I may some day see you, my dear, for a longer visit, already gives me pleasure. Now that we know each other the future will, I am sure, become ever brighter and better for both of us.' No doubt Frau Aia's cordiality arose partly from the fact that Christiane could not, from the very nature of the case, give herself any airs, such as the former would have dreaded in a Lili or a Frau von Stein, and that she only made appeal to what was at all times uppermost in her mother-in-law's nature—her spontaneous human kindness; but there was also a real community of temperament between them. Christiane too had her full share of 'Frohnatur,' and liked her little pleasures, so much so indeed that the spiteful society of Weimar spread sad tales in later years about her so-called coarseness; tales which luckily seem never to have reached the mother's ears. All that Frau Aia knew was that her 'dear daughter,' as she very soon began to call her, escaped sometimes from the oppressive atmosphere of Weimar to enjoy herself at a student's ball at Jena, a practice which she encouraged in her usual hearty way: 'Dance away, little woman, dance away! Merry people are all my joy, and when they belong to my family I love them doubly.'

Christiane's boundless devotion to Goethe was another sure road to Frau Aia's affection. When he was dangerously ill in 1801, she earned his mother's undying gratitude by nursing him back to life; and the climax was reached on that famous night after the battle of Jena, when her timely intervention saved Goethe from the drunken violence of two French soldiers, who had actually penetrated into his bedroom with arms in their hands. 'Tell her how I love, prize, and honour her,' Frau Aia writes in ecstasy; and the news that the adventure has precipitated Goethe's intention of legalising his union with the 'poor

creature' (as he had called her long ago to Frau von Stein) gives the mother genuine delight. We can imagine with what satisfaction she addressed her first letter to the 'Frau Geheimerath von Goethe,' and how she enjoyed having her to stay at Frankfort in the next year, 1807, and introducing her to all the old friends. It was Christiane's hour of triumph.

'You may indeed thank God' (writes Frau Aia to Goethe on her departure); 'for it is rare indeed to find such a dear, splendid, unspoilt creature as she. I can't tell you how easy I feel (now that I know her well) about everything that concerns you. And what gave me unspeakable pleasure was the way everyone, all my friends, liked her—I assure you they were so at home together that it was as if they had known each other for ten years.'

Not thus would Frau Aia have written if she had detected, in the course of Christiane's three weeks' visit, any trace of those vices so freely imputed to her by Frau von Stein and her circle; in fact, the publication of these letters of Frau Rath's in 1889 has proved the best possible vindication of the character of poor 'Demoiselle Vulpius.'

It has been said that Goethe himself accompanied his family to Frankfort to introduce Christiane to his mother; this was in the summer of 1797, and it was to be his last visit. Though Frau Aia lived on for another eleven years, courted and made much of by Frankforters and strangers alike, she never set eyes on her 'Hätschelhans' again. It was a decade of great activity for him, both in literary production and in scientific studies; it saw the appearance of 'Hermann und Dorothea,' the first part of 'Faust,' the 'Theory of Colour,' and the 'Metamorphosis of Plants'; and it saw also the growth and ripening of his friendship for Schiller. These things all found their place in his system of self-development. His mother, with her homely wit, her overflowing spirits, and her erratic spelling, gradually ceased to have any significance in his scheme of things; so at least we must explain his conduct, for he himself never condescended to explain it. Frau Aia, on her side, went on from year to year hoping that each new summer would bring a visit from him; yet she did not sit down and mope under disappointment, but

set herself to enjoy, with all her old zest, the goods which the gods still provided for her entertainment.

She had a delightful old age. Loved and trusted by an immense circle of relations and friends of all ages and occupations, her kind old face spread happiness wherever she showed it; and the racy humour of her talk was so much appreciated that no festivity was considered complete without Frau Rath.

'My gift that God gave to me' (she writes to Goethe in the last year of her life) 'is that of giving a lively picture of all that comes within my knowledge, whether great things or small, facts or fairy-tales. As soon as I make my appearance everyone gets cheerful and happy, because I tell them stories. So I told stories to the Professors, and they went and still go away delighted—that is the whole secret. Only one other thing is necessary—I always make a cheerful face; that pleases people and costs no money, as our dear Merck used to say.'

Nicolovius, her grandson by marriage, who brought his wife and little boy to see her in the year 1800, has left perhaps the best account we possess of her in these closing years.

'Her manner' (he writes), 'her very decided ways in company, her singularity, her effervescing liveliness all carry one away and leave one neither leisure nor coolness to form a judgment. We cannot speak too highly of her kindness to us. Her age has made no impression either on mind or body. . . . Wherever she appears, life and joy spring up.'

She herself fully realised her popularity, and enjoyed it to the utmost. Not only was she the matriarch of Frankfort, cherished and made much of by the good burgher folk with whom she had lived and grown old, but she had become a social centre for strangers and voyagers from far and near, who came to pay their homage to the mother of Goethe. She took her reflected glory with a kind of simple pride which won the hearts of her visitors; and that she converted it into a feeling of real affection for herself may be seen indirectly from a letter to Christiane (December 1802):—

'I am, thank God, very well, and find myself (though I can't understand how it comes about) loved, honoured, and sought after by so many people that I am often a puzzle to myself

and can't make out what they all find in me. Enough that it is so, and I enjoy these people's goodness with gratitude to God.'

One distinguished visitor there was, however, to whom Frau Rath could not bring herself to be polite. In the winter of 1803 Mme de Staël arrived in Frankfort; and the readers of 'Goethe's Correspondence with a Child' will remember the grotesque account which Bettina, 'that most accomplished of mendacious minxes,' as W. T. Arnold calls her, gives of a supposed meeting between Frau Aia, wonderfully decked out in a head-dress of red, white, and blue feathers, and the lion-hunting Frenchwoman. The story is, of course, an entire fabrication, as absurd as it is vulgar; and it is amusing to discover the real state of things from a letter of the Frau Rath to her son, in which she breaks out about the illustrious stranger with her usual energy of phrase:—

'I hear Mme de Staël is in Weimar now. I felt so oppressed by her that it was as if I had a millstone hanging round my neck. I avoided her everywhere, refused all parties to which she was going, and didn't breathe freely till she had left the place. What *does* the woman want with me? I've never written an A B C book in my life, and my good genius will keep me from doing so in the future too!'

We have frequently had occasion, in the course of this narrative, to make allusions of a somewhat disparaging nature to that wayward sprite, Bettina Brentano; yet, in spite of all her *Schwärmerei*, her impertinences, and her cheerful untruthfulness, it must be admitted that she added nothing but brightness to the last two years of Frau Aia's life. She made the old lady's acquaintance first in 1806, on the strength of her family's old connexion with the Goethes, and of her own enthusiasm for Goethe's works; and she used to come in the evenings to sit on a stool at Frau Aia's feet and hear stories of Wolfgang's childhood—stories which she treasured up in her eager heart against the time when Goethe, regretting too late his neglect of his mother as 'copy,' turned to her as his best authority for the early parts of 'Dichtung und Wahrheit.' Frau Aia took a fancy to the hotheaded, impulsive child of twenty, as is attested by the two genuine letters to her which still survive among the many artistic

forgeries that Bettina prefixed to the 'Correspondence with a Child,' and which show that the Frau Rath accepted the little lady's adoration with real pleasure and gratitude. In them Bettina has become her 'dear, dear daughter'; Frau Aia can scarcely wait for Bettina's return from Weimar to hear from her own lips an account of her longed-for meeting with Goethe; she beseeches her to 'rejoice her heart, mind, and soul by coming back to her soon.' In fact, she derived a great deal of amusement from her intercourse with 'the little Brentano,' as she affectionately called her in writing to Goethe; but perhaps her enthusiasm would have cooled if she could have foreseen the wonderful picture Bettina was to paint of their acquaintance for the public benefit, when the restraint of her victim's living presence was withdrawn.

Goethe's mother closed her eyes upon the world she had loved at midday on September 13, 1808. Her end was in all respects worthy of so brave a life. Many tales are told of it, all of them more or less credible and characteristic; but the most authentic is that preserved by Goethe himself in a letter to his friend Zelter, in which he tells how, 'when she felt her end approaching, she made such precise arrangements for her funeral that everything, down to the particular sort of wine and the size of the cakes with which the mourners were to be regaled, was decided beforehand.' Jacobi even reports that she impressed upon her cook not to be sparing with the currants in the cakes; 'for,' as she said, 'I could never endure that while I was alive, and it would go on worrying me even in my grave.' An indiscreet carpenter called the day before the end to try and secure the commission for her coffin, but she politely told him that he came too late, as she had already made all arrangements; and on the very morning of her death, when an invitation came from some friends who did not realise how serious was the state of affairs, she sent down a message to the effect that 'she was extremely sorry, but the Frau Rath was at present engaged in dying.'

Her nephew Dr Melber and one of the brothers of her son-in-law Schlosser were with her to the end; but she forbade them to send for her son. After an absence of eleven years she may well have shrunk from the

painfulness of such a meeting, for, in spite of her warmth of heart, she had ever avoided, if she could, the stirring of the deep waters of the soul. Goethe himself did not know of her death until four days later, on his return from Carlsbad to Weimar. The funeral was already over, and the Weimar Court was in the full tide of preparation for the visit of Napoleon after the Congress of Erfurt; so nothing remained but to send Christiane to Frankfort to superintend the partition of the property, while Goethe himself remained at Weimar to receive the cross of the Legion of Honour from Napoleon's hands. His mother slept beside the old man she had watched over and tended so faithfully; and the good Frankforters mourned her with a sense of personal loss.

Posterity no longer mourns her; rather it is cheered by the contemplation of a life so full of joy and courage. Well indeed would it be if we could also feel that the great man for whose sake we disturb her quiet ashes had played his part in a manner worthy of his name and fame. In the endless discussions on the supposed egotism of Goethe's character it is astonishing how seldom any reference is made to so crucial a test as his relations with his mother. The German commentators slur it over, or even try, like Heinemann, to represent his behaviour as that of a model son; yet to a benighted foreigner who has sifted the evidence it must be confessed that such excuses ring comically hollow. Step by step, as we read through the mother's letters, the conviction grows that on her side was an infinite store of devotion, love, patience, and good-humour, while on his was the coldness born of an ever-increasing absorption in himself and his surroundings. At any moment during those long years from 1779 to 1792 he might have satisfied the hunger for sight and sound of him which he knew well was consuming her, for little Fritz, amongst others, brought it home to him. But he preferred, first his Frau von Stein, and then his 'poor creature' Christiane; and his mother longed in vain. Certainly he amused himself and her by drawing her portrait in some of his works—in 'Götz,' for instance, and in 'Hermann und Dorothea'; but, when one considers how picturesque a personality she made, it cannot be said that the debt for such presentments lay on her side.

So far as we can judge, she never allowed herself for an instant to harbour the thought that Goethe was treating her ill; her 'Hätschelhans' could do no wrong, and so late as 1798, in a letter to her grandson August, she declares with touching emphasis that her own son had caused her nothing but joy. Nor did she ever bore him with importunate entreaties to come and visit her, though she broke out once in a letter to the Duchess with the yearning cry: 'Son Wolf doesn't come to me either! And yet there come from east and west, south and north, figures that might rather stay away!' His letters were in proportion as rare as his visits, though, when they did come, they were always kind in tone; and, as Arnold remarks, 'if there were two volumes of his letters to her, instead of to that petrification of a woman (the Stein), one would think far better of his heart.' There is no hesitation about Arnold's final judgment, in the passage which he had intended to make the conclusion of his essay.

'The result of my unbiassed examination of all the literature of the subject' (he writes), 'on which I started with the usual preconception of Goethe's greatness as a man as well as writer, is that she who bore him and loved him and forgave him, and made excuses for his unpardonable neglect of her, was one of the most loving, sweetest, and most long-suffering of mothers; while the illustrious Goethe was one of the most selfish, cold-blooded, and least considerate of sons.'

William Arnold was not the man to fling such an indictment lightly; and, if the glamour which surrounds a great name could but be pierced, it is possible that even the Eckermanns of this world might feel uneasily bound to echo his stern verdict.

JANET TREVELYAN.

Art. VIII.—THE POETRY AND CRITICISM OF MR SWINBURNE.

1. *The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*. Collected edition. Six vols. London: Chatto and Windus, 1904.
2. Dramas: *The Queen Mother, Rosamond* (1860); *Chastelard* (1865); *Bothwell* (1874); *Mary Stuart* (1881); *Marino Faliero* (1885); *Lochrine* (1887); *The Sisters* (1892); *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards* (1899). The Tragedies. Collected edition. Vols I, II. London: Chatto and Windus, 1905.
3. Prose Works: *Dead Love* (1864); *Miscellanies* (1866); *William Blake* (1868); *Essays and Studies* (1875); *George Chapman* (1875); *A Study of Shakespeare* (1880); *A Study of Victor Hugo* (1886); *A Study of Ben Jonson* (1889); *Studies in Prose and Poetry* (1894); *Love's Cross Currents—a Year's Letters* (1905).

If a change of temper has come over English criticism since Mr Swinburne began to write, and if it has grown more sensitive and interpretative, it does not follow that our judgment of him will be more sure or conclusive than that which was passed on him forty years ago. We have, it is true, his collected poems before us, and can compare the ventures of youth with his later performances, and see the fulfilment of many things that a generation ago looked doubtful. But while, to his older critics, he appeared a portent, he is for us an almost too familiar figure. Having casually gauged his books as they severally appeared, we are in danger now of retaining as final our first imperfectly ranged impressions, without being able to view and review his work in its accumulation and magnitude. Add to this, that there is a change, not only in our criticism, but in the spirit of our poetry. Its art appears to be tending to become small and fine, nervous and experimental; and the energy and intellectual enthusiasm that sped it formerly on the grand errands of the imagination effect its lyric enlargement no longer. This tendency must react in some degree upon our practice of criticism, since criticism is apt, with all its science, to set the instrument to the focus of what is prevalent; and being prepared for delicate organisations, it hardly knows what to make of

an exceptional creature requiring a different field. Mr Swinburne, moreover, apart from the inconsiderate size of his poetic dimensions, is qualitatively, and even more so than in the days of his youth, an incompatible. A republican and an aristocrat in our mildly royal democracy, an idolater in a day of easy sympathies, and a great lover and hater, while we are mainly likers and dislikers, he refuses to come into conventional range. This makes it difficult to assign his exact place; and it is only the advantage he has momentarily afforded us, by compressing the bulk of some twenty separate volumes of poetry into a collected edition in six, which allows us to make the attempt with any hope of success. The companion edition of his tragedies has not advanced far enough at the time of writing to be of much service in this reconsideration.

Mr Swinburne himself, it happens, has not been silent in his prose intervals as to the attitude which the critic should adopt toward him and his art. It is enough to recall one sentence from his counterblast to the scornful reviewers of the year 1866, in which he said: 'I have never been able to see what should attract men to the profession of criticism but the noble pleasure of praising.' That is a pleasure which it can do no harm to indulge, within limits, in resuming acquaintance with his work; and, while one can hardly hope to renew on a second or third encounter all that went with the first astonishment over his art and lyric resource, there are ample critical compensations by the way. It is good, for instance, to be led to re-read 'Atalanta in Calydon' and 'Erechtheus' in direct sequence, as they may be read now in this collective edition; for originally some of Mr Swinburne's readers felt a certain disappointment over the 'Erechtheus,' expecting it to repeat the inimitable, unrepeatable strains of 'Atalanta.' Now they may be glad to find how well 'Erechtheus' accords with that Atalantan music, and how, under the antique Euripidean form, it gives to the modern world a new song of heroic death, one of the noblest hymns of patriotism ever sung. So, too, the 'Songs of the Springtides,' being brought into concert with their forerunners in the 'Songs of Two Nations,' and the Arthurian and the Border-ballad poems being newly accorded one with another, leave a fresh and heightened impression of their author's powers. The individual

verdict upon these writings must vary considerably with each man's taste; but it can hardly be doubted that, whatever be thought of their lapses or their extravagances, their total effect will be, for most of us, that of a poet who not only has successfully appealed from the nineteenth to the twentieth century, but will as surely appeal from the twentieth century to the high court of time.

In pursuing the argument for this verdict, one need not follow throughout the exact order of the collected volumes. It is usual, in advancing the extreme pitch of Mr Swinburne's art, to begin with his 'Atalanta in Calydon'; but, both because criticism still owes him reparation for its old treatment of the first series of his 'Poems and Ballads,' and because there are pages in that book which more vividly than any others recall the forms and the influences that equipped his early genius, we may be content to begin there, as the collected edition directs.

Considering and recasting this lyric book of the genius and the extravagance of youth, we may find in it a curious instance of what may come of reading the old poets, classic and medieval, not in an academic, but in a new and exceedingly perfervid way. Its strange music, its stranger language, forcibly and consciously broke with the accepted methods and vocabularies; for the new poet felt it as a challenge and an artistic reproach that, as he said in 'Dolores,'

'Old poets outsing and outlove us,
And Catullus makes mouths at our speech.'

The greatest poetical achievement in the book, the 'Laus Veneris,' revealed the strife of sense and spirit in a new vision of the ancient fable, which was of all its imaginative order surely the most intensely sensual, the most intensely spiritual. The pride of deadly sin sustained unto perdition, the knight's tragedy, the winter's interlude, provide motives and colours wonderfully wrought into its tapestry of rhyme.

'Lo, this is she that was the world's delight;
The old grey years were parcels of her might;
The strewings of the ways wherein she trod
Were the twain seasons of the day and night. . . .

Outside it must be winter among men ;
 For at the gold bars of the gates again
 I heard all night and all the hours of it
 The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.

Knights gather, riding sharp for cold ; I know
 The ways and woods are strangled with the snow.
 And with short song the maidens spin and sit
 Until Christ's birthnight, lily-like, arow. . . .

This wonderfully imagined poem was written before 'Atalanta in Calydon,' and probably before the year 1862. It was recited one day of that winter on the sands of Tynemouth, then a comparatively lonely place on the Northumbrian coast, when the young poet, not long escaped from Oxford, was on a visit to the Bell Scotts.

It must be remembered that these years of Mr Swinburne's emergence belong to a time of many agitations, a time when the rumours of a coming intellectual revolution were in the air. Ruskin was, in his own domain, the herald of its advance ; and many significant books, which look innocent enough to us now, appeared bold and ominous then. Even in prose fiction, works as unconventional as Charles Reade's 'Griffith Gaunt,' George Eliot's 'Felix Holt,' and an English version of Hugo's 'Travailleurs de la Mer,' were conspicuously carrying the new fashion of ideas afield ; and George Meredith's 'Vittoria' was running in the 'Fortnightly Review,' then edited by G. H. Lewes. One recalls, as still more notable, that Browning's 'Dramatis Personæ' had appeared in 1864, and that Robert Buchanan, then regarded as a potential new poet, published his 'London Poems' in 1866. In science, Tyndall, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer were revolutionaries ; and a fourth edition of Darwin's 'Origin of Species' appeared in that same year 1866. With Ruskin and Jowett at Oxford, with William Morris writing his 'Earthly Paradise' and working his way on to his coming protestation against an order where paradise was impossible ; with Rossetti's poems producing their effect in private ; and with Burne-Jones, Millais, Madox-Brown, Holman Hunt, bringing romance into art, one realises how full of new life and æsthetic provocation and encouragement were those days of the early sixties.

Any attempt made to trace the influences that gave Mr Swinburne his most individual early colours and rhythms must take great stock of his Oxford associations with D. G. Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and William Morris. There is an equivalent in poetry to the early Pre-raphaelite manner in painting; its worst and best characteristics are alike seen in 'Chastelard' and in the most mannered pages of the 'Poems and Ballads.' But when all is said that can be said of the petted conceits in the one and of the almost angry sensuality in the other, there is so fine a poetic residue, so large a fund of melody, creative power of phrase and epithet, and romantic imagination, that the attitude of the critics of 1866, who saw no merit anywhere, is to-day incomprehensible. Even the 'Athenæum,' which afterwards became Mr Swinburne's critical courier, spoke of the poems in the 1866 volume as 'insincere verses, without real music, without true colour'; about as queer a misconceit as angry critic ever found to hurl at offending poet. What one does seem to find in these ballads, under the 'precious' garb of the Pre-raphaelite and the Pre-spenserite, is a kind of barbaric force allied to the tempestuous sincerity of the young visionary who thinks to startle dull morality by revealing the naked passions. But, the more one considers Mr Swinburne's earlier verse, the more impressed one becomes with the sheer force and intellectual abundance which accompanied his lyric advent.

As it was this fecundity and exuberance which afterwards led him to accomplish feats of poetry, where to achieve too much technically is to run proverbial risks of diverting the reader's attention from the lyric god to the car in which he comes, it is worth note that already in this first volume the poet was a close and tireless artificer. He could pass from the 'Masque of Queen Bersabe' to the 'Song in time of Revolution,' and from new effects in hendecasyllabics to still more exacting pages of sapphics. And in the sea-sonorous lines of the 'Hymn to Proserpine' are to be surprised many of those ascents and cadences, typical of his art, which afterwards he used both for our delight and our confusion.

'Thou art more than the day or the morrow, the seasons
that laugh or that weep;

For these give joy and sorrow; but thou, Proserpina, sleep.

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Sweet is the treading of wine, and sweet the feet of the dove;

But a goodlier gift is thine than foam of the grapes or love.
Yea, is not even Apollo, with hair and harpstring of gold,
A bitter god to follow, a beautiful god to behold?

In one of his prose pages upon 'Mary Stuart,' Mr Swinburne speaks of 'Chastelard' as in some sort an academic exercise, dating back to his last year at Oxford; but it has something of the unacademic excess of all his early writing, and it is surely unique prentice work. Here, at beginning, he is almost wholly preoccupied with the amorist's theme, love's tragedy, and tends to reduce all the play of life to a lover's litany or a lover's duet, with a few variations. His Mary Stuart has been called a Scottish Hesione.

'I am the queen Hesione.

The seasons that increased in me

Made my face fairer than all men's.

I had the summer in my hair;

And all the pale gold autumn air

Was as the habit of my sense.

My body was as fire that shone;

God's beauty that makes all things one

Was one among my handmaidens.'

But, if one had to go to the 'Masque of Queen Bersabe' for her prototype, one ought rather to have chosen another—let us say Ephraim's queen, Ephrath. In 'Chastelard' Mary Stuart is little better than her enemies called her, and there is no saving grace of true love in her. But the play, a dramatic study of an exorbitant and wholly loyal poor lover devoted to a great lady who is less womanly than the meanest *petite maîtresse*, is a most amazingly vivid thing. The opening scene in that 'upper chamber in Holyrood' (destined to do much service afterwards on Mr Swinburne's stage) with the 'four Maries, the first of them singing a chanson to induct love's apologue,' is a singular piece of Preraphaelite fantasy. Mary Seyton's speech (Act i, Sc. 1) about the passing figure of John Knox,

'That is Master Knox;

He carries all these folk within his skin,

Bound up as 'twere between the brows of him

Like a bad thought . . .'

recalls how effectively he is used to intensify the moral tragedy in later passages of the 'Mary Stuart' trilogy, and how he preached from Ezekiel, one of Mr Swinburne's favourite Old Testament nurture books; how, too, in the last act of 'Chastelard,' he prompts one of the three citizens who are there colloquing to picture the 'men of Pharaoh's' in lines which illustrate their writer's early preciosity of style:—

'The bountiful fair men, the courteous men,
The delicate men with delicate feet, that went
Curling their small beards Agag-fashion, yea,
Pruning their mouths to nibble words behind
With pecking at God's skirts.'

As if specially designed to enable us to trace the stages of Mr Swinburne's dramatic ripening, it happens that the first and the last scene of 'Chastelard' are enacted at the same window; and the last, which is the death-scene of Chastelard, and yet again the death-scene of the Queen at the end of the whole trilogy, tragically rhyme with and complete one another. Comparison of these scenes, early and late, discovers how, at the end of 'Chastelard,' the dramatist drops his extravagantly figurative manner and steps clear; and then the result is such writing as we have not often had in the last century's remarkable roll of unacted poetic tragedies.

'Chastelard' and some two thirds of the first series of 'Poems and Ballads' ought to be read before 'Atalanta in Calydon,' if the reader would try to set right the chronology and artistic succession of Mr Swinburne's earlier writings. In attempting it he will discern the uniting and inweaving of two old poetries, Hebrew and Greek, by a new and original and vividly creative English craftsman, without being able to say precisely by what magic it is accomplished. Enough to know that their perfect commixture is to be found in 'Atalanta in Calydon,' many lyric passages of which are full of biblical phrases and images, as for example:—

'Not with cleaving of shields
And their clash in thine ear,
When the lord of fought fields
Breaketh spearshaft from spear,
Thou art broken, our lord, thou art broken, with
travail and labour and fear.'

This radiant chorus suggests how naturally Mr Swinburne's English discipleship in song led to his resumption of Shelley's unconventional methods and poetic ideas; and the reference to 'the Acroceraunian sword' in the chorus quoted above, lends the suggestion something like certainty. A hater of tyrants in all things, Mr Swinburne soon broke with 'the tyranny of Iambe,' so far as she threatened his own metrical freedom, even more conclusively than Shelley had done, but never more magically than with this form of winged stanza, often repeated:—

'Would the winds blow me back

Or the waves hurl me home?

Ah, to touch in the track

Where the pine learnt to roam

Cold girdles and crowns of the sea-gods, cool blossoms
of water and foam!

Upon 'Atalanta in Calydon,' best known of all the poet's larger works, we will attempt no fresh criticism. Its lyric beauty has permanently enlarged the compass of English poetry; and the famous book with which he crowned his first period, the 'Songs before Sunrise,' represents, since it attempts a harder lyric achievement, an equally miraculous feat. In its pages one sees him taking up the heroic argument touched in at least two poems of his first book of 'Poems and Ballads,' and enlarged and made articulate in his 'Song of Italy.' Four or five of the 'Songs before Sunrise' have indeed passed into the texture of that very revolt which saved the nineteenth century, or its latter half, from the oncoming of an intellectual decline. The over-emphasis that outran argument, and the crudity of the denunciatory passages, were balanced by the power of conveying human aspirations, strong and sombre emotions, and hopes and fears, displayed in the new litanies, odes, and marching-songs of this remarkable book. In its pages one finds the metrical advance fully matched by the poet's revolutionary intrepidity of idea; and the poems have a lyric largesse, a fervour of idiom, that were new to our poetry. This time of the poet's first period includes, we must not forget, the publication of his first prose-book—that on the most childlike revolutionary poet who ever wrote and painted, William Blake.

There the fashion of antithetic prose which Mr Swinburne afterwards elaborated and made into a formal vehicle, is not yet apparent; but he lets us into some notable secrets of his art, and discovers many of his literary sympathies and predilections; and in telling of Blake's treatment by the 'Examiner' in 1803, he sets us pondering and wondering again over his own treatment by the critical journals sixty-three years later.

Three years after 'Songs before Sunrise' came 'Bothwell'—most interminable of play-books! 'Mon drame épique,' Mr Swinburne called it in commending it to his French master in song; and if the epic at times kills the drama in it, and the history overwhelms the poetry, the dramatic life and the poetic sense, everything considered, are surprisingly maintained. Misproportioned, long-drawn as it is, it is in essentials a marked advance on 'Chastelard.' Probably 'Bothwell' would be a better-known play if its 'book' were not so good: that is to say, if it had wholly and unreadably bad acts and scenes they might enhance by contrast its better parts; but the monster is a consistently well-behaved monster—a monster full of guile too, as is shown in the succession of episodes that might be considered psychological, from the love-scene between Bothwell and the Queen in Act i, Sc. 1, to the scene of their parting, in Act iv, Sc. 3, at Carberry Hill, or to that stranger scene in Act v where Queen Mary asks,

'Have I lived,
Since I came here in shadow and storm, three days
Out of the storm and shadow?'

Darnley's dream in Act ii, where, responding to Nelson's 'You have slept seven hours,' he says, 'I have been seven years in hell'; and his last cry for mercy,

'Out of her hands, God, God, deliver me!'

mark an art and dramatic idea very different from that contrived in 'Chastelard'; while the Queen's speech to Lady Lochleven, in a later passage, shows an extraordinary advance in humane emotion and in delicate simplicity of style:—

'Ay, we were fools, we Maries twain, and thought
To be into the summer back again

And see the broom blow in the golden world,
 The gentle broom on hill. For all men's talk
 And all things come and gone, yet, yet I find
 I am not tired of that I see not here—
 The sun, and the large air, and the sweet earth,
 And the hours that hum like fireflies on the hills
 As they burn out and die, and the bowed heaven,
 And the small clouds that swim and swoon i' the sun,
 And the small flowers.'

But a play that is an epic produces its favours in vain. It is no use pleading with a generation that is turning its theatres into peep-shows and its literature into anecdote on behalf of a history in blank-verse, five hundred pages long. It is psychological history—the moods, the impulses, the meditative approaches to action rather than action itself—that gives to 'Bothwell' its real interest, an interest which the students of Mr Swinburne's work will find sufficient, but which, one fears, will not avail to give it the wider vogue of its author's lyric verse. 'Bothwell' was dedicated in a French sonnet to Victor Hugo, whose power and stimulus for his disciple lasted long. A passage from Mr Swinburne's prose-study of Hugo—a volume which forms a kind of half-way house in his own poetical journey—may carry us past the difficulties that beset the chronicler who would like to deal as greatly with Mr Swinburne's plays as he did with his great master's. It is that very characteristic passage in which he is pronouncing on the last act of 'Torquemada.'

'The last act would indeed be too cruel for endurance if it were not too beautiful for blame. But not the Inquisition itself was more inevitably inexorable than is the spiritual law, the unalterable and immitigable instinct, of tragic poetry at its highest. Dante could not redeem Francesca, Shakespeare could not rescue Cordelia. To none of us, we must think, can the children of a great poet's divine imagination seem dearer or more deserving of mercy than they seemed to their creator; but, when poetry demands their immolation, they must die, that they may live for ever' (p. 105).

This brings up again the consideration of the whole treatment by Mr Swinburne of the one creature of his dramatic fantasy who is most likely to live with and through his art, Mary Stuart. But before we turn to the

third play which he devoted to her queenly and unqueenly fortunes and catastrophe, we have to speak of the first of those remarkable critical books, including that on Chapman (published in the year after 'Bothwell') and that on Shakespeare (published in the year before 'Mary Stuart'), in which he disclosed his profound Elizabethan sympathies, betrayed inferentially much of his own dramatic strength and weakness, and powerfully contributed to the Victorian revival of the Elizabethan poets and dramatists.

We have no quarrel to pick with Mr Swinburne the critic on account of the violence of his method. His function is not to interpret but to enlarge his authors. He magnifies Hugo by at least ten diameters, and makes Shakespeare into a sun-god. But therein he accomplishes one most important function of criticism, that of stimulating anew an interest live and strong in his authors. Either he fires by his enthusiasm, or he provokes by his over-zeal, a new and invigorating set of acquiescent or contrary opinions. In any case he does not let his readers sleep, as do some of the urbane and uninspired critics who are our recognised spokesmen to-day. Nevertheless, in spite of what he says about the gods and the giants in the eloquent opening to his study of Ben Jonson, he is more successful in playing the strict game, or, let us say, practising the mere science, of the critic when he is dealing with his giants, Jonson and Chapman to wit, than with his gods, Shakespeare and Hugo. At the mere workaday business of criticism Mr Swinburne is admirable; he writes of novels, of Charles Reade's for example, with the technical intelligence of a novelist, although it has been said no born novelist could ever have written his own epistolary novel, now republished and fully acknowledged—'Love's Cross Currents.' This we have known better in its original 'Tatler' form as 'A Year's Letters,' reprinted by that 'Golden Pirate' of Maine, Mr Mosher (may his piracies never be worse inspired!). If it is a failure as a novel *en grande tenue*, it is yet a remarkable fiction and a distinguished piece of literature, written in a rich, pregnant, and sonorous style, and showing veritable creative ability and uncanny powers of observation in a young man of twenty-five. From it let us cull, in passing, one example to illustrate Mr

Swinburne's capacity for descriptive prose. Amy, he writes,

'makes a delicious double to her baby, lying in a tumbled tortuous nest, or net of hair with golden linings, with tired, relieved eyes and a face that flashes and subsides every five minutes with a weary pleasure—she glitters and undulates at every sight of the child as if it were the sun, and she water in the light of it. . . . She and the baby were born at one birth, and knew each as much as the other of the people and things that went on before that.'

In all his criticism, as in all his dramatic writing and creative work, the moment, the flash of inspiration, comes to him with a lyric dilatation of phrase. But, it must be confessed, his critical work suffers thereby. The critic cannot put off the vesture of the bard; the poet still pervades the essayist. Hence the effort, conscious or unconscious, still to find an equivalent to the strophic and antistrophic effects of the lyric page, an effort which produces that brilliant but often oppressive prose in which he has conveyed his literary preferences and repugnances. And these preferences and repugnances are definite and strong. Whatever else he is, Mr Swinburne is always a partisan; and he gets his effects time after time by setting up a real or imaginary opposition. To praise the gods he has to set up *per contra* a family of giants; to praise Shakespeare he has to prove Ben Jonson the poet uninspired; to exalt the prose of Ben Jonson he must needs depreciate Bacon's essays. And if this tendency affects his criticism, it also reacts on his dramatic art. He cannot envisage his most ordinary characters unless he conceives them, sympathetically or antagonistically, as forensic disputants. He has a great feeling for humour, as his book on Ben Jonson and his other writings on the English masters of humour prove; but he rarely calls it in at any dramatic exigency to lighten or reveal human nature.

The third part of the 'Mary Stuart' trilogy did not appear till 1881, and in the interval had appeared three remarkable books of song; but we prefer, lest we should have done less than justice to Mr Swinburne the dramatist, to add now our tribute to his most complete piece of dramatic art, for which even 'Bothwell' seems only the

experiment and the preparation. In 'Mary Stuart' it is the use of Mary Beaton as emotional foil and companion and love's apparitor to the Queen that we should choose as the one significant instance to prove the reality of Mr Swinburne's dramatic imagination at its highest. The scene where Mary Beaton is with her at Fotheringay, and is bidden to sing and sings Chastelard's song while considering, in behoof of love's conscience, whether to strike or no, was singled out for praise long since. It is as fine a scene as the later English drama that is both literary and romantic can show; it makes clear what many pages of criticism could not deliver. It is the Queen who is speaking, and she says,

'I could now
Find in my heart to bid thee, as the Jews
Were once bid sing in their captivity
One of their songs of Sion, sing me now,
If one thou knowest, for love of that far time,
One of our songs of Paris.'

And then Mary Beaton replying drops, as she remembers Chastelard and the letter, into an aside:—

'. . . if she think but one soft thought,
Cast one poor word upon thee, God thereby
Shall surely bid me let her live; if none,
I shoot that letter home and sting her dead.
God strengthen me to sing but these words through
Though I fall dumb at end for ever. Now:

(*She sings*)

Après tant de jours, après tant de pleurs,
Soyez secourable à mon âme en peine.
Voyez comme Avril fait l'amour aux fleurs;
Dame d'amour, dame aux belles couleuvres,
Dieu vous a fait belle, Amour vous fait reine.

Rions, je t'en prie; aimons, je le veux.
Le temps fuit et rit et ne revient guère
Pour baiser le bout de tes blonds cheveux,
Pour baiser tes cils, ta bouche et tes yeux,
L'amour n'a qu'un jour auprès de sa mère.

MARY STUART: Nay, I should once have known that
song, thou say'st,
And him that sang it and should now be dead:

Was it—but his rang sweeter—was it not
Remy Belleau?

MARY BEATON: (My letter—here at heart!) (*Aside.*)
I think it might be—were it better writ
And courtlier phrased, with Latin spice cast in,
And a more tunable descant.

MARY STUART: Ay; how sweet
Sang all the world about those stars that sang
With Ronsard for the strong midstar of all,
His bay-bound head all glorious with grey hairs,
Who sang my birth and bridal! When I think
Of those French years, I only seem to see
A light of swords and singing, only hear
Laughter of love and lovely stress of lutes,
And in between the passion of them borne
Sound of swords crossing ever, as of feet
Dancing, and life and death still equally
Blithe and bright-eyed from battle. Haply now
My sometime sister, mad Queen Madge, is grown
As grave as I should be, and wears at waist
No hearts of last year's lovers any more
Enchased for jewels, round her girdlestead,
But rather beads for penitence; yet I doubt
Time should not more abash her heart than mine,
Who live not heartless yet. . . . (Act iv, Sc. 2).

The year in which 'Mary Stuart' appeared, and the years preceding and succeeding, were the three climacteric years of Mr Swinburne's prime. In 1880 appeared his 'Studies in Song' and his 'Songs of the Springtides,' his 'Study of Shakespeare' and his 'Heptalogia'; while 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' one of the most lovely and sumptuous of all the ornate Arthurian tapestries woven by the English poets, followed in 1882, 'Mary Stuart' crowning the middle year. And, since we have had to remember Mr Swinburne at odds with the critics, it is worth while to note that, at this time of the full flowering of his genius, he had his compensation in encountering a wholly sympathetic critic, who was, as every true critic of poetry ought to be, a poet himself, and who made straight the path of appreciation. It would in any case be impossible to estimate the later influences which have affected his writing without recalling what has gradually become a friendship unique in English literature. But one is tempted to wonder, in remembering the terms of

the criticism directed by the one friend upon the lyric volumes of the other, how far this influence contributed, as Hugo's influence had formerly contributed, to decide Mr Swinburne's fixed and final habit of poetry.

The impression decidedly gains upon one, in ransacking this collected edition of the poems, that, after the period closed by his new deliverance of the heroic couplet in 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' Mr Swinburne injured his art by the frequent excess of his metrical artifice, especially by his use of the accelerated beat in the line and his love for dancing measures. We do not imply, however, that the inspired critic who has been his chosen exponent has tempted him to indulge his taste for free rhythms and the intoxicating 'triple-lilt.' We reject the ingenious notion that a contemporary criticism, which, by its blame in other hands, had hurt the poet at his outset, now misled him by its praise at his heyday; and we account for this strophic excess by the simple fact that in his case the lyric impulse, which rather fails most poets in mid-career, persisted with abnormal force and resiliency. And then, as regards our acceptance of a music continued beyond the usual term of our own susceptibility to its effects, we ought to remember that Mr Swinburne's earlier verse had, through his very emphasis and his power to enforce his favourite rhymes and allocutions on the ear, made it extremely difficult for him to continue the same method without an undue strain on the receptive faculty, oral and mental, of his hearers. There were idioms, allusions, rhymes, rhetorical mannerisms, inversions, and definite metrical tunes, which he could, as a still practising craftsman, go on repeating only at his peril.

Let us turn back to one of the loveliest poems in the early volumes, his 'Forsaken Garden,' in which his double rhyming and his euphonic strategy are perfectly wedded to the subject, and we shall see how its writer must inevitably, in a succession of such poems, exhaust the iterative possibilities of its typical rhymes and unforgettable cadences.

'All are at one now, roses and lovers,

Not known of the cliffs and the field and the sea.

Not a breath of the time that has been hovers

In the air now soft with a summer to be.

Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
 Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.'

Here are many effects of what Professor Sylvester would have us call 'syzygy' (an ugly word not to be confused with the original term applied by the Greek prosodists to combined 'quantities'); and, while they are applied after a fashion more in keeping with a Celtic than an English tradition of poetry, their use is warranted in this poem, as in many other of Mr Swinburne's poems, by the success of the lyric illusion they enable him to obtain. But in this particular instance the poet, delightfully accorded and possessed with his subject, brings his stanzaic melody to a natural close at the tenth return. In other poems, drawn by a too fertile theme, or exalted by his own great pleasure over some self-imposed feat beyond what ordinary poets would deem the last endurance of 'poetic pains,' he has forgotten the limits of the reader's concurrent interest, and has multiplied his verses to the brink of distraction. Probably he does not realise that ears, not sensitive like his own to a tune within a tune or to a delicate vowel echo made the bell-leader to a 'syzygy' of consonants, very soon reach exhaustion point. Then it is that their ungrateful possessors, being unable to attend any longer to the lyric argument, are apt to declare, half peevishly it may be, half in self-

defence, that there was no argument or no sensible progression of ideas there. Other readers and critics have gone further, and concluded outright that the poet's intellectual qualities were not equal to his lyric equipment; but the evidence of his intellectual resource in other kinds of writing, dramatic and critical, contradicts this theory of Mr Swinburne's mind and art. Where then, outside the limitations of his own temperament, can we turn for any dominant influence, any master in command of his lyric fantasy and poetic imagination, that can account for his occasional failure? Where are we to look for the master-spirit that has both inspired his highest lyric achievement and urged him to overleap his art? To answer that we may best echo his own words, where he says:—

'Thou wast father of olden
Times hailed and adored,
And the sense of thy golden
Great harp's monochord

Was the joy in the soul of the singers that hailed
thee for master and lord.'

This 'master and lord' is the sea; and the sea's is the influence that has counted most, and has lasted longest, in his history, both for good and evil. We find it very distinctly in the first of these six volumes, and we find it strong and resonant almost to the very end of the last. Indeed, 'A Midsummer Holiday,' in the sixth volume, contains some of the most memorable passages that we could find to quote in the poet's sea-testament; and nothing in all Mr Swinburne's critical writing is more striking than the page in which he contrasts Victor Hugo's poems of the joy of earth with his sea-songs, and then turns from the lines that begin,

'La terre est calme auprès de l'océan grondeur;
La terre est belle, . . .'

to those in which the sea's defiance is cast as a challenge to the hopes and dreams of mankind:—

'Je suis la vaste mêlée,
Reptile, étant l'onde, ailée,
Étant le vent;

Force et fuite, haine et vie,
Houle immense, poursuiwie,
Et poursuivant.'

The motion of the sea, says Mr Swinburne, was 'never till now so perfectly done into words as in these three last lines!' But he detects that in Hugo the sea-passion was not an inborn one, as it certainly was in himself. For, the son of a great sea-captain and admiral (and a friend, by the way, of Hugo's Admiral Canaris), Mr Swinburne might claim, if any island poet who ever lived could claim it, that the sea-passion was his birth-right. 'Friend,' he might have said to Hugo as he said to a more congenial sea-lover afterwards,

'Friend, earth is a harbour of refuge for winter, a covert whereunder to flee

When day is the vassal of night, and the strength of the hosts of her mightier than he;

But here is the presence adored of me, here my desire is at rest and at home.

There are cliffs to be climbed upon land, there are ways to be trodden and ridden: but we

Strike out from the shore as the heart in us bids and beseeches, athirst for the foam' (vol. vi, p. 20).

'In Guernsey,' again, reveals not only its writer's continual sea-obsession, but in a very marked metrical contrast the sea-change, so to term it, in his verse-writing from the iambic to the more fluid metres which have been the glory and, if we are right, sometimes the bane too, of his later verse. And turning to what must be considered Mr Swinburne's *apologia* (although, indeed, it is about as apologetic as Talbot's retort to the French before Rouen), to the 'Dedicatory Epistle' of this collected edition, we find nothing there more significant than the page which speaks of 'the matchless magic, the ineffable fascination,' of the sea. There is indeed a particular accent, an unmistakable rapture, an increase of eloquence, at all times in his writing when he turns in verse or in prose from other things to this, his supreme subject. It has empowered him to give to English poetry a new emotion; but he has only done so at some sacrifice of those older, human, greatly commotive themes with which his lyric and dramatic art has dealt. His major

forces and his high creative impulses have, since 'Mary Stuart,' been mainly devoted to the splendidly impossible feat of providing continual lyric change for the most monotonous theme in existence. The sea, in truth, is a sublime but dangerous master for the imagination because of its inevitable monotone; and that is perhaps why most sailors lose their mental susceptibility after a few voyages and become reduced to two ideas.

But, lest we be tempted to indulge too far this theory of Mr Swinburne's art, let us turn again to the field where human nature makes for continual variety, and to his later dramatic adventures, including the plays of 1885 and 1887, 'Marino Faliero' and 'Lochrine.' One more than half suspects that his temperamental dislike of Byron and his contempt for Byron's treatment of the same subject had a good deal to do with his choice of the exacting tale of the pride of age presented in the first of these plays. Byron was no dramatist, but he took vigorous advantage of some openings which were barred to his successor. The most effective scene in Mr Swinburne's tragedy, however, all considered, is that in Act 3, where Marino Faliero receives the news of Steno's light sentence, an episode which Byron turned to account with obvious sensation at the very beginning of the play. It is because of the heroic emotion with which Mr Swinburne has suffused the later Acts, and the noble poetry he has embroidered upon the theme, that one remembers his setting in conclusive preference to Byron's. The later dramatist's last Act is imaginatively wrought, and the device of the Latin hymn, filling and defining the pauses of Marino Faliero's last speeches, brings again a welcome lyric relief to the scene; but the speeches are too long for either the ordinary or the ideal stage, and it is significant that the Doge's patriotic emotion and his unquenchable desire 'to redeem Venice' leave one thinking more of the fate of the doomed city than of that of the doomed man.

If 'Marino Faliero' is more poem than drama, 'Lochrine' may well be considered *en suite*, for it is a play-book to interest the poet's fellow-craftsmen almost exclusively. Here, indeed, he who of all our poets has been the most tirelessly and even provokingly set on inventing fresh metrical problems for himself, has written a tragedy whose rhymed lines often arbitrarily assume

the sonnet order and sequence. And yet, if one could get rid of one's anxiety or one's curiosity to see what metrical eccentricity the poet was going next to contrive, it is a play artistically, and, to those who care for old British and Celtic themes in new attire, even movingly wrought. It was a still harder problem that the dramatist, having regard to his canon of the art, set himself in 'The Sisters.' This tragedy, he tells us,

'is the only modern English play I know in which realism in the reproduction of natural dialogue and accuracy in the representation of natural intercourse between men and women of gentle birth and breeding have been found or made compatible with expression in genuine if simple blank-verse.'

An interesting experiment, then, by the most unwearying of artists and attempters of the impossible, the result is such as to suggest a modern problem-play written by a weary Elizabethan who remembers his Seneca and has survived to dislike the Victorian stage and all its Ibsenism. It is much easier to accept the final catastrophe of 'Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards,' which Mr Swinburne shaped anew for her story, than that of 'The Sisters'; but neither is wholly convincing. However, whether one accepts his treatment of the old story or the new that forms the tragic theme in these two latest of his dramatic essays, their relative success or failure will hardly help one to decide their writer's full powers in this region. Nor need it affect the general verdict upon his plays, namely, that they are the work of a dramatic artist who, if he had but enjoyed the Elizabethan opportunity and the stimulating fellowship they seem to ask for him, would have acquitted himself with the best of his fellows; failing which, having had in his day only a Victorian opportunity and a Victorian stage intolerant of poetry, he has written plays which are artistically lost—lost, that is, to the stage, whatever be their fate as printed poetry.

However, even if we should, in establishing the real base for his fame, reject all Mr Swinburne's plays, we should have in what would be left a lyric and poetic remnant far richer and larger than the whole contribution of many famous English poets. From this part of his writing sounds, no doubt, most clear the individual voice by which the world will now and hereafter recognise

him in England's antiphon. It is to be found in a love-song like 'The Oblation,' which a younger love-poet, writing from Italy, characterised lately in a letter to the present reviewer as 'surely the most beautiful love-song in all time.' It is found in the opening couplets that tell of the Sailing of the Swallow, in 'Tristram of Lyonesse':—

'About the middle music of the spring
 Came from the castled shore of Ireland's king
 A fair ship stoutly sailing, eastward bound
 And south by Wales and all its wonders round
 To the loud rocks and ringing reaches home
 That take the wild wrath of the Cornish foam,
 Past Lyonesse unswallowed of the tides
 And high Carlion that now the steep sea hides
 To the wind-hollowed heights and gusty bays
 Of sheer Tintagel, fair with famous days.
 Above the stem a gilded swallow shone,
 Wrought with straight wings and eyes of glittering stone
 As flying sunward oversea, to bear
 Green summer with it through the singing air,
 And on the deck between the rowers at dawn,
 As the bright sail with brightening wind was drawn,
 Sat with full face against the strengthening light
 Iseult, more fair than foam or dawn was white.'

Its accent is clear in a choice few of his sonnets; and among them in that luminously-phrased and impulsively rhymed sonnet dedicatory to the 'Tristram' volume, addressed to Mr Watts-Dunton, and in the finest of those addressed to the Elizabethan men, or inspired by Browning's death.

It sounds, too, in the child-poems, transparent and tender, such as one that might be quoted from his 'Dark Month,' or another from his very latest book. It is found most characteristically of all, and most unmistakably, in a full score of sea-poems like 'A Swimmer's Dream,' whose opening is a triumph of natural imagination and of the musical suggestion that can transcend the verbal medium of verse:—

'Dawn is dim on the dark soft water,
 Soft and passionate, dark and sweet.
 Love's own self was the deep sea's daughter,
 Fair and flawless from face to feet,

Hailed of all when the world was golden,
 Loved of lovers whose names beholden
 Thrill men's eyes as with light of olden
 Days more glad than their flight was fleet.

So they sang: but for men that love her,
 Souls that hear not her word in vain,
 Earth beside her and heaven above her
 Seem but shadows that wax and wane.
 Softer than sleep's are the sea's caresses,
 Kinder than love's that betrays and blesses,
 Blither than spring's when her flowerful tresses
 Shake forth sunlight and shine with rain.'

It is found again in the new magic got out of a very unlikely metre in the sea-poem called 'Ex Voto.' But we might multiply these instances without arriving finally at any deductive explanation of the lyric incidence of Mr Swinburne's genius, or at any certain determination of the line drawn between his true and his forced inspiration. Let us remember, in excuse, what he himself said once, in the essay on Wordsworth and Byron, that 'analysis may be able to explain how the colours of this flower of poetry are created and combined, but never by what process its odour is produced'; and again, 'the test of the highest poetry is that it eludes all tests.'

There are many pages in his poetry which are, without doubt, logically and critically indefensible: there are many in his superlative prose quite as impossible, which have yet had the subtle power to live and justify themselves to the instinctive lover of poetry and the poets. And even in those less assured, intemperate or manifestly forced rhetorical pages, which have clouded his art and obscured his fame, there is a continual sense of a poet who has loved poetry, and the passions and the aspirations that fire it, and the great masters who have sustained it, with the true enkindling enthusiasm of genius, creative, organic, and splendidly if extravagantly superabundant.

But, with a change of criticism, it is still, as was said, too early a day to establish definitely all the lines of Mr Swinburne's claim as a contemporary writer and a poet in time. He was a signal recruit to the men who might be called the Victorian humanists, those who

broke up, or tried to break up, the cautious fence of the orthodoxy of forty years ago. The documents that he contributed, that seemed so revolutionary then—his poetic tracts to convert the pious, his ballads to excite evil passions, his bombs thrown into the fool's paradise of the day—have long lost all their offensive quality, lost all, we may say, but that which their artistic vitality gave to them; and the poet who was considered Italianate, Gallic, everything that was anti-English, has proved as time has gone on to be passionately patriotic, with the Viking's sea-spirit and all the tastes of the fierce islander, one, in fact, in whom many of our barbaric poetic instincts are perpetuated. For Mr Swinburne has hated those who have seemed to him his country's enemies with a Hebraic, prophetic hatred. A Czar of the Russias has made him rhetorical, a Dutchman impious; and yet he is a republican, as the barons set against King John were premature republicans. In spite of this, or because of it, he has continued into our day the heroic tradition in poetry, and has been the last true rhapsodist carried away incontinently without appeal upon the lyric stream. Similarly his criticism has been an ecstasy of homage, an idolatry—his Victor Hugo a Titan, his Shakespeare a deity. If this is so in his prose, it is not wonderful that his poetry appears to have all the faults and all the qualities that English poetry ever learnt from Marlowe to Rossetti. He may be, as he has been termed, a Greek, an Elizabethan, an ancient Hebrew; he is in no respect an Edwardian. But anomaly and incongruity as he must be accounted, he is a master, a great poet, an 'immortal,' one of the last of those men of force who still arose in our last century literature, and whose type the present century hardly seems able or inclined to perpetuate.

Art. IX.—A COURTIER OF JAMES THE SECOND.

1. *The Adventures of King James II of England.* By the author of 'A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby.' With an Introduction by the Right Rev. F. A. Gasquet, D.D. London: Longmans, 1904.
2. *Memoirs of Thomas, Earl of Ailesbury, written by himself.* Two vols. Roxburghe Club, 1890.

THE changes and chances of the Stewart fortunes have found almost endless expression in recent literature; but, hitherto, the inveterate distaste entertained by the average Englishman for the memory of James II has precluded that monarch's career from receiving the attention lavished on others of his race. This is the more noteworthy since few sovereigns have encountered greater hazards. Indeed, from the battle of Edgehill, where, as a child of nine, the Duke of York narrowly escaped capture by Parliamentary troopers, to that other stricken field, when the old king turned his horse's head away from the Boyne, James's life was rich in dramatic incidents.

It is always profitable to review our beliefs or prejudices. As regards the patron of Jeffreys and the penitent of Petre, that opportunity is now furnished us in the eminently readable 'Adventures of King James II.'

Dr Gasquet, whose utterances always deserve consideration, argues in his Introduction (p. xvii) that it is scant justice to condemn a man 'on a mere fraction of the entire span of life,' and 'that the few years of James's reign form but a passing episode of the whole story.' This may be sound morality for private individuals, but in that 'passing episode' the immemorial rights and liberties of a people well-nigh foundered. Nor, bravely as James fought under Turenne, and excellent head clerk as he proved at the Admiralty, can such creditable, though not unusual, performances obliterate the memory of the Bloody Assize.

The author of the 'Adventures of James II' has laid the Earl of Ailesbury's 'Memoirs' under contribution to establish the debatable virtues of his hero. Ailesbury was a staunch Jacobite and paid the penalty of his loyalty in long years of exile. Indeed he idolised the

house of Stewart and ascribed Charles II's premature decease to the Almighty's retribution on the nation's sins. 'The good God,' he seriously says, 'thought us not worthy of those blessings. His will be done.' After such an epitaph on the Merry Monarch, it is not surprising to find that Lord Ailesbury regarded James 'as the most honest and sincere man he ever knew, a great and good Englishman and a high protector of trade.' Nevertheless, apart from the question of divine right, Ailesbury was not devoid of shrewdness; and his 'Memoirs' are a quarry of anecdote and information. In his ingenuous pages we obtain a view of court and councillors as they appeared to a typical noble of the period; and, taken as a whole, despite his protestations, no record is perhaps more unfavourable to James.

Born in 1655, Thomas, Lord Bruce, was the eldest surviving son of Robert, Earl of Elgin in the peerage of Scotland—created Earl of Ailesbury in 1663 for his services in promoting the Resteration—and of Diana, daughter of Henry, Earl of Stamford. Although the first Earl of Ailesbury was himself no mean scholar, he preferred the company of his heir to the lad's education. Thomas Bruce never quitted the paternal mansion for school or college, and, when he attained man's estate, sadly realised that his ignorance would hamper him in any but a court career, where, he candidly observes, 'learning was not in any lustre.' It is vain, therefore, to seek in Bruce's writings the rhythmic flow, the incisive and felicitous phrase, that frequently mark the prose of his more cultivated contemporaries. It must, in fact, be confessed that the worthy historian was in this respect an exception to his age, when a tincture of literature was no uncommon attribute of nobleman or courtier.

But, if there is scant grace in Ailesbury's 'Memoirs,' their vividness and evident sincerity make ample atonement for a halting style. Moreover, Bruce's reminiscences are of real interest. Twice did he live in the very heart of the storm. He held Charles's hand while he lay dying. He received the parting injunctions of James II before that monarch stole through the back-door of his lodgings at Rochester to rejoin the fishing-smack that carried him to France. In their nurseries at York House he shared

the childish romps of two future queens of Great Britain. Henrietta, Lady Wentworth, perhaps the most tragic figure of the time, was his first love. James of Monmouth, 'her husband in the sight of God,' as the infatuated duke declared himself, was Bruce's best friend. In later years the monotony of exile was relieved by the charming intercourse, the graceful though empty courtesies, of the great Duke of Marlborough. And it may be said that his connexion with the house of Stewart outlived the grave, since his great-granddaughter became the wife of the luckless Charles Edward.

As for the man himself, it is impossible not to regard him with something akin to affection. In truth, the happy mortal who could enlist such diverse champions as Queen Mary and Mrs Bracegirdle cannot have been destitute of charm. Despite no inconsiderable talent for 'contriving'—as he euphemistically terms the most elaborate intrigues—Thomas Bruce was, in his private capacity, an essentially honest gentleman at a period when, and in a position where, the species had well-nigh disappeared. It is true that he had no more scruple in taking the oath of allegiance to William III than he had in breaking it. But under the conflicting strain of the duty owed to Cæsar and the native instincts of the common-sense, law-abiding Englishman, there was many a strange juggle with conscience. Indeed, the inconsistencies between the good lord's ethics and his conduct supply that touch of nature that makes all ages kin.

Position, fortune, a great and happy marriage contracted with Lady Elizabeth Seymour, the daughter of a house as royalist as his own, early combined to make Bruce an eligible candidate for preferment at Whitehall. Charles II conceived a liking for the loyal young giant, and shortly before his death appointed him Lord of the Bedchamber. It was into Bruce's arms that Charles fell when overtaken by his fatal seizure, and it was Bruce who then summoned the Duke of York to his brother, and in such hot haste that James reached the king's bedside shod 'with one shoe and one slipper.'

Subsequent events proved that James II had no more devoted subject than Thomas Bruce; but with Charles's life the young lord declared that all his joys in a court ceased. James had indeed graciously assured Bruce

'that he needed no man to solicit for him'; but the sequel proved that no greater dependence could be placed on the new sovereign's private utterances than on the memorable proclamation, which at his accession elicited frantic demonstrations of loyalty from a deluded nation. Bruce was not reappointed to the bedchamber; and, though he carried the royal train at the coronation, the honour was too costly to be generally coveted. Nevertheless, James did not scruple to avail himself of the good offices of that *rara avis*, a devoted though discarded courtier. He entrusted Bruce with the task of calling a general meeting of members of Parliament, to induce them to settle on him the same revenue as that enjoyed by his predecessor. Bruce would gladly have excused himself on the score of youth and inexperience. The king, however, was firm; and the only sign of wounded pride Lord Bruce permitted himself was to make a 'low, serious bow,' when James, somewhat tactlessly, remarked that, 'not being at court, it will be more in your power to render me a most effectual service in the House.'

Bruce accordingly invited two hundred and fifty members 'of the prime lords that were Commons and the top gentry of each county.' The gathering took place in the 'Fountain Tavern' in the Strand, and fulfilled James's most sanguine anticipations. In truth Bruce had neglected no precaution to make it successful. 'The great room,' he says, 'was more like a large gallery with little rooms adjoining, where I had friends of ingenuity and parts to drink a glass of wine with those that minded more the liquor than business.' In the perfervid condition of public feeling such artificial stimulus was, however, scarcely required. The royal message was welcomed with enthusiasm; and 'by a general joy in the countenance of each it was easily to be perceived that the king's desire and their hearts went together.' Bruce was empowered to assure his Majesty that his wishes as to the revenue would be fulfilled, and that the court nominee would be appointed Speaker. Naturally the happy intermediary met with 'a gracious reception at court'; 'but that,' he ruefully observes, 'was all I had for such a signal service.'

Bruce took no part in the Sedgemoor campaign, as the Government refused his offer to raise a troop against

Monmouth. Indeed, he felt he had been treated with scant courtesy, and withdrew for a space to the country. But Lord Ailesbury's appointment as Lord Chamberlain, and a few kind words from the king, whose civility, Bruce considered, could not have been bettered by Charles II, more than made amends for past slights. It is almost pathetic to note Bruce's anxious endeavours to exonerate James from responsibility in the horrors of the Western Assize. But even he experienced some misgiving (i, 121) when

'the King protested to me that he abhorred what had passed in that Commission. I knew the King's temper too well for to give my advice, but it was at my tongue's end, viz.: "Your Majesty ought to turn out the Justice and Mr Percy Kirke, and that will shew to the world your true abhorrence."'

Jeffreys' brutality must have been peculiarly revolting to a gentleman of Bruce's nice respectability and solid though unheroic virtues. But his natural detestation of the Chief Justice was heightened by a personal affront. As is well known, the lives of the prisoners were negotiable both on the bench and at court. The saintly Mary of Modena herself did not disdain, it is said, to price her intercessions at a marketable rate. But, according to Bruce, it was Jeffreys who was the head and front of the offending.

'In Devonshire one Mr Battescomb, a gentleman and minor of seventeen years old, was drawn in by a rascally guardian. He by a friend addressed to me. The King was most favourably inclined to pardon him. I told him: "Sir, if the Chief Justice should know I intercede, hanged he will be certainly!" And so he was for not applying to him with a present' (i, 122).

Of Pollexfen and Kirke, Bruce has also gruesome tales to tell. Yet the miserable ends of these scoundrels at least afford him spiritual refreshment and edification. 'The just judgments of God,' he cries, 'are unsearchable and past finding out'; for did not Kirke 'die eaten up with vermin,' and Pollexfen, equally uncomfortably, 'choked with his blood in the throat?'

In 1685, Bruce's 'true English heart' made him prefer the country to the capital as a residence. The one tragic episode he involuntarily witnessed remained indelibly

engraven on his memory, and was in itself sufficient to make London distasteful to him. When Monmouth was captured in the New Forest he was conducted to Lambeth under escort,

'and thence brought over by water to the privy stairs at Whitehall; and I' (says Bruce), 'coming from the city by water, unfortunately landed at the same moment and saw him led up the other stairs on Westminster side, lean and pale and with a disconsolate physiognomy, with soldiers with pistols in their hands. The Yeomen of the Guard were posted, and I got behind one of them that he should not perceive me, and I wished heartily and often since that I had not seen him, for I could never get him out of my mind for years, I so loved him personally' (i, 119).

In the autumn of that terrible year 1685, died Robert, Lord Ailesbury; and amongst territorial magnates the second earl was henceforward no inconsiderable figure. He might reasonably have expected his father's gold key, which, however, Lords Sunderland and Middleton bestowed on Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave. Ailesbury had perforce to content himself with the post of Lord of the Bedchamber and the lieutenancy of three counties. He was the more readily consoled, since the atmosphere of the court, which he could scarcely have quitted had he been Chamberlain, grew daily less to his liking. The notorious Father Petre was now installed, as official dispenser of place and power, in the princely apartments lately inhabited by the heir-presumptive. This was gall and wormwood to others besides Ailesbury; for the king's director, as many stories testify, was universally odious. It appears on one occasion that the Jesuit in full clerical habit—an unwelcome innovation to Protestant eyes—met his former instructor, Dr Busby, who enquired the reason of such a costume. 'I had not had it on, honourable master,' replied Petre, 'but that the Lord Jesus had need of me.' 'I never heard that our Lord and Saviour had need of anything but an ass,'* was the rejoinder. Ailesbury certainly endorsed the caustic old schoolmaster's estimate of his pupil, and moreover

* 'Adventures of James II,' p. 330. But the author of the life of Petre in the Dict. Nat. Biogr. says that 'the story told in 'Revolution Politicks,' implying that he was educated at Westminster under Busby, is apocryphal.'

complained that the royal confessor was no less unscrupulous in matters of patronage than his lay predecessors Louise de Keroualle and Chiffinch. 'Besides propagating his religion as his poor head conceived, there was mammon besides in the case.' In the domain temporal, a Huguenot refugee could, for a paltry 500 guineas, get the better of a true believer; while, in the art of spiritual compromise, Tartuffe himself could have obtained valuable hints from this son of Loyola.

Thus amidst intrigues, 'great clamours relating to the executing of Colonel Algernon Sidney,' and other unpleasant episodes, arrived the year 1688, that memorable year which witnessed the culmination of the secular struggle between despotism and liberty in England. Yet, true-blue Tory though he was, the time passed heavily for Lord Ailesbury. As he cogently remarks, 'if the king can dispense with the laws at his pleasure, Westminster Hall may be shut up and the Statute Book burnt.' He had, however, weighty reason to keep these 'sentiments private.' In fact, he ingenuously confesses:—

'This was my maxim, not to make one step against my conscience; on the other hand, to be silent and to keep my place in Court as long as I could, for to do good if possible and to keep the Earl of Peterborough from the Lieutenancies I enjoyed' (i, 153).

In this dilemma Lord Ailesbury's talent for 'contriving' stood him in good stead. When he became aware that the Nuncio's public audience would coincide with his attendance at court, he dexterously exchanged waitings with the Duke of Somerset, whose refusal to escort the papal envoy was visited with instant dismissal from his post. The one step, apparently, which Ailesbury's conscience refused to endorse was acquiescence in the urgent entreaty of Mary of Modena to 'allow his eyes to be opened as to matters of religion.' Although this prayer was coupled with the promise that she and the king would then stop at nothing that might be for his interest, he respectfully and gratefully declined the proposition.

He personally braved James's displeasure by imploring him to refrain from making Farmer President of

Magdalen. On his knees the earl besought James 'not to touch the freehold of the clergy, for that priests of all religions were the same as to matter of interest, and if you pinch them they will return it fourfold.' Nay, more, 'rather than to take the bread out of the mouths of those in possession,' he urged the foundation of a Romish college, himself proffering a thousand pounds towards its erection. But neither then nor later, when he vehemently protested against the wholesale dismissal of the deputy-lieutenants in his jurisdiction, who with one accord had refused to vote for the repeal of the penal laws, did his tried fidelity and devotion obtain a favourable hearing.

Lord Ailesbury's case was not a solitary one. Throughout the length and breadth of the land such treatment was goading even fanatical High Churchmen to condone or encourage rebellion against the Lord's anointed. The strictest sect of Anglicans only enjoined obedience to the tyrant, not participation in his unlawful works. The strain, even to Thomas Bruce, fast became intolerable. 'At last,' as he says, 'growing melancholy, and fearing it might give me my death after, perhaps, a violent fever,' he 'absolutely resolved to lay down' his appointments, and with that object he went to Court. There, although the hostile intentions of the Prince of Orange had not generally transpired, they were no longer unknown; and the king, acting on a timely hint from Lord Dartmouth, forestalled Bruce's resignation by informing him of the dangers that menaced the crown. The effect of the news on the devoted cavalier was instantaneous. In the 'dusky' royal closet, illuminated only by two wax candles lit by the sovereign for the interview, the earl flung himself on his knees with renewed vows of loyalty, and, as the natural sequel, 'carried home all his commissions.' In truth, he says, he ever after esteemed 'this of the king's preventing me one of the happy moments of my life; for, had I given up, the king, in the first place, might have suspected that I was associated with those that deserted him, and little to their honour.'

It may well be believed that, when William landed, so staunch a royalist as Ailesbury did not miss the roll-call. But, unfortunately, a dispute with the papist Lord Peterborough, who successfully contested Ailesbury's right to

enter the royal coach, diverted his attention from the national crisis; and a disquisition on etiquette, worthy of St Simon, replaces the curious anecdotes which the sovereign's companion might have furnished on the journey to Salisbury. Thanks to his relations at court, the meditated escape of the king to Faversham was no mystery to Ailesbury. He taxed James with the design; and the monarch, though at first he vowed it was 'a coffee-house report,' finally 'begged the question.' With tears in his eyes, the faithful servant implored James to renounce a project manifestly disastrous. But the monarch mandered on about 'the treatment he had found' at the hands of child and friend, while remonstrance and entreaty were alike impotent to cajole or galvanise him into a semblance of energy or manliness. Staunch in naught save a vain and petty duplicity, he persistently denied Ailesbury's loyal heart the small gratification of a farewell in due form rather than admit the truth of that lord's surmises. In fact, to the end, James 'refused him his hand,' and left Bruce to learn his departure half an hour later through the indiscretion of a footman.

Macaulay's vivid picture of the 'Irish night' has familiarised every schoolboy with the chaotic condition of London on James's flight; and Ailesbury's conduct at this juncture is certainly a confirmation of the great writer's assertion 'that the urgency of the crisis united for a short time all who had any interest in the peace of society.' Thomas Bruce might be a devout disciple of Filmer, but in that hour of anarchy he happily forgot his creed and remembered he was an Englishman. Like Rochester and Sancroft, he joined the peers who constituted themselves into a committee of public safety at the Guildhall and endorsed the invitation to William of Orange. But the prince was still at Hungerford; and, before he could reach London, arrived the news of James's detention at Faversham. The situation was unquestionably embarrassing to the majority of the councillors, though Ailesbury professed himself vastly indignant and astounded at their reception of the blessed intelligence. For a full quarter of an hour he left them to their dismal meditations; then, unable longer to endure the unbroken silence, he rose and, 'in as civil a manner as his temper suffered him,' suggested they should invite back his

Majesty. No one disputed with Ailesbury the honour of carrying the message to the king; and 'on such a night as was hardly known for rain, wind, and darkness,' the sturdy Tory set forth in his coach and six.

The inclement weather was, however, the least obstacle he had to encounter. Before quitting Whitehall the 'Pater Patriæ' had ordered Lord Feversham to disband the army. His commands were punctually obeyed; and the rumour that the unpaid Irish soldiery were advancing on the capital produced a widespread panic among the defenceless population. Everywhere, as he pressed forward, Ailesbury found evidence both ludicrous and pathetic of the universal terror. Seldom indeed can Englishmen before or since have been so overmastered by fear. The spectacle was not edifying. Yet, when we reflect that our forefathers possessed none of those auxiliaries to law and order which the ubiquitous policeman and telegraph now afford, we can but admire, with Ailesbury, 'the goodness of the populace.' As he rode through the Kentish villages 'the women were crying at their doors, on each side, with their children by them, choosing rather to be murdered there than in their beds.' Nor was a calmer atmosphere to be found in the towns. At Dartford Ailesbury's progress was barred by a concourse of two thousand people; and, after 'reasoning for two hours with persons that had no reason,' he judged it wiser to await the daylight in a friendly constable's house. The night was made hideous 'by a continual shouting, most being in drink also, and the alarm-bell or tocsin going'; and a troop of Horse Guards was eventually required to disperse these noisy alarmists. At Rochester the situation was even more serious. Betwixt fright and sleeplessness—he had not closed his eyes for three nights—the mayor was well-nigh demented, and incapable of giving orders. Huddled in bedgown and nightcap, he awaited the coming of the Irish to cut his throat. Meanwhile the distracted townsfolk were busy demolishing Rochester Bridge. At Chatham, Ailesbury was met with a piteous 'compliment' for assistance from Sir Phineas Pett. He found Mr Pepys' old friend in bed with a fever,

*almost stifled with heat, his chamber being filled with sea-mob crying out for arms to defend them against the Irish

Papists, and that London, Dartford, etc., were on fire and blood running in the streets. For quiet sake he had given all the arms he had; and those that had none would not leave his room. At entering, I thought the chamber like a furnace, but a very offensive one for ill smells. I cried out, "Honest friends, I am come with good news; pray go into the yard and you all shall be satisfied." Poor Sir Phineas took me by the hand and told me he owed his life to me. His fever was not a very malignant one or dangerous, but he was quite stifled with the heat and ill scent' (i, 205).

It is only fifty-two miles from London to Faversham; but Ailesbury was almost at the end of his strength when he reached his destination. Sleep he had had none and but little food. An unready speaker, at every populous centre he had been forced to harangue the terror-stricken inhabitants. He had met with at least one fall from horseback, and when he was in sight of Faversham he narrowly escaped being carried off to prison by the over-zealous militia. In the circumstances, Thomas Bruce had confidently anticipated a cordial welcome from the monarch, but, like many another faithful servant of the house of Stewart, he was doomed to disappointment. Immediately on his arrest, the king had been installed, or rather confined, in the house of a Mr Napleton. This mansion was no palace; and the earl had to make his way across a hall unpleasantly crowded with seamen. On entering the parlour, Ailesbury found the king 'sitting in a great chair, with his hat on and his beard being much grown, and resembled the picture of his royal father at the pretended High Court of Justice.' Such an observation was well calculated to enhance Thomas Bruce's natural reverence, had his pity not been checked by James's greeting.

'He' (the king) 'rose up to meet me. I bent my knee, not being able to kneel by reason of my jackboots. He took me to the window with an air of displeasure, indeed, quite contrary to what I expected, and said: "You were all kings when I left London." I could not dissemble, but spoke my mind in these terms: "Sir, I expected another sort of welcome after the great dangers I ran last night by repairing to you." "I know," said the King, "you meant well as to your particular." I replied, "It is certainly so; and give me leave to tell Your Majesty that [owing to] your going away without

leaving a Commission of Regency, but for our care and vigilance the city of London might have been in ashes; but the Lord Mayor and the City respecting us, all was kept in a calm" (i, 209).

Ailesbury's frankness had a good effect on the king. 'His countenance became more serene'; he even vouchsafed to express satisfaction at Ailesbury's arrival and sorrow for the dangers he had run. He then promptly reverted to his own trials, especially bemoaning the 'sauciness' of the deputy-lieutenants, who objected to his sealing his letters, and his penniless condition, having been plundered of all he possessed. Ailesbury gave him such money as he had, and collected a further store of guineas from some royalists present. Moreover he greatly mitigated the general discomfort by silencing the babel of tongues, 'the room being filled with men, women, and children talking as if they had been at a market.' Then,

'dinner being ready, I asked him' (James) 'if he would be served with ceremony. He said yes, if I could hold it out, for fatigued I was very much. I giving him the wet napkin on the knees by the help of the arm of the great chair, I found the people bore more respect. The bread he had eaten there was so heavy that Platt was forced to toast it to render it less heavy, and the wine he drank was as bad in proportion. I observed his shoulders moved much: I asked him if he was indisposed. He told me "No; but I hope you can give me a clean shirt"; for they had left him nothing but what was on his back when they seized him, and neither nightgown, cap, or slippers. About the middle of dinner Mr Tomlinson, the yeoman of the Robes, and others under him, appeared. I know not who were more rejoiced, the King or them; and the latter gushed out their tears for joy to see their King and master. He told me smilingly, "I can now give *you* a shirt." As soon as dinner was ended he ordered me to go and eat, and empty I was to the last degree; but my appetite was lost. During the short time I was at dinner, the King went into the Hall to take leave of those faithful seamen that had lain there night and day. "Honest friends," said the King, "you will not know me presently." And indeed, after shaving and dressing, and with a good periwig, he had not the same countenance' (i, 210).

Ailesbury accompanied James on his return to Whitehall, and was much impressed by the ovation the king

received from the subjects whom he had deliberately abandoned to the horrors of mob-law. Others besides the faithful Lord of the Bedchamber noted the phenomenon; and those gentlemen who had hastily abjured their allegiance were not unvisited with misgivings. Conspicuous amongst these was Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, who had broken his white staff with marked precipitation on the sovereign's flight. He now not only returned unsolicited to his duties, but gave good proof that he regarded James once more as the fountain of honours. According to Ailesbury,

'he began with a dark preamble, and beating the bush so long that at last the King said, "My lord, I am in haste for to give an audience; tell me in short what you would be at." He began to praise himself for what he ought to have been ashamed of, that in all things he readily complied, and perhaps in some matters beyond the usual bounds, and that, if his Majesty did not distinguish such, it would be a great discouragement for to put such on an equal level with those that had been lukewarm. "My lord," repeated the King, "what would you desire of me?" He replied, "To be made a Marquis." "Good God!" said the King, "what a time you take to ask a thing of that nature! I am just arrived and all in disorder, nor do I know if I have a secretary or anyone in the office"' (i, 215).

Mulgrave had, however, not come unprepared. He instantly produced a warrant ready for the king's signature, and was pressing it on the monarch when Ailesbury put an end to the scene by opening the door so abruptly that he nearly knocked over the suppliant.

James having elected Rochester as his residence, the earl accompanied him thither. Sentiment apart, the journey was no pleasure-trip to Ailesbury. Prayerful piety enabled him to bear with Christian stoicism the 'hideous shooting of the bridge' in the royal barge. But, even in retrospect, he waxes pathetic over the memory of the sleepless night he spent at Gravesend, stretched 'on a wet floor, for the King's chamber had been washed but few hours before, and 'twas a most wet season.' Ever careful of his health, the poor nobleman was racked with apprehensions of the ill consequences of such imprudence. Indeed James's sound slumbers—for the king's rest was as little affected by his trials as was

Louis XVI's appetite in similar circumstances—were almost vexatious to his devoted servant.

Never was the text, 'The wicked flee when no man pursueth,' more applicable than to James's mental condition at Rochester. Before quitting the shores of England he condescended to explain his reasons to Ailesbury. 'If I do not retire,' he said, 'I shall certainly be sent to the Tower; and no king ever went out of that place but to his grave. It is a cruel thing,' added the man who had despatched hundreds of poor peasants to slavery and death in the plantations, 'for a subject to be driven out of his native country, much more for a king to be driven out of his three kingdoms.' Then, having exhorted Ailesbury to 'live in unity for my good' with other adherents who were to prepare his return,

'he was pleased to embrace me tenderly, as in French A Dieu, and he ordered me to let in the company, as at a couchee, as usual. It was the custom, when they were taking off his stockings for to go into bed, for the company to retire; so I gave the signal, and he was pleased to give me the last A Dieu, and he dressed himself again, and by a back door in the garden he went to the vessel ready to transport him' (i, 225).

After James 'was walked out of his three kingdoms,' Ailesbury returned to London and, according to the king's orders, waited on William of Orange, who received him with the courtesy he never refused to an honourable opponent. As the earl entertained a sentiment only short of idolatry for Queen Mary, the prince's civility might in time have won him over but for a misunderstanding with Bentinck, to whose influence Ailesbury attributed all his subsequent misfortunes. During the debates on the settlement of the crown, Ailesbury was an active, though silent, member of the Opposition. Nevertheless he took the oath of allegiance to the new sovereigns, regarding it

'like to a garrison one; for it was my opinion that he [William], being declared King (although I did in Parliament do all that lay in my power to obstruct it), he was to protect the kingdom, and that those that desired protection ought to take some oath' (i, 237).

Doubtless James's policy, even more than these ethical considerations, contributed to Ailesbury's acquiescence

in the government *de facto*. He frankly characterised the style of the St Germain's manifestoes 'as far from being gracious and sweet.' The choice of Lord Melford to countersign those precious documents he considered suicidal; and he loudly deplored the wholesale confiscations practised in Ireland by James II and the Dublin Parliament. Unhappily a trivial incident, or rather its consequences, did much to arrest his growing resignation to the new order of things. One Sunday in the summer of 1689, Ailesbury chanced to be dining with the notorious Countess of Dorchester at her Weybridge villa. The proximity of the house to Hampton Court encouraged him to pay his respects at the palace. He arrived in time for service. The king received him coldly, but the usher instantly entrusted him with the duty of bearing the sword of state before the sovereigns to chapel. This office Bruce performed, he solemnly asseverates, 'with all respect and decency.' The royal devotions were, however, protracted; and, by the time he reached Lady Dorchester's house, dinner had long been waiting, and the patience of that choleric lady totally exhausted. His excuses and explanations did not mend matters. 'Did not you wish the sword in his body?' she cried. Horror-struck, Bruce remonstrated 'that, as a Christian, and having the fear of God before my eyes, I held it a most damnable sin even to hope it, and much more the putting it into execution.' The good man's sermon bore little fruit; for, some years after, having quarrelled with Ailesbury, the unprincipled woman 'turned her words on him,' swearing 'that she would make King William spit on him,' and 'that she would tell the King that he' (Ailesbury) 'wished the sword in his guts when he had carried it before him to Church at Hampton Court.' Monstrous as was the mere threat, Bruce could never shake off the suspicion that she had carried out her intention, since thereafter King William's former graciousness was transformed into a personal hatred.

The next few years were critical for England, engaged, as she was, in a life-and-death struggle with the power of France. When Louis' fleets rode the Channel, prominent Tories such as Thomas Bruce knew they ran the risk of being put under lock and key till the dangers of a descent and rising were overpast. Ailesbury, indeed, ingeniously

admits he could hardly expect more lenient treatment. But he wished to avoid residence in the Tower during the dog-days, and he was determined to surrender only at his convenience. Therefore, in 1692, when de Tourville raided the western coast, and before a warrant could be issued, the earl promptly absconded. But unfortunately, owing to his huge stature, alterations in costume and periwig were as ineffectual to mask his personality as the names of 'Mr Atkins' and 'The Squire,' which he bears in the Jacobite ciphers. Moreover, he was dogged by a malicious fate. Having described himself, when in hiding at Hayes, as a London physician on a holiday, he was haunted by the dread that some one in the village would fall ill and have recourse to his supposed medical talents. Finally, after a week's evasion, he preferred to surrender himself to Queen Mary rather than risk such a contingency.

The queen proved eminently placable. She insisted on her old playfellow being admitted to bail, and invited him to her own card-table, where, 'with a most smiling countenance,' she lent an amused ear to his late unpleasant adventures. Mary's clemency did not deter Bruce from intriguing with the Duchess of Marlborough and Princess Anne against the Government. Indeed, with greater optimism than judgment, he urged the latter to 'mount on horseback' to restore King James. But, at her death, 'the incomparable queen' had no warmer champion than the Tory lord. He would not even hear her conduct towards her father called in question, and protested 'that he esteemed her as a princess that had no fault.'

A journey made by the earl in 1693 to St Germain's to acquaint James with important overtures made by the admirals commanding the Channel fleet was not the least of his sacrifices for 'the cause.' A certain Farmer Hunt of Romney Marsh made a business of conveying Jacobites to France in the 'owlers' that returned thence laden with contraband goods. At this man's house the earl lay hid for ten days, and cannot be said to have relished the experience. The fare was so meagre that 'I was forced,' he said, 'to do what God knows poor people practice but too often, to sleep much, not to think of an empty belly.' In truth, 'bad butter, cheese worse, salt-water beer,' varied with 'a cat instead of a rabbit,' hardly

formed an appetising menu. Nor was this dinner of herbs eaten in peace. Had Hunt not made them drunk, a band of gaugers would one day have discovered Ailesbury's retreat; and the sight of a passer-by invariably drove him from the haycock, where alone he could breathe fresh air.

At last, however, the master of the owler appeared—'a fat greasy fellow,' says Thomas Bruce, 'yet the joy I was in at his arrival made me embrace him heartily.' When Ailesbury approached St Germain's, having no mind to be recognised and to find a warrant awaiting him on his return home, he carefully timed his arrival at an hour when none but grooms, leading their masters' horses to water, were astir; moreover he stipulated that he should be conveyed into the queen's closet at the castle in a sedan chair, hermetically sealed to inquisitive glances, and that Lord Melford alone should be made privy to his audience. Unluckily these very precautions intensified the watchful curiosity of the courtiers. When the Prince of Wales, summoned to do honour to Ailesbury, left the room, he was besieged by questionings as to the mysterious visitor.

'The poor child answered he did not know him, but that he believed I must be some one of consequence because the King had ordered him to kiss and embrace him, and that I was the tallest man he had ever seen, on which . . . they swore it must be myself that the Prince had seen' (i, 326).

Could Ailesbury have persuaded James to act with circumspection and Louis with energy, he might more cheerfully have faced such hazards. But, as he says, James II 'gave me soon a bitter pill to swallow; and down with it I must, or return to England.' Louis categorically stated that he durst not venture the squadron, which was essential to Ailesbury's scheme, at Portsmouth. He pointed out that Admiral Carter had proved untrustworthy the previous year, and that, if Admirals Delaval and Killigrew now failed to keep their pledge of non-interference, annihilation must overtake the French navy. His proposal to effect a landing for James at Torbay was equally inadmissible to Ailesbury. The earl explained that he desired a French contingent to protect the king, until a national rising should provide him with forces,

but that personally he could never treat with Louis for a design to 'settle the king on his throne by fire and sword, which in good English would be termed a conquest.' Louis XIV listened with distinguished courtesy, and sang the Englishman's praises to James after a fashion Ailesbury proudly records.

'This lord' (he said) 'is the first man of quality with a great estate that hath repaired to you; the first man that came over about an affair of the most high importance; and the first that never asked anything for himself.'

The approval of Louis, and Mary of Modena's cordial reception, were the sole consolations vouchsafed to Ailesbury in his abortive undertaking. The hardships he had endured on his outward journey were probably responsible for the fever that seized the unlucky envoy on his return to England. Not only was he forced to make the crossing in a miserable sloop, 'lying on the hulk without boards, and no quilt or any sort of bedding or pillow, the seamen broiling their mackerel, with the stench by smoking under my nose the worst of tobacco,' but he narrowly escaped capture by an English privateer. In fact Bruce's owl had to put back to France to avoid the enemy, though, by this time, such were the poor earl's sufferings that he would have risked the Tower itself rather than defer his landing on English soil.

He reached his London house in safety, but so ill and emaciated that his wife swooned with horror at his appearance. Nor was her alarm groundless, as he lay in bed for three weeks between life and death. On his recovery, he wisely determined never again to meddle in politics; but, like many another in similar case,

'when I thought to take my rest, I had then the most unquiet days. The party called Jacobites could never be quiet, and so flashy that, if they did but dream that King James was coming over, they imagined it when they awakened; and, because I would not enter into their vain schemes, they grew jealous of me, and swore they did not know what to make of me' (i, 344).

Probably Ailesbury genuinely disapproved of the 'vain schemes' aimed at William's life. But, as the Latin proverb says, 'Noscitur a sociis.' If, as he passion-

ately asseverates, Bruce had no knowledge of these conspiracies, he admits that he met and dined with their authors. Consequently, on the discovery of Sir John Fenwick's plot, he was immediately arrested and sent to the Tower. Here the earl spent close on a year, from March 1696 to February 1697, the discomforts of the situation being aggravated by his quarrels with the governor, Lord Lucas. From the Duke of Shrewsbury's Cabinet minutes, it is clear that the Government regarded Ailesbury as a dangerous man. It was some time before he obtained permission for Lady Ailesbury to share his imprisonment, and then only on terms that contrasted strangely with the liberty enjoyed by Lady Mary Fenwick. It was no small exasperation to the earl to see that lady come and go at her pleasure, sometimes in a coach and six, 'patched and painted and joyful,' sometimes 'in a hackney coach, with her hoods over her face, and lamenting,' whilst his poor wife, whose condition made life in the Tower peculiarly trying, was debarred from fresh air and exercise.

It appears that Ailesbury had not been able to resist boasting of his famous interview with Louis XIV to Sir John Fenwick. When, therefore, the wretched man failed to induce Bruce to join him in accusing Leeds, Marlborough, Shrewsbury, and Admiral Russell of holding treasonable correspondence with St Germain, he revenged himself by disclosing Bruce's doings to the Duke of Devonshire. Nor was Fenwick the only witness that the Government was able to call against Ailesbury. Farmer Hunt of Romney Marsh could identify his lodger; George Porter, whose evidence had hung Charnock, and 'Scum' Goodman, the player, could be cited as witnesses for the Crown. Undoubtedly things looked black for Ailesbury. Indeed, his Yorkshire tenants were so convinced that his estate would fall to Bentineck that they refused to pay their rents. Despite the threatening outlook, the earl kept a brave heart; and his friends left no stone unturned to save him. Thanks to their exertions—though Ailesbury declares it was without his approval—Goodman was lured out of the country, and Farmer Hunt was carried off by an armed boat's crew to France. Moreover the soldiers on guard in the Tower, and even some of their officers, were won over to Ailesbury and offered to facili-

tate his escape. In fact, had it come to the worst, he declared that he was in a position to seize the White Tower, then full of powder, and dictate terms. 'I only pitied the City of London,' he says, 'where I had the love of most; and I had rather have died on the breach than on Tower Hill.'

Happily for all concerned, such heroic methods proved unnecessary; and Ailesbury's ingenuity was mainly expended in devising means of preserving his health during his rigorous confinement. When the earl left the Tower he calculated that he had walked 4800 miles at full speed, and generally in a stooping attitude, to avoid hitting his head against the low ceilings, wearing out a pair of shoes a fortnight on the uneven boards. His chief amusement was in playing tricks on Lord Lucas and the warder, both of whom he detested, while his steward had orders to keep a sumptuous table at the 'Rose Tavern' for the officers on guard. In course of time Ailesbury established communication with his friends outside, mainly by means of messages, in sympathetic ink, inscribed on the white paper in which daily supplies of fruit and cakes were wrapt. As he scrupulously shared these dainties with the neighbouring Fenwick, he had perhaps additional reason to be aggrieved at Sir John's behaviour.

The summer of 1696 was cool; otherwise, Ailesbury declares, they had been broiled, as they were under the tiles. The real misery began with the winter. The small rooms were bitterly cold; and, to prevent escape, Lord Lucas so plentifully garnished the fireplace with iron bars that the luckless inmates were stifled by the smoke. Ailesbury almost lost his eyesight in consequence. 'The maps in my chamber against the wall were turned yellow as scorched by the fire, and my periwig in few days was of the colour of a fox's tail.' At last, Lady Ailesbury, who adored her husband, was forced to leave him. She went away 'in floods of tears,' says Ailesbury, 'and her last words to me were, "my dearest, I shall never see you more."' The poor lady had certainly good reason for the gloomiest forebodings. Goodman's flight, instead of proving Fenwick's salvation, was the ultimate cause of the baronet's death. As he was aware that the Government was now unable to put Goodman into the witness-box, he withdrew his previous confession; but Parliament,

in no temper for trifling, retaliated by passing an Act of Attainder; and Fenwick expiated his criminal intentions on the scaffold.

The proceedings were naturally fraught with menace for Ailesbury, and had a tragic echo in his home. On January 12, 1697, Lady Ailesbury heard the cannon firing as the king proceeded to Westminster to pass the Act of Attainder against Sir John. When she learned the purpose of the salute, 'she fell backwards in her great chair and never spoke more; and about twelve at night she was delivered of a daughter . . . and then expired.' On hearing of her illness, the Duke of Ormond instantly besought permission for Ailesbury to see his wife; but he had scarcely obtained the necessary leave when news 'was brought him that his sister-in-law had expired.' And, says Lord Ailesbury, with a burst of emotion that seems to bridge the centuries,

'This last word—expired—so touched me afresh, although after so many years, that I was forced to fling away my paper for to take it up on another day; and 'tis no wonder, for no man ever had such a wife, and endowed with all the most rare qualities that ever woman enjoyed' (ii, 419).

The tidings of his loss reached Ailesbury through overhearing a chance conversation. The shock was terrible. For some hours he lay on his bed speechless and insensible, much to the alarm of his two faithful servants, the only friendly beings present. Nor were the spiritual ministrations of Dr Hough, the Bishop of Lichfield—sent by King William instead of Dr Birch, for whom he had petitioned—of much avail. Indeed, he frankly accuses the prelate of practising on his fears instead of offering the ghostly consolations suitable to his state. The days of his captivity were, however, drawing to a close. His sturdy refusal to participate in Fenwick's denunciations of the Whig lords had at least earned their powerful goodwill and gratitude. On February 12, 1697, the earl was brought up in Westminster Hall, when Chief Justice Holt showed himself markedly propitious to his suit, and admitted him to bail. Not the least of Ailesbury's pleasures in his release was the discharging old scores with the persecuting gaolers. Like Shaftesbury, who, under similar circumstances, told the lieutenant

of the Tower, Mr Cheek, 'There, tailor, is your groat, and that is all your due!' Ailesbury now refused to pay the warders' bill, and the discomfited turnkey was obliged to sue the Government for 130*l*.

The earl's friends vied with one another in welcoming him back to his desolate home. But the good lord's satisfaction in the three hundred and fifty coaches that thronged his door was sadly marred by anxiety lest the Ministry should take umbrage at the ovation. He was haunted with the apprehension of being impeached for high misdemeanours, in which case a single witness only was required. 'More than death,' he confesses, did he dread 'a lumping fine and to lay out my days in restraint for non-payment.' These forebodings were not fated to be realised. But after the Peace of Ryswick, an Act was passed rendering persons who had visited France between December 1688 and December 1697 liable to the penalties of high treason, unless they voluntarily withdrew from this kingdom by February 1, 1698. As Lord Ailesbury's expedition to St Germain's was well known, he dared not face the consequences of remaining in England. Therefore, on the very morning of February 1, in the midst of a tremendous storm, he left his native land, never to return.

The rest of Ailesbury's life was spent mainly at Brussels, where a fountain that he erected on the Place du Sablon, in acknowledgment of the city's hospitality, long preserved his memory. In 1700 he married an heiress of good family, Charlotte-Jacqueline d'Argenteau, Comtesse de Sannu. The only child born of this union, a daughter, Charlotte-Maria, afterwards became Princesse de Hornes, and was the grandmother of Louise de Stolberg, the ill-mated wife of Prince Charles Edward. Lord Ailesbury seems to have been warmly attached to his second wife, who predeceased him in 1710. Her amiability and charity endeared her, he declares, to the British soldiers of all ranks, from Marlborough downwards, who were brought into contact with the exiles during the war of the Spanish Succession. Indeed on one occasion the great general gave her a singular mark of esteem. At that time Lady Ailesbury's every whim was a matter of anxious moment to her friends; but unfortunately, in

the months of July and August, her 'natural longing' for a lobster was difficult to gratify.

'It coming to the ears of the Duke of Marlborough, each morning when they came for the word or order to him, he never failed this order: "Acquaint all the clerks of the kitchen in the army that they bring to me the first lobster that is brought in, that I may send it by a trumpet to the Countess of Ailesbury"' (ii, 598).

But, alas, there were limitations even to the great general's powers. No lobster could be obtained; and, when Lady Ailesbury's child was born it refused all nourishment, till Ailesbury, remembering the episode, had a brilliant inspiration, and ordered its gums to be rubbed with a crayfish.

It must not be imagined that Ailesbury resigned himself without a struggle to life-long banishment. In William's reign, he hoped much from the intercession of the Electress Sophia. On her way to England the princess had been the earl's constant guest at Brussels. Nor had she concealed her satisfaction at the stately ceremonial which distinguished the old courtier's entertainments from all others. In return she treated him with marked favour, discussing her ambitions and prospects with the utmost freedom. 'A crown was glittering,' she remarked, but added with a sigh, 'it would be still more if it arrived by a natural succession.' But all the prayers which the Electress addressed to William III on Ailesbury's behalf proved vain; and, though Anne promised to recall him when she could do it without prejudice to her service, that hour never struck. In 1709 the exile obtained a 'privy seal' for his return; but the Act of Abjuration finally closed the doors of home against him.

The marriage of his daughter Charlotte-Maria with the Prince de Hornes—an alliance communicated with due ceremony to George I, whose acquaintance he had made at Aix-la-Chapelle—gave Ailesbury additional interests in the land of his adoption. Bountiful hospitalities, the assiduous cultivation of his pear trees, and the recounting of tales, according to Lord Orrery, endless as Penelope's web,* occupied his old age in no unhappy

* 'The Orrery Papers,' edited by the Countess of Cork, i, 46.

fashion; and, in spite of constant anxiety about his health, Ailesbury was within a few years of a century when he died at Brussels in 1741. The one supreme consolation accorded him in the days of exile should not be forgotten. On his death-bed at St Germain, James II solemnly declared that, had he but followed Ailesbury's counsel in 1688, 'he had not now rendered his soul to God his Creator in a foreign country.' Ailesbury ever after esteemed this tribute to his sagacity as 'the most precious legacy.' Indeed it was the only return for life-long sacrifices which that loyal heart ever knew.

Such, in bare outline, is the story of Lord Ailesbury as told in a record which, for candour and wealth of detail, may almost be compared to the invaluable Diary of Mr Pepys. In his private relations the earl has certainly the advantage of the Secretary to the Admiralty. In matters politic he can hardly lay claim to an equal elevation. Yet let us not be measly-mouthed in judging our forebears; they have at least the right to be tested by the standard of their own generation. Those pieties, which now have broadened and dignified into the love of fatherland, were then generally centred on the Lord's anointed. Perchance, had Ailesbury been endowed with a more original cast of thought, he might have freed himself from the family traditions that encompassed him from his very birth. Unquestionably it was a scurvy trick of fortune that ranged him on the side of James II. Had it been otherwise, we might have been spared the recital of those unedifying 'contrivings.' But, if he erred, he bore his punishment with splendid serenity; and it may be that his personal loss was the nation's gain. For that such worthy gentlemen as Thomas Bruce were to be found in both camps at the great dividing of the ways, was a signal mercy, a pledge of fair compromise and honourable reconciliation, and therefore of ordered progress, to the England of the Revolution.

WINIFRED BURGHCLERE.

Art. X.—FOOD-SUPPLY IN TIME OF WAR.

1. *Report of the Royal Commission on Supply of Food and Raw Material in Time of War.* (Cd. 2643-'5, 1905.)
2. *Publications of the Association to Promote an Official Inquiry into the Security of our Food Supply in Time of War.*
3. *Report from the Agricultural Committee on National Wheat Stores.* London: Newnham and Co., 12 Finsbury Street, E.C. 1897-8.
4. *Our Food Supply in Time of War.* By Captain Stewart L. Murray. 'Journal of the Royal United Service Institution,' June 15, 1901.

AN island population depending for a large proportion of its necessary food and raw material on importation from countries oversea is naturally liable to be perturbed from time to time with regard to the safety of these supplies in time of war. The long period which has elapsed since we have been engaged in a naval war with a first-class power has rendered obsolete most of the data, imperfect as they always were, by which to gauge the magnitude of the danger caused by war to our oversea communications; and the confusion of the public mind as to the elements of naval strategy, together with the absence of any data at once modern and trustworthy with regard to the real risks to be incurred, leaves the alarmist a free field for his conjectures.

The apprehension of the public takes many forms. Now a picture is drawn of the coasts of the United Kingdom blockaded, like a gigantic Port Arthur, by a vigilant foe, and starved into an inglorious submission through the want of food. Now it is the prospect of an artificial scarcity of the necessities of life induced by the operations of hostile governments on the world's produce exchanges; now we are warned of the danger of a panic rise in prices caused by captures of our merchant vessels, which will so affect the well-being and alarm the minds of the poorer classes that they will combine to put pressure on the Government to make a humiliating peace. Sometimes, again, the danger depicted is not so much the deficiency of supplies as the disappearance of the British flag from the seas by the wholesale transfer

of our swifter ships to neutral flags and the laying-up of the remainder. Then, again, it is pointed out that the cotton operative will lose not only his bread but his wages through dearth of raw material; and finally, many thoughtful persons who are not easily scared look with apprehension on the possible reaction of popular alarms, however ill-founded, on the dispositions and plans of the Admiralty.

To meet these real or imaginary dangers there has been a plentiful crop of schemes, ranging from the national insurance of shipping to the maintenance of gigantic food reserves, or even to measures for the systematic rationing of the whole population in time of war. A short time ago the popular agitation on the subject led to the formation of an association, under the presidency of the Duke of Sutherland, to promote an enquiry into the whole question. The direct result of the representations of this association was the appointment of the Royal Commission, whose Report is now before us.

The protection of our commerce and our food-supplies is an integral part of national defence; and it is reasonable to suppose that the various problems connected therewith have been constantly present to the minds of those who are responsible for the defence of the country. But the results of their studies are necessarily unknown to the public; and presumably the Government thought that the importance of taking the public into their confidence, in a matter which lends itself peculiarly to popular alarms, was sufficient to outweigh the obvious objections to remitting to any outside body a question inextricably bound up with the whole problem of national safety.

The Commission over which Lord Balfour of Burleigh presided, and of which the Prince of Wales was a member, was a large and representative body. Though strong as regards the capacity of individual members, it did not escape the difficulties which usually confront commissions of enquiry, constituted with a view to the representation of widely different sections of opinion. So long as evidence is being collected, all is plain sailing; while the evidence is being summarised and reviewed, differences begin to show themselves, but can be smoothed over; but, when it is a question of formulating practical recommendations, a commission of this kind too often

fails to agree. In the present case the Report is signed by all the members, but it is followed by a bewildering series of eleven reservations and notes which seriously detract from the value of some of the signatures. Only three members, including the Prince of Wales and the chairman, wholly abstain from reservations.

So far as we are able to judge, a little give and take among the dissentients on points of literary expression would have enabled the whole of the reservations, except on one or two quite insignificant points, to be combined into two documents, one of which would have given reasons for thinking that the Report goes too far and the other that it does not go far enough. Certainly such a combination would be of great advantage to the reader who is not interested in the minute verbal dissensions among the members or in their frank comments on the procedure adopted by their colleagues. In the present review it is neither possible nor necessary to deal separately with all these varied documents; and accordingly we shall follow the lines of the Report, referring to the reservations as occasion requires.

The reference to the Commission was as follows :—

‘To inquire into the conditions affecting the importation of food and raw material into the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland in time of war, and into the amount of the reserves of such supplies existing in the country at any given period; and to advise whether it is desirable to adopt any measures, in addition to the maintenance of a strong fleet, by which such supplies can be better secured and violent fluctuations avoided.’

The first duty of the Commission was to enquire into the position of the United Kingdom in relation to the supply of food-stuffs and raw material; and for this purpose it was necessary to ascertain the conditions affecting the consumption, home production, importation, and stocks of each of the more important classes of these articles. The evidence obtained by the Commission on this part of the subject, and the summary of results contained in the first part of their Report, will certainly be the *locus classicus* for the latest and most accurate information on these vital points. The interest of this part of the Report will therefore extend far beyond the

particular question which was referred to the Commission; and it deserves careful study by all who are interested in economic problems and policy.

The raw materials examined were cotton, wool, flax and jute, silk, iron ore, timber, hides and leather, petroleum, india-rubber, and tobacco; while the food-stuffs included meat, fish, dairy produce, tea, coffee, sugar, tinned provisions, and, finally, wheat and flour and other cereals. It is not possible to summarise here the information compiled by the Commission with regard to each of the above-mentioned articles; nor is it necessary for the purpose of following their reasoning, since practically the whole of the remainder of the Report is concerned with a single article—wheat. The Commission justify the special consideration given to wheat by its predominant importance as an article of food of general consumption, and the great proportion of our wheat supply imported from oversea.

It appears that the normal consumption of wheat per head of the population of the United Kingdom is about 350 lbs per annum, giving an annual consumption of 31,000,000 quarters. Four fifths of this wheat supply are imported from oversea; and, broadly speaking, this proportion tends to increase. Down to and including the time when the official evidence respecting imports of wheat and flour was put before the Commission, the tendency had been to draw these imports in increasing degree from a single source—the United States; and some remarkable figures bearing on this point are published in the Report. They show that whereas 39·9 per cent. of our imports came from this source in the quinquennial period 1871–5, the proportion had risen to 62·2 per cent. in the period 1898–1902. As if, however, to demonstrate the uncertainty of all inferences from figures, the tendency changed while the Commission was sitting; and in the year 1904 the proportion of our wheat and flour imports derived from the United States sank to 15·9 per cent. of the total.

That so great a change in our sources of supply could suddenly take place, almost unnoticed by the general public, is a very striking demonstration of the extent to which the failure of a single source is at once made good by increased drafts upon others. In 1904 Russia, the Argentine, British India, and Australia more than made

good the deficiency of our supplies from the United States. It appears also that, partly owing to the variety of sources from which our wheat imports are drawn, the influx of our wheat supplies as a whole is fairly constant throughout the year, though this constancy is also partly due to the increasing tendency to hold the grain in the place of production until actually required for consumption.

An elaborate examination of the available information with regard to stocks, including 'first-hand' stocks held in warehouses at the ports, 'second-hand' stocks held by millers and bakers, and farmers' stocks, leads to the conclusion that the stocks of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom vary, according to the season of the year, from about seventeen weeks' supply in September down to about seven weeks' supply, below which it rarely or never falls, except in August, when it might be six and a half weeks. 'The minimum could only occur in the unlikely contingency of first-hand, second-hand, and farmers' stocks being at their lowest point at the same time; and, even in these circumstances, such a result could only be reached in the period from June to August, when the home-grown crop is to a large extent exhausted' (§ 245). The Commissioners do not think it likely that the stock of wheat will ever be actually at the minimum, and point out that, in the eleven cereal years 1893-4 to 1903-4, there were only nine weeks in which the estimated stocks were less than seven weeks' supply, of which six occurred in August, 'when, owing to the proximity of the coming harvest, low stocks would give little cause for alarm.'

By a week's supply the Commission always mean 600,000 quarters, i.e. the amount required for a week at the normal rate of consumption. In case of scarcity this rate might be disturbed in two ways. The diminished purchasing power of the population might cause the poorer classes to rely more exclusively on bread; and, on the other hand, cheaper forms of grain might to some extent be substituted for wheat. These causes, however, would operate in opposite directions, and may perhaps be set against each other. It should be added that while the variations of first-hand and farmers' stocks are fairly well ascertained, there is no definite information with regard to so-called second-hand stocks, so that the final estimate contains a certain conjectural element. Thus

millers' stocks were estimated by different experts to vary from 2·8 to 3·6 weeks' supply, and from 4·7 to 5 weeks' supply according to the season; while the trade estimates of bakers' stocks (which appear to be fairly constant) vary from ten days' to three weeks' consumption.

In these circumstances, the Commissioners are probably well within the mark in considering four weeks' supply to be the minimum amount of second-hand stocks. Colonel Montgomery, the representative of the corn trade on the Commission, appears to consider that the Report understates the amount of stocks held; while, on the other hand, the reservation signed by the Duke of Sutherland, Mr Chaplin, and three other members concludes that, 'at certain periods of the year, between the end of June and the following harvest, it would not be safe to count upon a supply of wheat and flour within the United Kingdom amounting to much more than five and a half weeks' supply.' Practically the small difference between this conclusion and that of the Report is of little importance, since, by the time of the year when the minimum occurs, the home harvest is nearly due.

From a consideration of supplies the Report proceeds to estimate the amount and nature of the shipping necessary for their carriage, and concludes that 6 per cent. of the total British steam tonnage engaged in the foreign trade would suffice for the purpose of importing our wheat and flour, if exclusively used for the purpose; though, as a matter of fact, these imports are not confined either to a few ships or voyages or to a short period of the year, but are spread over a large proportion of the mercantile marine, a large number of trade routes, and practically the whole of the year. Such a trade, as is pointed out in a subsequent section of the Report, is peculiarly favourable for successful defence in time of war. The calculation on which the above conclusions are based is embodied in an appendix which has had the misfortune to arouse in a peculiar degree the hostility of certain members of the Commission. It is the subject of critical examination in a special reservation occupying several pages, which, whether it succeeds in throwing doubt on the trustworthiness of the estimate or not, certainly gives it a prominence to which its intrinsic importance hardly entitles it. The calculation possesses

statistical interest, but, so far as we can judge, does not affect the practical conclusions of the Report.

A Commission including so distinguished an authority as Professor Holland might be expected not to ignore the bearing of the doctrines of international law on the matters referred to them; and the section of the Report dealing with this branch of the subject is of permanent value as an authoritative exposition of the present state of the law of nations in respect of captures, search, transfer of shipping to neutral flags, contraband, and so forth. Some readers may think it a little unduly sanguine as to the respect likely to be paid to some of these doctrines by hard-pressed belligerents; though this is far from being the view taken by Professor Holland, who thinks it necessary in his reservation to disclaim the authorship of certain paragraphs which deal with the binding force of international law, on the ground that they underestimate the extent to which it may be expected to restrain belligerent action. The point bearing most directly on the question of our food-supply is the possibility that an enemy may declare corn unconditional contraband. In that case it would be liable to seizure even if carried on neutral vessels. On this subject the Report quotes the following rule, formulated by Professor Holland, which, in his opinion, 'has all but won its way to universal acceptance':—

'Provisions in neutral ships may be intercepted by a belligerent as contraband only when, being suitable for the purpose, they are on their way to a port of naval or military equipment belonging to the enemy, or occupied by the enemy's naval or military forces, or to the enemy's ships at sea; or when they are destined for the relief of a port besieged by such belligerent' (p. 24, § 101).

This rule, which undoubtedly expresses the doctrine of British and American prize-courts, has, however, been repudiated on two occasions: by France, which in 1885, in the war with China, declared rice to be contraband; and recently by Russia, which included 'rice, all kinds of grain, fish, fish products, beans, bean-oil and oil-cake' in the list of absolutely contraband articles. In both cases this country protested. In the former case the rapid termination of the war prevented the matter

from being brought to a definite issue; in the latter Russia receded from her position. But can we rely on the observance of sound doctrine by an enemy fully aware of the vital importance to this country of her food-supply from oversea? Only, we may suspect, in so far as the neutral nations interested in the maintenance of the trade are strong enough to enforce their views. The Commissioners think that,

'just as the individual is influenced by the dictates of ordinary morality apart from the dread of actual legal penalties, so international law, as the morality governing the relations of states, will exercise a very considerable restraining influence upon the acts of nations. This influence cannot fail to be strengthened by the fact that the belligerent of to-day is the neutral of to-morrow, and *vice versa*.

'The interest of neutral nations in the maintenance of international law (especially if the nation interested is strong enough to enforce its views) affords a further and increasingly potent guarantee of its being duly observed' (§ 111).

The schoolboy's essay gave two reasons for not pulling pussy's tail: 'first, it is not right; secondly, cats has claws.' The main point is the claws. It is probably true that, in any war in which the United States were not belligerents, that country would successfully insist on the observance of the right of neutrals, of which, as the Commissioners observe, it has long been the foremost advocate.

It is questionable, however, whether, in discussing the safety of our food supplies from capture, too much may not be made of the point whether or not food-stuffs could be declared unconditional contraband. In the first place, the question only affects food-stuffs carried on neutral vessels, for British ships carrying food-stuffs would of course be liable to capture; and British vessels form half the mercantile marine of the world. In the next place, the uncontested right of searching neutral vessels for contraband gives a belligerent such a power of delaying and otherwise harassing neutral ships trading with a hostile country, that cargoes carried in such vessels, even if not contraband, would be subject to war risks of a certain kind; while, if the destination were a blockaded port, goods of all kinds would be liable to seizure.

In regard to the secondary point of the damage likely to be done to British shipping by the transference of the carriage of our supplies to neutral vessels, the question of contraband is of more importance, since a slight differential advantage on the side of the neutral ship might suffice to transfer trade. But here our present safeguard is the entire inability of existing neutral tonnage to take the place of any considerable fraction of British shipping, and the grave difficulties that would beset an attempt to transfer shipping wholesale to neutral flags during the course of a war. On this point some of the shipowners who gave evidence certainly showed an imperfect appreciation of the conditions necessary to make a transfer of flag valid for the purpose of protecting from capture. As the Commissioners point out, no ship can escape capture by a sale made while she is *in transitu*; and it is a common doctrine of prize-courts that evidence of nationality which is conclusive against a vessel is not necessarily conclusive in its favour. A belligerent is entitled to look behind the usual marks of nationality and to enquire as to the actual nationality, or, according to the British system, the commercial domicile of the vessel's owners.

A deeply interesting section of the Report is that which deals with the vital question of naval protection to commerce—of course on the assumption implied in the reference, of the existence of a strong fleet. But what is a 'strong fleet' for the purpose of this enquiry? The Commissioners hold themselves justified in assuming that

'the phrase may be taken to imply the maintenance of the fleet at such a level of strength compared with that of other nations that there is no reasonable prospect of our maritime supremacy in time of war being seriously endangered'; or, in other words, 'that the fleet will always be strong enough to take the offensive against the enemy's ships. . . . It is in the light of this assumption that all we have to say on the subject must be read and considered' (§ 115).

Clearly, then, it behoves us at the outset to consider whether the assumption is a fair one. So far as the Report enables us to judge, the Commissioners consider that it is. A reverse which would cost us the command of the sea would produce such consequences to the whole

of our maritime trade that no measures that the Commission could recommend would materially assist us to retrieve our position. On the other hand, any less calamity 'would not produce a set of circumstances so far different from those with which we are now about to deal as to require separate consideration.'

Could a 'strong navy,' in the sense defined above, protect our oversea supplies of food and raw materials? The naval evidence was not quite unanimous, and some of it is not disclosed, on the good ground that it 'cannot consistently, with a due regard to public interest, be embodied in a document such as our Report.' The Commissioners, however, state that

'the effect of the naval and shipping evidence is conclusive as to the point that, while there will be some interference with trade and some captures, not only is there no risk of a total cessation of our supplies, but no reasonable probability of serious interference with them; and that, even during a maritime war, there will be no material diminution in their volume' (§ 250),

unless we lose the command of the sea.

This, perhaps, is the most important statement in the Report, as it reduces the whole question of supplies from one of deficiency to one of prices. The volume of our supplies will be practically undiminished; but they will undoubtedly be obtained at greater cost. The question is, how much greater? and what will be the effect of the increase of price on the poorer population? This forms the subject of the next section of the Report.

Before turning to it, however, it is necessary to remark that the above conclusions appear from the reservations to have been by no means unanimously arrived at. Professor Holland confesses himself 'unable to attach any useful meaning to the phrase "a strong fleet"' which occurs in the reference; and the Duke of Sutherland and his four colleagues interpret that phrase so differently from the Report that they are of opinion that, consistently with that assumption, the fleet

'may be quite unable to give protection to many of the vessels carrying our supplies of food—sailing-ships as well as steamers—sufficient to induce them to continue running, to prevent their capture and destruction in considerable numbers by the enemy, and to safeguard their arrival at our ports.'

It is to be noted, however, that the Commission is quite unanimous in the opinion that a blockade of the coast of the United Kingdom is a practical impossibility, and that there is no danger of our oversea supplies being entirely cut off.

The main Report also deduces from the naval evidence that the possibility of the enemy devoting his forces primarily to preying on our commerce is not one which need excite undue alarm. 'The first and principal object of both sides, in case of future maritime war, will be to obtain the command of the sea'; and for this purpose concentration rather than dispersion of force is necessary. Should a certain number of the enemy's cruisers be detached to harass our commerce, 'and if these cruisers should escape from the surveillance of our squadrons . . . we could always spare a superior number of vessels to follow them.' A certain number of captures will, of course, be made; but the evidence suggests that the proportion of these will be much smaller than alarmists anticipate. What the exact proportion will be, there are practically no data to determine; for the conditions of naval warfare have been revolutionised since the Napoleonic wars, which are the last for which definite figures on the subject are available. It is a nice question whether modern changes have increased or diminished the total risk of capture. A steamer has certainly greater freedom of movement than a sailing-ship, and hence greater facilities for escape; but, on the other hand, the telegraph, by disclosing the movements of merchant-vessels, is an ally to the attacking force. Against this, however, we may set the fact that a steam-cruiser is under the necessity of returning to port every few days to coal, and is much less able than a sailing-vessel either to spare a prize-crew or to accommodate the crew of a captured merchantman.

The evidence of the principal shipowners was to the effect that, if adequate protection were afforded by the fleet, the bulk of British steamers, at all events, would keep the sea in a maritime war, though of course freights and insurances would increase. How far the Mediterranean would be still available as a route is a question on which the naval evidence was inconclusive, Admiral Hopkins taking a less sanguine view on this point than

the official representatives of the Admiralty or than the Commission. Here, again, certain paragraphs in the reservations show that there was a difference of opinion within the Commission both as to the interpretation of the naval evidence and as to the probability of the ship-owners continuing to run their vessels during a war. So far, however, as we are able to judge, the weight of the evidence supports the conclusions stated in the Report.

That a maritime war, or the apprehension of such a war, will tend to raise the price of food in this country goes without saying; and the Commissioners distinguish two distinct causes or groups of causes which will tend to produce such an increase.

'There will be what we may call the economic rise caused by actual deficiency, if any, of imports, as also by the enhanced cost of transport and insurance; and what may be termed the "psychological" rise, due to apprehension and uncertainty as to what is going to happen. The former, it is obvious, must apply equally to the imports of food-stuffs and raw materials; and it is possible to put forward some estimate of its probable amount, founded upon the views expressed by practical men. The latter principally affects food-stuffs; these, being of more immediate importance to the population, are naturally more likely to become the objects of panic; but it is not easy to discover any data upon which to found an argument as to the probable amount of such a rise' (§ 150).

The distinction here drawn between the rise of price due to increased cost of importation and that due to panic and uncertainty seems a valuable one, if it be borne in mind that it belongs to the class of provisional distinctions which are useful for the purpose of analysis, so long as they are not mistaken for fundamental differences of kind. The dissentient minority are, we think, justified in pointing out that the factors which have the most important bearing on prices, viz. increased cost of freight and insurance, are liable themselves to be affected by the influence of panic; and they suggest cases which it is difficult to classify exclusively as either 'economic' or 'psychological.' There is, of course, no hard and fast line to be drawn between the two groups of causes, and the distinction must not be pressed too far; but it is useful as facilitating the discussion.

Nevertheless, in the paragraph which we have quoted

above, there appears to be some confusion of thought. The factor in the so-called 'economic' rise, here attributed to an actual deficiency in supply, should surely be treated on a separate footing from the effects of the increased cost of getting wheat into this country. It is to be remembered that, in the view of the Commission, such deficiency is only to be looked for if the command of the sea be lost. Thus, while the increased cost due to rise of freights and insurance is a certainty, and capable, within limits, of rough estimate, that due to a deficiency of supply is a remote contingency; and, if it occurred, no limit can be set to the rise of prices that would ensue. It will not occur, however, in the opinion of the Commissioners, if the navy be 'strong' in the sense assumed by them. As a matter of fact, both in the evidence before the Commission and in most of the reasoning of the Report, the effects of a possible deficiency of supply and of increased cost of importation are carefully separated. Putting aside the question of shortage, the remaining elements in the 'economic' rise of price are the rise in freights and insurance; in freights, because anything tending to alter the ordinary channels of trade tends to force them up, and because the demands of Government for transport may diminish the available supply of vessels; and in insurance, because of the risk of capture. The Commissioners, in their conclusions, state that they do not look with any great alarm on the economic rise of prices. They think 'that the addition to the price of commodities under this head will be covered by a moderate percentage on their ordinary cost.' This conclusion seems borne out by the evidence, which showed that, even under extreme conditions unlikely to occur, the causes named would not result in a rise in the price of wheat sufficient to excite alarm.

There remains for consideration the 'psychological' or 'panic' rise, which may be very serious, but the extent of which it is impossible to foretell.

'We may hope that such a rise will almost certainly be of brief duration, and will quickly be corrected by the competition which it will in itself tend to stimulate, especially so soon as data begin to be forthcoming as to the real risk of captures, though it might recur during the progress of the war on the rumour of a reverse at sea' (§ 161),

As Professor Holland is at the pains to point out, the wording of the above sentence is open to criticism on the ground that an expression of 'hope' is irrelevant. It may, however, be presumed that the Commission would not have used the expression if the conclusion did not also represent their reasoned belief.

That a popular scare resting on no real grounds is possible in time of war cannot be denied in view of the experience of the Spanish-American war, when, in Captain Mahan's words, 'the flying squadron was kept in Hampton Roads to calm the fears of the sea-board,' although the attempts of the Spanish authorities to create a scare 'did not for a moment impose as true upon those who were directing the movements of United States' ships' (§ 189). How far a scare as to the safety of our food supplies might result at a critical moment in embarrassing the Admiralty and causing it to deviate under popular pressure from principles of sound strategical distribution, is a question which it is not easy to answer. The Admiralty will not officially admit such a possibility; but the Commissioners think that it 'is not one we can ignore.'

Granted the existence of a panic, it is impossible to calculate the height to which, under its cover, prices of necessities might be driven. The only question is as to the possible duration of the rise due to this cause. Here the conclusion is reassuring. The panic rise could only last until accurate data began to be forthcoming and competition had time to act; unless, indeed, an attempt were made to create an artificial shortage by a combination of sellers, the possibility of which the Commissioners give reason for doubting. 'Corners' have never succeeded, even temporarily, except on the basis of a real shortage in the world's wheat-supply, a contingency independent of war. A suggestion was made to the Commission that in the event of an Anglo-Russian war our supply of wheat from Russia would be cut off; and, on the basis of this shortage, operators in America might corner our remaining supplies. But the suggestion is based on a failure to apprehend the true meaning of the term 'shortage.' So long as Russia continues to grow and export corn, even though not for our own market, the Commissioners point out that 'there would be no scarcity in the world's supplies, and that the

operators would not find matters any easier for them.' Should our fleet lock up Russian wheat, there would, no doubt, be a true shortage; but, 'in that case, any pressure caused by the corner would not be felt more in the United Kingdom than in any other country' (§ 163).

It will, in fact, be found that most of the alarmist views as to the possibility of inducing starvation rates in this country by operations on the wheat-market ignore the fact that this market is international, that trade is roundabout, and that the stoppage of commerce between any two countries does not necessarily alter the quantity of wheat in the world's market. The conclusion, that a panic rise of price is likely to be short-lived, is of vital importance in relation to its effect on the condition of the poorer classes. Obviously an enhancement in the price of bread that would cause dire distress if prolonged for a year, might be borne with comparative ease if it lasted only three months, and be barely perceptible if limited to three weeks.

In discussing this part of the subject, which is the kernel of the whole question, the Commissioners confine themselves to the case of wheat, seeing that wheat 'has an immense preponderance in the dietary of the nation as a whole, and that this preponderance is even more marked in the case of the poorer classes of the population.' On this point the official evidence (which might now be supplemented by the much more complete statistics published in the second 'Fiscal Blue-book') was corroborated by the views of so experienced an observer as Mr Charles Booth. The Commissioners consider that a rise of 50 per cent. in the price of wheat would cause a rise of 30 per cent. in that of bread, the cost of production of which, of course, contains other elements than that of the materials of which it is made.

As regards the power of the working classes to adapt themselves to a serious increase in the cost of necessities, a good deal of evidence was put before the Commission by workmen's representatives; but much of this evidence was inconclusive, inasmuch as it appeared 'to rest on the assumption that the pressure from this cause is likely to be of long duration, and that the distress which the poor would feel would be continually increasing in intensity.' Finally, after analysing the evidence, economic

and historical, on these points, the Commissioners arrive at the reassuring opinion that 'it seems doubtful whether high prices due to panic could last long enough to impair the resisting power even of those who may be classed as very poor' (§ 180). From this conclusion, however, the minority strongly dissent. They believe (p. 89)

'that, in the event of war between the United Kingdom and one or more of the great Powers, the rise in the price of bread is certain to be great and very possibly immense; and for how long a period it may continue no one with any accuracy can foretell. That the suffering in consequence among the poor, and especially if the rise was much prolonged, would lead to the danger of pressure being placed upon the Government, and add to their embarrassment at moments of great crisis.'

On a point on which opinions differ so widely every man must form his own judgment from the evidence; but we incline to the belief that the verdict of those who carefully study the question will be rather with the main Report than with the alarmist minority. But the Report goes on to point out that a temporary rise of price, which may not be serious in relation to food-supply, may exercise a very marked effect on the employment of the people, especially those working for export, both through the enhanced cost of their raw materials and the additional expense of placing the manufactured article on the foreign market, due to war-freights.

We now come to the sections of the Report dealing with proposed remedies, and the practical recommendations of the Commission. It is no slight to the Commission to express a doubt whether this part of the Report is of as great permanent value as that which we have already reviewed. The schemes brought before the Commission fall naturally under two heads, according as they concern home-supply or importation. To secure the presence of an adequate quantity of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom, and the continued influx of adequate imports of wheat and flour into our ports—these are the two main objects which practically all the schemes examined by the Commission had in view. The two most obvious means of achieving these objects are the encouragement of home cultivation of wheat and the increase of the efficiency of the fleet. Both these

subjects, however, were practically excluded from the scope of the enquiry, that of naval protection being ruled out by the terms of the reference, while the question of agricultural protection was perhaps felt to involve political issues which would indefinitely extend and complicate the enquiry. The great magnitude of the inducement which would be necessary to give sufficient encouragement to English farmers to extend their cultivation of wheat to a material extent is referred to by the Commission as one of the reasons for rejecting a scheme for subsidising English farmers; and, though this observation had no direct reference to a proposal for protective duties, the same considerations evidently apply to such duties.

The maintenance of a sufficient navy being assumed, and schemes for the protection of British farmers being put aside, the proposals actually considered by the Commission naturally resolved themselves into

'those for increasing the supplies of wheat and flour in the United Kingdom, and those in which it is suggested that the State should undertake the insurance of vessels and their cargoes against war-risk, so as to prevent the laying-up of British ships in time of war, and the consequent interruption of our supplies from abroad' (§ 192).

There was indeed one other proposal before the Commission, viz. to arrange in time of peace for the organisation of poor-law relief to meet special distress in time of war. This scheme does not, however, seem to have impressed the Commission; and, with the brief remark that it would be 'very difficult and possibly undesirable' to carry it into effect, it is relegated to an appendix in company with the criticisms of the various government departments concerned.

The schemes for increasing the quantity of wheat in the country ranged from a proposal that the Government should accumulate a reserve of two years' supply of wheat in national granaries, at a cost estimated by the Commission at over 10,000,000*l.* a year, down to one for paying sixpence a quarter on the storage capacity of privately owned granaries which should offer to store wheat, free of rent, at a cost of 100,000*l.* a year for 4,000,000 quarters. These proposals are discussed and

classified in the Report under four headings : (1) schemes for storage of government-owned wheat in government granaries ; (2) schemes for inducing merchants and millers to carry a permanent stock of grain in addition to the stocks which they would hold in the ordinary course of their trade ; (3) schemes for inducing owners of wheat to store it in the United Kingdom rather than in the country of production ; (4) schemes for inducing farmers in the United Kingdom to retain in their own hands some portion of the wheat they grow for a longer period than they now do, or both to increase their production of wheat and to retain it longer in their own hands.

Under each of these headings there were various proposals, differing widely as regards scope and estimated cost. One witness held that the erection of granaries to store 6,000,000 quarters of wheat would only cost 1,000,000*l.* ; the next estimated an expenditure of 4,000,000*l.* on granaries to store 10,000,000 quarters. The total cost of storing a quarter of wheat for a year (which is estimated by the Commission on the basis of existing Liverpool practice at 3*s.* 7½*d.*) was put at 1*s.* 4½*d.* by one witness, at 2*s.* by another. One witness thought the wheat in the stores would hardly ever require changing ; another that it should be changed once in three years. Most of the schemes for state storage of wheat contemplated the storage of dry foreign wheat as more suitable for the purpose than British grain ; but one of the proposals included a plan for drying British wheat, so as to make it less unsuitable for the purpose.

All proposals for state storage, whatever their character, are condemned by the Commission on the ground of their excessive cost, and of the disturbance of trade that would be caused by the Government becoming dealers on a large scale. The wheat would have to be sold and replaced by fresh grain at intervals, for the Commissioners do not think it safe to base any conclusions on the accuracy of the opinions of those who deny that the wheat will deteriorate with keeping. Should these intervals be regular or irregular ? The Commissioners naturally demur to the idea that a Government could adopt the course of entering the market as a dealer to buy and sell when the market was favourable, in view of the intolerable interference with private trade

caused by such intervention on a large scale. It would therefore be necessary to change the wheat at regular intervals, which would be known to dealers; and it is scarcely likely that the dealers would fail 'to take advantage of the government necessity.'

It is clear that to create and maintain huge state granaries would be a very expensive business, and would tend to disturb private trade; but these objections are nothing to the difficulty of deciding how and at what price the reserve is to be utilised on the outbreak of war. None of the framers of schemes seem to have thought out this side of the problem. One after another declared his readiness to leave the disposal of the wheat in time of war to the discretion of the Government. On this the Commissioners make some very pertinent observations.

'The question arises, at what point is the national wheat to be made available for consumption, and at what price? If, on the declaration of war, prices rise rapidly and the whole national stock is thrown on the market at market prices, prices will, of course, decline again, possibly to their normal level. At the same time it is to be remembered that this will act as a check on importation at a time when imports are most to be desired; whereas the natural high price would have acted as an inducement to import by enabling importers to recoup themselves for the enhanced cost of transport due to the increase of freights and to war insurance. Moreover, high prices form the best natural guarantee of economy. Again, in the period of apprehension which generally precedes the outbreak of a modern war, the knowledge that a national stock exists might deter dealers from endeavouring to import the largest quantities possible, which it would otherwise be to their interest to do; in fact, the general tendency of a national stock must be to make the population dependent to an ever-increasing extent on the Government for their supplies. The Government, of course, might decide to hold back their stock as long as possible; but the point appears to be that, so long as it was known that the stock existed, and might be put upon the market at any moment, even a period of high prices would not have its usual effect in attracting supplies, while the pressure upon the Government to open their stores would be very great' (§ 226).

We may well pity a Government already preoccupied with vital questions of national defence, and expected at

the same time to exercise a wise discretion in steering between the Scylla of national privation and the Charybdis of ruin to the corn trade and discouragement of importation. Out of the dilemma here propounded by the Commission there is only one possible way, which is briefly referred to by the Report, viz. that the national stock of wheat should never be thrown on the market, but held throughout by the Government for direct distribution to the poorest of the population. Most people having experience of poor-law administration will be disposed to agree with the comment of the Commission, that 'it is difficult to exaggerate the complications which beset government action in administering relief of the kind.' Yet, if a government store of wheat be accumulated at all, the nation should at least have some guarantee that the whole stock will be used to meet the most necessitous cases, and will not, in the language of the Commissioners, be 'bought up by dealers in order to hold it for higher prices before retailing it for consumption.'

The special difficulties referred to above apply to schemes for the establishment of stores, owned or controlled by the Government. No less formidable, however, are the difficulties attending schemes for encouraging private persons by subsidies to hold larger stocks of wheat than they would otherwise do.

'If it is left to be disposed of by the owners according to the ordinary laws of trade, it is only to be expected that they will make use of it in their own interest rather than in that of the whole population, by whose benefit alone any such scheme would be capable of justification; and the result would almost certainly be that the nation would have been paying large sums in time of peace to enable a few men to make large profits out of the national difficulties in time of war' (§ 227).

The minority, led by the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Chaplin, agree with the conclusion of the Report, that the objections to state storage are practically conclusive; and it is noteworthy that, with one possible exception, the Commissioners are also unanimous in condemning schemes for subsidising merchants or farmers to induce them to increase their stocks of wheat or flour, or to keep grain in the stack.

A proposal that a three months' supply of the wheat

required for our regular home forces should always be stored by Government met with considerable support, and seems, if we may trust a disclosure of an unusual kind in one of the reservations, to have narrowly escaped adoption by the Commission as a whole. This limited scheme has, however, but little in common with proposals for storing wheat in order to secure the feeding of the civilian population.

So far there is no very serious difference of opinion; but a strongly marked division arose over the next class of schemes to be examined, viz. those contemplating state encouragement of the holding of stocks of wheat in the United Kingdom rather than in the country of production by the conditional offer of free storage.

The managing director of the Trafford Park Estate Company at Manchester put before the Commission an offer, on behalf of the company, to erect granaries,

'storage in which should be offered free of rent to any who chose to avail themselves of the accommodation, the company levying the operating charges ordinarily made when grain is passing through upon "ex-ship" terms, charges for special services being made in addition' (§ 206).

In return for this, the Government is to reimburse the company by paying 6*d.* per quarter per annum upon the storage capacity for 20 years, or 5*d.* per quarter per annum as long as the storage is provided. The idea is that the provision of free storage will tend to transfer to the United Kingdom part of the stocks of wheat now held in the country of production, and thus increase the supplies held in the country at any given time. The plan contains various additional details, which, however, need not delay us, as the Commissioners do not recommend the adoption of the scheme exactly as put before them. It is indeed very difficult to see why, on their view of the evidence, they give any countenance to it, for it appears that the very preamble of the scheme was not proved to their satisfaction. They say,

'We do not think it by any means certain that the offer of storage free of rent will be a sufficient inducement to persuade owners to keep in this country wheat which at present is held in the country of production. It also appears to us doubtful whether these schemes might not have considerable

effect in depleting existing stores and attracting their contents to the subsidised buildings; and further, whether in practice it would be possible to bring the matter to the test of actual fact' (§ 261).

In fact the only certain thing about the scheme is that it would cost the taxpayer sixpence per annum for twenty years on every quarter, not of wheat stored, but of storage capacity provided, which storage capacity might or might not be always fully utilised, and would certainly partly, and possibly entirely, be occupied by wheat diverted from existing granaries. The Commissioners are fully alive to this possibility, for they observe that 'a possible result, if the free stores were filled, would be simply to diminish *pro rata* the stock now held elsewhere in this country by merchants and millers.' If this were the case, the result might be 'that the Government would have to pay the rent of all the present stocks in the United Kingdom without appreciably increasing the amount of wheat held in the country.' The final opinion of the Commission is expressed in the following terms (§ 262):—

'Until an experiment is tried, these objections can only be a matter of conjecture; and, as the cost is not great, we think it well worth the consideration of the Government whether a public invitation should not be made, upon the authority of some department of state, for the purpose of seeing what offer would be made in response to it, and on what terms, with the object of insuring the holding of larger stocks of grain within the United Kingdom than is the case at present.'

But can we properly speak of an 'experiment' in relation to this matter? An 'experiment' could only mean an undertaking on a small scale, or for a short time, with a view to testing the practicability of a permanent scheme on a large scale. But, in this case, there would be no question of trying the plan on a small scale, because such a trial could prove or disprove nothing. No one doubts that warehouses offering free storage for a few hundred thousand quarters of wheat would speedily be filled. The question is, would this wheat be an addition to the total quantity stored in the United Kingdom? Nothing but a wholesale trial would settle this question. This difficulty again has not escaped

the Commissioners, who point out that the difference in total stocks in successive seasons under present conditions may be very great, the weekly range of first-hand stocks in 1902-3 having been from 1,200,000 to 2,265,000 quarters, and in 1903-4 from 1,917,000 to 2,548,000 quarters. 'Obviously,' as the Report observes, 'if some scheme had been put into operation at the beginning of the latter year for providing storage-room free of rent, the result of the experiment might have been altogether misleading.'

But if, in order to be able to arrive at a decisive result, the 'experiment' would have to be conducted on a large scale, say for 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 quarters, it is also evident that it must be continued for a long period of years, since on no other terms would the capital to build the new granaries be forthcoming.

Possibly, however, we are not intended to take very seriously a recommendation couched in such very qualified terms for giving a trial to a scheme which the Report has already riddled with destructive criticism. The want of correspondence between the recommendation of the Commissioners with regard to free storage and the trenchant criticisms which precede it would of itself lead us to suspect the existence of a sharp cleavage of opinion within the Commission, even if we had not the minority reservations before us. On turning to these reservations we find our suspicions amply confirmed. Mr Marshall Stevens' scheme figures in no less than four of the reservations, two of which emphasise the recommendation while repudiating or ignoring the criticism, while two others emphasise the criticism and repudiate the recommendation. Five members actually append their signatures to a declaration that they signed the main Report because of the importance they attached to this single recommendation, though their reservations show that they are at variance with the majority of their colleagues on many matters of importance.

An ingenious proposal, of quite a different kind, for increasing the storage of wheat in this country was put forward by Mr Cunynghame, one of the members of the Commission. Briefly, it is to establish a sliding scale of duties on wheat, the duty to diminish in proportion to the length of time during which the wheat is left in bond. Such a scheme would unquestionably give an inducement

to importers in ordinary times to keep larger stocks at the ports; but its weakness is that at a time of rapidly fluctuating prices (which a threatened war is likely to bring about) the inducement may easily cease to operate; and the bonded warehouses may empty themselves in the ordinary course of trade at the very time when it is most important that they should remain full. The scheme, in fact, appears to require the fulfilment of the impossible condition that the Government should possess and exercise absolute control over the disposal of the wheat, not only during a war, but in anticipation thereof. If, however, the suggested sliding-scale duty were replaced by an absolute requirement that all imported wheat should (with certain exceptions) be stored for a specified period before passing into consumption, the desired end of increasing the store of wheat in the country would be automatically attained. The cost would, of course, be the extra price paid by the consumer to cover the expense of storage and any other inconvenience incidentally caused to the trade.

From projects to increase the storage of grain in this country we turn to the next group of schemes discussed by the Commission, viz. those for securing the continued influx of food-stuffs from abroad in time of war. The existence of a strong navy being assumed, all the proposals under this head considered by the Commission relate to national insurance or indemnity for shipping captured in time of war.

The argument in favour of some step of the kind is, briefly, that it would operate both as an additional security to the maintenance of our oversea trade and as an important steadying influence upon prices. Since, in the view of the Commission, the 'economic' rise in prices is likely to be only moderate, it seems to follow that the sole, though perhaps sufficient, reason for state intervention in this matter, in order to increase the security of our food-supplies, is to be found in the importance of preventing, so far as possible, a panic rise of prices due to temporary uncertainty as to the real risk likely to be incurred by our shipping. It is true that other grounds for such a measure are often urged, viz. the desirability of equalising the conditions of competition between belligerent and neutral vessels by indemnifying the

owners of the former for losses by capture. But, however important may be such an object, it has no necessary connexion with the question of maintaining the inflow of our oversea food-supplies, and was hardly within the reference of the Commission.

If, then, as we suggest, the main if not the only sound reason for establishing a scheme of national insurance or indemnity with this object is to guard against temporary panic rates of insurance and rise of prices, the best scheme for the purpose would seem to be that which will secure this object at the least cost to the national exchequer and with the least interference with ordinary private business. The more limited the scope of state action, the better—provided that the object is attained—in view of the great risk of fraud against which the State could only very imperfectly guard, of the objection likely to be raised by underwriters to government interference with their business, and of the probable opposition of other trades to the preferential treatment of a single industry. No scheme is likely to meet with favour which has even the appearance of putting money into the pockets of a single class as compensation for losses in which all classes share.

Obviously there are difficulties connected with even the most limited proposal; and the suggestion of the Commission that the framing of an actual scheme should be referred to a small expert committee, in consultation with shipowners, seems a good one. The minority of the Commission, who followed the lead of the Duke of Sutherland and Mr Chaplin, gave a qualified adhesion to the appointment of such a committee, but they declined to support the recommendation of the Report that some scheme of indemnity should be tried. Probably some who are unable to endorse the reasoning of the minority will yet regret that the Report should definitely record a preference for a scheme of indemnity under which Government would gratuitously make good the losses of shipowners by capture in war, as compared with a more limited scheme, such as that put forward by Mr Wilding, under which state action would take the form of insurance at fixed rates.

It is easy to understand the grounds on which the shipowners advocated the wider proposal; but it is difficult

to see why the Commission, which was solely concerned with the safety of our supplies, should have accepted their arguments. A scheme so costly to the State as that which the Commission recommends seems to need some much stronger justification than we have succeeded in finding either in the Report or in the evidence. The Report quotes the argument that indemnity is more economical than insurance, because insurance rates are certain to be much higher than is justified by the real percentage of captures, and argues that,

'whereas ordinary war insurance will fall most heavily on the poorest class of consumer, national indemnity will fall upon the taxpayer; and its amount can be spread over a longer period by means of a war loan or taxation to which all classes would contribute according to their means' (\$ 233).

It is impossible to deny some degree of validity to this contention; but those who have studied most deeply the theory of taxation will be the least likely to dogmatise with confidence on the subject of the ultimate incidence of its burden. On the whole, we hardly feel confident that the Commission got to the bottom of this difficult subject, or adequately weighed the relative advantages and difficulties of various modes of attaining the desired result. The proposed expert committee may arrive at a more satisfactory conclusion; and it is to be hoped that any such committee will not be unduly fettered in considering the lines on which a scheme should be framed.

The above-mentioned recommendations on the subject of the free storage of wheat and national indemnity for shipping comprise the whole of the practical proposals of the Commission, excepting on one or two quite minor points. Though nominally unanimous, a comparison of the Report and the reservations shows that the Commission was in reality sharply divided in opinion with regard to both these recommendations; and it also reveals the somewhat unexpected fact that those who favoured free storage were, as a rule, unfavourable to national indemnity, and *vice versa*. This tends to give the two proposals the appearance, not of complementary, but of alternative schemes. Regarded in this light, there can be little doubt which class of scheme deserves the greater consideration.

Whatever be the difference of opinion as to the scope of a scheme for indemnity or insurance of shipping, or the terms on which, or the extent to which, the State should interfere in such a business, a proposal of this kind at least implies a correct perception of the nature and source of the real dangers and difficulties which threaten our food-supplies in time of war. But, with regard to all such schemes, it is necessary to bear constantly in mind that the only effective guarantee both of the supply of food and the continued employment of our people is the maintenance of a sufficient fleet; and anything is mischievous which tends to divert public attention from this central fact.

A perusal of the blue-book can hardly fail to revive the doubts, which were widely felt when the Commission was appointed, as to the wisdom of instituting an enquiry of this kind, or at least of publishing its results. It is not very probable that the information now collected will yield any new lesson of importance to those directly responsible for the defence of this country. The practical recommendations of the Commission and the clarifying effect of the Report on public opinion will, we fear, be largely discounted by the numerous reservations; while the fact that opposite conclusions are drawn by persons of intelligence from the same evidence may even increase the confusion of the popular mind. On the other hand, the blue-book is excellent reading, and it places at the disposal of the student a large amount of information otherwise difficult or impossible to obtain. This is not a great result from so much labour, but perhaps it is all that we should expect from the application of the methods of a representative Commission to such a question as Imperial defence.

Art. XI.—GREAT BRITAIN, RUSSIA, AND JAPAN.

WITH the conclusion of the peace negotiations at Portsmouth and the publication of the amended and extended Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, the problem of the Far East, which affects all that the Germans call *Weltpolitik*, has entered upon a new phase. Attractive as is the delusive pastime of constructing parallels and drawing analogies, it would baffle the most ingenious to find in the annals of the whole world a situation resembling that which has been created by the dramatic incidents of these last two years. We are too close to the colossal struggle to state positively that the battle of the Sea of Japan will rank amongst the decisive battles of the world. To the student of classical history there seems to have come through the ages an echo of the stern and decisive combats with which the names of Marathon and Salamis are imperishably associated. In those far-off days, too, there existed a great and overgrown empire, half-civilised itself, which was the terror of the civilised world. The Persian tempest swelled and burst in vain against the genius and valour of a small branch of the Aryan race, which, within a period counted by a few generations, was to run through the gamut of intellectual and æsthetic achievement. The might of Xerxes, exaggerated as it doubtless was by the pardonable vanity of Greek historians and dramatists, was not unlike that with which the Tsars have seemed to menace Europe.

To other minds other plausible analogies will suggest themselves, but all the resemblances are fanciful and superficial. For the first time in what we conventionally call modern history, a white and a yellow race have met in conflict, and victory complete and overwhelming has fallen to the latter. And this has happened in no chance conflict, such as often occurs between the white rulers of a heterogeneous empire and their yellow or black subjects. Had Great Britain been driven out of India as the result of the Indian Mutiny, the effect upon her Imperial fortunes would have been immense, but it would not have compared with the results produced by the triumph of Japan in the war now concluded.

That triumph, achieved by sea and by land, was no snatched or casual victory. The conflict itself had long been anticipated. Russia, the greatest and in appearance the most powerful military nation in the world, was believed by soldiers and statesmen alike to be sufficiently armed for any emergency, on however colossal a scale, that might demand the active service of her forces. Japan, ever since she was robbed of half the fruits of her victory over China ten years ago, had been steadily and openly preparing for a struggle upon which Emperor and people alike were convinced the future of their race was staked. To the most casual observer it was obvious that, with Russia firmly established in Manchuria, controlling the impotent government of Korea and directing the policy of Peking, the existence of Japanese independence would be worth but very few years' purchase. It was known to all, though perhaps it was less appreciated in St Petersburg than elsewhere, that Japan would not wait till Russia had grown too strong. We much doubt whether, at any moment since 1895, the Japanese Government believed in the efficacy of diplomatic methods to save them from falling victims to Russian force or Russian guile. At any rate, they made no secret of their determination to sharpen their sword for use should the pen fail. Russian arrogance and the corruption of those who advised the Tsar on Far-Eastern questions, brought matters to an issue earlier perhaps than Japan, and certainly than Russia, had anticipated.

From first to last, the Japanese have grasped the importance of putting their opponents in the wrong. There existed in Europe—France and England perhaps excepted—a strong racial prejudice against yellow peoples. In our own colonies, as recent events have shown, and in the United States of America, this almost instinctive antipathy was rampant. No doubt, on the other hand, the autocracy, by its harsh and even brutal treatment of Jews and Poles and Finns, and by the medieval rigidity of its administrative methods, had alienated the sympathies of free and constitutionally governed countries. Still, Russia was universally recognised as a white Power, and Japan was unquestionably yellow. To counter-balance the weight of this prejudice or instinct, it was essential for the Mikado and his advisers that, before

they entered upon a life and death struggle with Russia, it should be proved to the world beyond cavil that they had right on their side. Russia, in her contempt for the 'monkey men,' undertook the task herself. The flagrant violation of the reiterated pledges given by the Tsar, to respect the integrity and independence of China, constituted not only an affront but a danger to all Powers having material interests in the Celestial Empire. It thus came about that Japan, in resisting Russian aggression, was practically championing the cause of all the white races of the world.

More important still, the United States of America, traditionally anxious to avoid European entanglements and to maintain that splendid isolation of which the Monroe doctrine is the political expression, viewed with something more than suspicion the designs of Russia to convert the Pacific into a Russian lake. The Spanish war had compelled the rulers of the United States to abandon the policy of absolute aloofness to which, since the days of Washington, they had been committed. The possession of the Philippine Islands alone must have compelled them to protest against the uncontrolled ascendancy of any one Power or group of Powers in the Pacific. But much more than the sovereignty of the Pacific was involved. Year by year the commercial relations of America with China were increasing. To no other Power, from a manufacturing and industrial point of view, was the policy of the open door so essential; and Russia had no liking for open doors. When, therefore, Japan insisted upon the prompt evacuation of Manchuria by Russia, she was not only protecting her own national existence, but she was asking for the redemption of the most solemn pledges given by Russia, not only to herself, but to the whole civilised world. The cynical indifference of the Tsar's Government to all appeals and protests secured for Japan the moral position which was to her of such vital importance.

But the attitude consistently adopted by her statesmen secured for her much more than this. It won for them and for their policy the respect and sympathy of all classes and political creeds in England, with the result that the first Anglo-Japanese Treaty was not only acceptable but positively welcome to the people of Great Britain.

When the contents of this momentous treaty were made known, party feeling in the United Kingdom was running very high; and yet hardly a note of opposition was raised with regard to a diplomatic instrument which, on the face of it, was bound to modify the whole current of *Weltpolitik*. The history of the negotiations which preceded this master-stroke, so creditable to the sagacity of the Foreign Offices of London and Tokio, cannot yet be told in detail. It is sufficient to say that the alliance was encouraged and heartily approved in Washington. In the chanceries of Europe the document excited perhaps more astonishment than dismay. The intense and hoary conservatism of European diplomacy as exhibited by the diplomatists, in contradistinction to the statesmen who direct them, has established a set of unwritten laws not unlike to the Law of the Jungle as expounded in Mr Kipling's delightful stories. The feeling of the continental diplomatist when he heard that Great Britain had concluded an alliance with Japan was much like that of Baloo when he learned from Mowgli that he had been associating with the Bandar-log. Yet the consequences of this intimate alliance were destined to be of greater import to the world than those of almost any similar engagement contracted within the memory of living men.

It has been asserted that the Anglo-Japanese alliance was indirectly responsible for the outbreak of the late war, because, it is argued, Japan would never have ventured to try conclusions with Russia had she not been assured by a treaty with Great Britain that no third Power would be allowed to enter the ring. This argument, however, ignores the fixed opinions of the Japanese, forced upon them by the events of 1895. They firmly believed that it was the ultimate design of Russia so to fence them round that, when the hour came for the Tsar to strike at their independence, they would be powerless to resist. That such was their confirmed belief no one who has studied the current literature and journalism of Japan for the past ten years can possibly doubt. Japan was determined to cut the coils in which she believed she was being involved, before their grip could paralyse her energies. Moreover, her statesmen, who had carefully and intelligently studied the relations of the great Powers of the world, were convinced that, treaty or no

treaty, neither Great Britain nor the United States of America could afford to see Japan wiped out.

It is, then, safe to infer from these two indisputable propositions that the hour of Japan's striking was not hastened, though it may have been retarded, by the conclusion of her alliance with Great Britain. That alliance, however, had the incalculable advantage of circumscribing the battlefield and of saving the civilised world from the horrors of a universal war, into the vortex of which the nations of the earth, one after the other, might easily, though involuntarily, have been drawn. But for the notice and warning writ very large in the Anglo-Japanese Agreement, the border-lines of permissible interference would have been as vague and shadowy as they were in that instrument clearly and sharply defined. If we look back upon the 'untoward incidents' affecting the interests of neutrals which occurred from time to time during the progress of the war, we may perceive the gravity of the danger which civilisation has escaped. Questions of the contraband of war, of the right of search, of the hospitality to be extended to belligerents, afforded any Power seeking a pretext for interference at least a plausible case. But, when it was known to all concerned, beyond the possibility of mistake, that the intervention of a third Power in the conflict would bring Great Britain into the field, foreign statesmen thought twice or thrice before venturing to take a decisive step.

To France, especially, the existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance must have been a source of constant relief during the past eighteen months. The French have never been an ungrateful nation; and the gratitude they felt toward Russia for rescuing them from the isolation caused by the war of 1870-1, though the debt had been repaid many times, was still intense. The war between Russia and Japan touched no French interest, and certainly was due to no act of French policy. But a feeling of chivalry, supplemented by the common folly of throwing good money after bad, might, but for the existence of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, have tempted the Republic to come to the assistance of her ally at more than one critical period of the conflict. On the other hand, the somewhat unusual hospitality extended by the French Indo-Chinese authorities to Admiral Rozhdest-

vensky and his fleets might easily have caused the gravest difficulties between Japan and the Republic. Public opinion in Tokio was deeply moved by the prolonged halts of the Russian vessels in or near French territorial waters in the Far East. But the Mikado's advisers, knowing how anxious His Majesty's Government was to maintain and develope the good feeling which had happily grown up between France and England, contented itself with making strong protests; and these were met in Paris by explanations which, whether adequate or not, at least soothed Japanese susceptibilities. Thus, at both ends of the cable, the Anglo-Japanese alliance was exercising a moderating and pacificatory influence.

Its beneficial effects were felt even in connexion with the Dogger Bank incident, which roused so fierce and so natural a storm of wrath throughout the British Empire. Many uninformed critics thought that Japan must have welcomed the occurrence of this outrage, as likely to force her ally into active co-operation in the war. Quite the contrary. The Japanese Government, with that singular insight which it has displayed in every phase of the struggle, was genuinely anxious that England should not be drawn into the war. These far-sighted men perceived the danger that must have arisen, had England been compelled to vindicate her honour against Russia by recourse to arms. The whole world might easily have been involved, sooner or later, in the conflict; and at the end thereof there would have been a world's congress, in which the claims of the great Powers would have been dealt with in that spirit of compromise which has always been fatal to the interests of the smaller communities.

Nor was the restraining influence of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan less conspicuous in bringing the war to a close than it had been in limiting its area. Months before the supreme victory of the Sea of Japan had destroyed Russia's naval power, the principal points of a new treaty had been agreed upon between Great Britain and Japan. This fact deserves to be emphasised, because certain malignant critics on the Continent have taunted His Majesty's Government with having deferred a renewal of the treaty until Admiral Togo had wiped his opponent off the face of the waters. On the contrary, at the time when the bases of the new

alliance were agreed upon, the fleets commanded by Admiral Rozhdestvensky were not only intact, but were, in the opinion of many experts, likely to prove a match, perhaps even more than a match, for the numerically inferior fleet of Japan. The probable effect of this agreement on the peace negotiations has been indicated by Lord Lansdowne in his despatch of September 6.

When President Roosevelt undertook his second attempt to bring about a suspension of hostilities, the Japanese had virtually completed the new treaty of alliance with Great Britain. Their plenipotentiaries went to Portsmouth with a full knowledge of the reassuring fact that, whatever terms were finally arranged between themselves and Russia, Great Britain would back the bill. The conference at Portsmouth opened on August 9; the Anglo-Japanese treaty was signed on August 12, though it had been ready for this formality several weeks previously. The Japanese keep their secrets well; and we may perhaps never know how far the terms to which they ultimately agreed concurred with those they had been originally instructed to accept. Count Witte has rather dimmed the lustre of the great reputation he undoubtedly earned at Portsmouth, by boasting to newspaper correspondents of the diplomatic triumph which his own firmness and skill obtained over the Japanese plenipotentiaries. It was a favourite saying of the late Lord Salisbury that diplomatic triumphs or defeats were the last things that diplomatists and statesmen should talk about. 'If you have gained your object,' he would say, 'surely that is reward enough. If you have failed, the less said about it the better.' To many of those who, without being participators in, were closely associated with the conference at Portsmouth, it appears very doubtful whether Count Witte gained even a diplomatic victory, in the sense of extorting from the Japanese anything which at the outset they had made up their minds not to yield. That Baron Komura and his colleagues at first pressed claims which in the end they relaxed, only proves that they had faithfully studied the precedents of western diplomacy.

At any rate, this much may be said, that the conditions of peace ultimately agreed upon were very much those which a detached and impartial student of politics would

have drafted as most beneficial to Japan. Every point upon which the Mikado's Government had insisted during the abortive negotiations which preceded the war was conceded to the full. The positions whence Russia had menaced Japan were in the hands of the Mikado's troops, and were left in his possession by the treaty of peace. Apart from the security assured by the alliance with Great Britain, the terms of the treaty with Russia have won for Japan a period of absolute relief from all fears for the integrity and independence of her empire. Much more also has been gained. It has been well said by a shrewd observer that the motto which ought to be inscribed in the council chambers of every Foreign Office is the wise paradox of Hesiod: *νήπιοι, οὐδ' ἴσασιν ὅσῳ πλέον ἡμῖν πάντός*. The Japanese were not amongst the *νήπιοι*.

It is very doubtful whether the shrewd advisers of the Mikado really expected to obtain any reimbursement of the expenses incurred in the war, or even to acquire any part of the island of Sakhalin. The demands embodied in the Japanese conditions of peace were, as we have said, in excess of what Japan was prepared to accept. It is very possible that the Japanese Government did not reckon upon the journalistic methods so adroitly employed by Count Witte. Reticence had hitherto been quite as characteristic of Russian diplomatic procedure as it still is of that of Japan. The plenipotentiaries of the Mikado at no time communicated to the press, even in rough outline, the character and extent of their instructions. They probably believed that no particulars of this momentous conference would leak out until the protocols had been signed and the usual concise summary of the proceedings officially published. Had this proved to be the case, the outside world would never have learnt anything about the maximum of demand and the minimum of concession disclosed in the course of the bargain. The result would have appeared in the form of the inevitable compromise; and it may be taken for granted that there would have been no passionate protest in Tokio against the peace which intrinsically satisfied Japanese requirements.

In certain respects, we must admit, Count Witte was justified by the results of this daring experiment in 'the new diplomacy.' For himself and, in a much less degree,

for his country, he secured at least the appearance of having scored a diplomatic triumph; and he also succeeded in modifying the anti-Russian feeling which had grown up in the United States. Substantially, however, Japan obtained all that she required and perhaps a little more than she expected. It is true that, in compassing these great objects, Japan made enormous sacrifices in blood and treasure. Japan is not a rich country, and a monetary indemnity would have brought welcome relief to her strained financial resources; but the material advantages she has gained in Korea and in the Liaotung Peninsula will assuredly, within the course of a very few years, compensate her for all her financial sacrifices. But it was not for self-aggrandisement or for pecuniary profit that Japan staked her all in the daring struggle with the greatest military power of Europe. She fought, as every Japanese citizen believed, for national independence and for permanent immunity from the growing perils which beset that independence. These objects she has secured by her own valour and skill; and she enters into the enjoyment of her dearly-bought freedom with the knowledge that Great Britain has guaranteed its full fruition. If we look back through the centuries and take stock of the spoils of the most conclusive victories, we shall find that the harvest reaped at Portsmouth was at least as substantial as any which the records of European Powers can show.

The second Anglo-Japanese Agreement stands in the same relation to that of January 1902 as preventive measures stand to the system of isolation adopted to circumscribe an area in which an infectious disease has broken out. It must have been obvious to the framers of the earlier instrument that the germs of the war-plague were actually maturing in the Far East, beyond any reasonable hope of repression. In 1902 it had become evident that, unless Russia reversed the engines of her policy with regard to Manchuria and Korea, she must, within an easily measurable time, come into direct and violent collision with Japan. In spite of the solemn and specific pledges given by Russian ministers, there was hardly a diplomatist who believed that Russia intended to abandon one of her illegitimate pretensions. It was with the object of localising the inevitable conflict that Great

Britain and Japan entered upon the epoch-making agreement of January 30, 1902. Under its provisions, Great Britain undertook to draw a cordon round the scene of naval and military operations. Japan asked for no direct assistance from her ally, assured, with a confidence amply justified by events, that she was more than a match for her formidable antagonist.

Prevention, however, is better than limitation. The sole object of the new Anglo-Japanese Agreement is to prevent, so far as human provisions can prevent them, the genesis and development of a new armed conflict in the Far East. Alike in the preamble to the new Agreement and in the covering letter addressed by Lord Lansdowne to our ambassadors at St Petersburg and Paris, the point insisted upon is the absolutely pacific nature of the treaty. The first operative words of the preamble state that the ensuing articles have for their object 'the consolidation and maintenance of the general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India'; and Lord Lansdowne instructs Sir Charles Hardinge to

'call special attention to the objects mentioned in the preamble as those by which the policy of the contracting parties is inspired. His Majesty's Government believe that they may count upon the goodwill and support of all the Powers in endeavouring to maintain peace in Eastern Asia, and in seeking to uphold the integrity and independence of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in that country.'

The end in view is that which every Power in the world has pledged itself, again and again, to pursue without reservation. The phrase 'equal opportunities' is merely the diplomatic equivalent of the more popular 'open door.'

There is only one provision in the Agreement that can be said to disturb arrangements which existed before the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese war. The independence of the feeble Korean Empire was guaranteed by international treaties. These guarantees, however, did not deter Russia from prosecuting designs against Korean independence, which in themselves constituted one of the chief causes of the rupture. The fortunes of war have placed Korea in the power of Japan; and every chancery in the world is aware that Japan will never relinquish

her control over the Hermit Empire unless she is forcibly expelled. The Agreement recognises these facts.

'The new treaty' (says Lord Lansdowne) 'no doubt differs at this point conspicuously from that of 1902. It has, however, become evident that Korea, owing to its close proximity to the Japanese Empire, and to its inability to stand alone, must fall under the control and tutelage of Japan. His Majesty's Government observed with satisfaction that this point was readily conceded by Russia in the treaty of peace recently concluded with Japan, and they have every reason to believe that similar views are held by other Powers with regard to the relations which should subsist between Japan and Korea.'

But the most important and most far-reaching provisions of the treaty are those by which the contracting parties bind themselves to common action in the event of unprovoked attack upon their rights and interests 'in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India,' as set forth in articles 2, 3, 4, and 5 of this pregnant document.

The carefully chosen words, 'If by reason of unprovoked attack or aggressive action, wherever arising, on the part of any other Power or Powers,' etc., should make it clear alike to the friends and the potential enemies of Great Britain and Japan that the basis of this treaty is purely defensive. The traditional policy of this country, fortified by the pressure of increasing military and naval expenditure, is opposed to any expansion of the empire in any quarter of the globe. The political and economic conditions of Japan, tried to the uttermost by the sacrifices she has been compelled to make, supply material guarantees against aggressive and ambitious enterprises on her part. Her victory must, of course, tend to enhance her prestige and to extend her influence amongst her sluggish Chinese neighbours. But Japan has not the means, even if she entertained the desire, to attempt the establishment in China of a 'Raj' corresponding to that of England in India. That her influence will stimulate trade and industry in China no one can doubt; but the very terms of her agreement with Great Britain place at the disposal of all countries the opportunities which that influence will promote.

So far as India is concerned, the agreement merely strengthens the resources, but does not change the un-

alterable policy, of the rulers of that country. With or without allies, England would defend India and the approaches to India with her last man and her last shilling. But the knowledge that, at a pinch, the Indian Government can rely upon the material assistance of Japan in a defensive war must inevitably inspire those who dream of a conquest of India—if such there be—with a deeper conviction of the impossibility of the task. If there is any disposition to criticise the vagueness of the terms employed in this document, it must be remembered that every word has been carefully chosen in order to avoid giving umbrage to the most delicate susceptibilities, and to emphasise the pacific character of the treaty. There can, however, be no doubt as to its meaning. Great Britain and Japan have notified to the world their determination to maintain, at all costs, the existing *status quo* in the Far East. Such an agreement is not a menace, hardly even a warning; it is a safeguard and a guarantee. We may therefore trust confidently to the realisation of Lord Lansdowne's hope that, for many years to come, the second treaty of alliance between Great Britain and Japan will be instrumental in securing the peace of the world in those regions which come within its scope.

Even the short period which has elapsed since the publication of the Agreement has sufficed to show that the world at large has practically accepted the instrument in the spirit in which it was framed. In Germany, no doubt, a few discordant cries have been raised, but even these were intended to please Russia rather than to express any sense of danger to German interests, which are absolutely unaffected by the alliance. In the most intelligent circles in Russia itself—in some, indeed, deeply committed in the past to Anglophobism—the spirit of the treaty has been interpreted with unexpected and gratifying fairness. It promises to bring, not a sword, but peace. When in the progress of the political revolution which is maturing silently but surely under our eyes, a central responsible government in St Petersburg is substituted for the intermittent administration by unco-ordinated and rival departments, a general and permanent *entente* may well be achieved, based upon the principles which underlie the Anglo-Japanese Treaty.

Art. XII.—THE CENTENARY OF TRAFALGAR.

1. *The Year of Trafalgar*. By Henry Newbolt. London: Murray, 1905.
2. *Logs of the Great Sea-fights (1794–1805)*. Vol II. Edited by Admiral Sir T. Sturges Jackson, K.V.O. Navy Records Society, 1900.
3. *Fighting Instructions, 1530–1816*. Edited by Julian S. Corbett. Navy Records Society, 1905.
4. *Nelson: the Centenary of Trafalgar*. By Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, G.C.B. 'Cornhill Magazine,' Sept. 1905.
5. *The Battle of Trafalgar*. By Vice-Admiral P. H. Colomb. 'United Service Magazine,' September 1899; reprinted September 1905.
6. *Nelson's Tactics at Trafalgar*. By Admiral the Hon. Sir Edmund Fremantle, G.C.B. 'United Service Magazine' (Centenary number), October 1905.
7. *Correspondence in 'The Times,' July–October 1905.*

FOR months past the rumour of the centenary of Trafalgar has been with us; it is therefore not unfitting to attempt an estimate of what it really is that we are called on to commemorate, to take some note of what manner of man Nelson was, and, above all, what Trafalgar was that its memory should be thus singled out from among all the victories which brighten the pages of our history.

As to Nelson, few words will be sufficient. His life has been told in countless books; there can be but few Englishmen who have not read at least one of these; and, though the complex secrets of a man's heart are not to be learned in this or in any other way, we are all in a position to realise, as Sir Cyprian Bridge has lately told us, that 'he is the only man who has ever lived who, by universal consent, is without a peer.' Of soldiers, statesmen, sculptors, poets, painters, there are several who might be named as claimants for the first place in their several lines. But ask who was the first of admirals, and the unanimous reply will still be Nelson. It is not only amongst his fellow-countrymen that his pre-eminence is acknowledged. Foreigners admit it as readily as ourselves; and a captain in the French navy, who fought both at the Nile and at Trafalgar, seems to comfort himself by speaking of him as 'l'invincible Nelson, le Bona-

parte de la marine anglaise.' For the rest, as Admiral Bridge has well said,

'the more closely we look into Nelson's tactical achievements, the more effective and brilliant do they appear. It is the same with his character and disposition. . . . His childlike vanity . . . was but a thin incrustation on noble qualities. As, in the material world, valueless earthy substances surround a vein of precious metal, so through Nelson's moral nature there ran an opulent lode of character, unimpaired in its priceless worth by adjacent frailties which, in the majority of mankind, are present without any precious stuff beneath them. It is with minds prepared to see this that we should commemorate our great Admiral.'

And in the words of Mahan, already become classical:—

'Sharer of our mortal weakness, he has bequeathed to us a type of single-minded self-devotion that can never perish. As his funeral anthem proclaimed, while a nation mourned, "His body is buried in peace, but his name liveth for evermore." Wars may cease, but the need for heroism will not depart from the earth while man remains man and evil exists to be redressed. Wherever danger has to be faced or duty to be done, at cost to self, men will draw inspiration from the name and deeds of Nelson.'

But, while in this year and this month we revive the memory of our great admiral, we more especially recall his last great battle and his death in the hour of victory. It may be, it almost certainly is, to this striking synchronism that much of the celebrity of the battle must be attributed; but, with every allowance for this, the greatest part of that celebrity belongs to the battle itself, to the immediate relief it gave from the strain under which England was suffering, to its vast importance in the history of Europe, and, from the purely naval point of view, to its interest as a new and startling development of naval tactics.

For more than two years, ever since the renewal of the war in 1803, Bonaparte had openly announced his intention of invading England—so openly that, considering the great difficulty, or, as even then all naval officers of any rank believed, the impossibility of giving it effect, it has been doubted whether it was not a mere feint to distract the attention of some other enemy. But in 1803

there was no other enemy. Of Austria there was little doubt, and still less of Prussia. Russia, indeed, protested against the occupation of Hanover, but not for several months after the formation of the camp at Boulogne, and even then in a very half-hearted manner. It is conceivable that after the summer of 1804, when his relations with Russia and Austria were strained, Napoleon began to consider the possibility of having to defer the invasion of England till he had settled with his continental enemies; we may go farther, and say that by the summer of 1805, when the attitude of Russia and Austria had become unmistakably hostile, he had certainly determined to act against either England or Austria as circumstances should dictate; and, when his great scheme for the concentration of his naval force in the Narrow Seas had evidently failed, he was found not unprepared for another task. But this is very different from saying that the whole project was from the outset a pretence. This, though Napoleon himself said it was so, we refuse to admit. Nelson himself, as Mr Balfour has recently reminded us, disbelieved in the possibility of invasion; so did most of his colleagues. We have the direct testimony of St Vincent and Pellew, and can feel sure that their confidence was shared by Cornwallis, Collingwood, and every other admiral engaged in the work of the blockade. But it is quite certain that the great bulk of the nation did not share it; on the contrary, they believed that invasion was not only possible but probable. And, whatever views the admirals held of Napoleon's chances, it is clear that they had no doubt of his intentions.

We know that Napoleon, who wished to gather his whole navy into one fleet, with which to break down the blockade of the Channel and to escort his army of invasion to the English shores, framed an elaborate plan, in accordance with which the fleets from Toulon, Rochefort, and Brest were to meet in the West Indies and return to Europe in such force as to sweep everything before them. Careful and curiously detailed measures were taken for misleading Nelson; and, when Villeneuve, the French commander-in-chief at Toulon, evaded the blockading squadron and got to sea, he was instructed by Napoleon that Nelson was certain to look for him in Egypt, and, not finding him there, would go to the East Indies,

Napoleon had, in fact, convinced himself that this was what Nelson would do. His traps were so cunningly laid that he could not conceive it possible that a mere pudding-headed Englishman could avoid falling into them. That Nelson refused to fall into them was startling; but his arrival in the West Indies, when Villeneuve had been assured that he would be far away in the opposite direction, threatened disaster; and a speedy return to Europe appeared the only way of escape. Thus, indeed, Villeneuve evaded Nelson, but only to find Calder waiting for him off Finisterre. The indecisive battle which followed was sufficient to turn him from his purpose. He retired to Ferrol, whence he was ordered to join Ganteaume at Brest.

We are not now concerned to discuss the further safeguards of our country, if Villeneuve had arrived off Brest; if Ganteaume had come out to meet him; if the two had effected a junction, or if, acting separately, they had caught Cornwallis, who was commanding the British fleet before Brest, between them, and utterly crushed him, without themselves receiving serious damage. That all these possibilities should have 'come off' transcends the limits of legitimate hypothesis; and, as Napoleon's scheme broke down with the first of them, we need not follow them farther than to say that the extremely unlikely event of their all happening had been amply provided for. Villeneuve did not go to Brest, for the simple reason that he did not believe his fleet at that time equal to trying conclusions with either Nelson or Cornwallis. His ships were foul and leaky, his men badly trained. He had many sick; by the middle of August the French fleet was more than 2000 short of complement.

Personally brave, Villeneuve had not that supreme confidence in his own judgment, or that well-founded trust in his subordinates, which distinguished his great opponent. His collision with Calder had filled him with distrust; the mere sight of a single 74-gun ship, with a couple of frigates, off Cape Ortegal, led him to believe that the whole British fleet was arrayed against him; and he sought to avoid it by turning south and sheltering in Cadiz. The Emperor was quick to realise that his cherished scheme for the invasion of England had failed; and it was clear that Villeneuve was the immediate cause of the failure. Napoleon promptly turned his

arms elsewhere; the 'Army of England' marched to the Rhine; but he was none the less furious, and poured out the vials of his wrath on Villeneuve's head.

On September 1, Decrès, at the command of Napoleon, wrote a long letter, filled with such phrases as:—

'Sa Majesté a vu avec un mécontentement très marqué que etc.; Elle a observé avec amertume que etc.; L'Empereur a été très désagréablement affecté . . . Voilà, Monsieur l'Amiral, ce que Sa Majesté m'a textuellement prescrit de vous mander.'

What his Majesty really said may be gathered from a letter he wrote to Decrès on September 4:—

'Villeneuve est un misérable qu'il faut chasser ignominieusement. Sans combinaisons, sans courage, sans intérêt général, il sacrifierait tout pourvu qu'il sauve sa peau. . . . Il s'est lâchement comporté.' ('Correspondance,' xi, 177.)

The severe reprimand conveyed by Decrès concluded with an order to take in provisions and get ready to put to sea; and, on the 14th, a letter from Napoleon himself ordered the admiral to put to sea at once.

Thiers, in his voluminous travesty of history, has said that Villeneuve was 'authorised' to put to sea. Never, as Lanfrey says, were orders 'plus absolus, plus menaçants, plus péremptoires.' There was, in fact, work for Villeneuve to do; he had caused the invasion of England to fail, he should at least enable the invasion of Naples to succeed. He was ordered by Napoleon to call off Cartagena, where he would be joined by such Spanish ships as were there; he was then to go to Naples, and land the troops at a place convenient for their joining the French army there; to seize any English or Russian ships of war which he might meet; to remain on the coast of Naples as long as he judged necessary to intercept reinforcements from Malta; and subsequently to take the fleet to Toulon, to be refitted and revictualled. Napoleon concluded:—

'Notre intention est que, partout où vous trouverez l'ennemi en forces inférieures, vous l'attaquiez sans hésiter, et ayez avec lui une affaire décisive. Il ne vous échappera pas que le succès de ces opérations dépend essentiellement de la promptitude de votre départ de Cadix, et nous comptons que vous ne négligerez rien pour l'opérer sans délai; et nous vous recommandons, dans cette importante expédition, l'audace et la plus grande activité.' ('Correspondance,' xi, 195.)

On the next day, September 15, he wrote to Decrès complaining that Villeneuve was still at Cadiz, allowing himself to be blockaded by eleven English ships. Decrès was therefore to supersede him, sending Rosily to take over the command, while Villeneuve was to return to France to account for his conduct.

It has seemed necessary to dwell on this, because years afterwards, at St Helena—if any credence is to be given to O'Meara—Napoleon said: 'On Villeneuve's arrival in France I ordered that he should remain at Rennes and not proceed to Paris; but, afraid of being tried by a court-martial for disobedience of orders, and consequently losing the fleet—for I had ordered him not to sail, or to engage the English—he determined to destroy himself.' O'Meara is not beyond suspicion; but such a mendacious depreciation of a subordinate is far from improbable in the case of Napoleon. He acted in like manner towards Brueys, who, he asserted, had remained in Aboukir Bay in spite of his orders to go to Corfu; the falsehood of this statement, and the fact that Brueys, wishing to go to Corfu, remained in Aboukir Bay in obedience to Bonaparte's orders, being distinctly proved by his own letters at the time. It is equally certain that it was in obedience to the positive orders mentioned above that Villeneuve came out of Cadiz.

As soon as it became known at the Admiralty that Villeneuve had gone south to Cadiz, it had been decided that Nelson should return to his command of the Mediterranean fleet; and he left England almost immediately. He joined the fleet off Cadiz on September 28; and, by closely blockading that port and stopping the coasting trade, on which Cadiz largely, and the French fleet entirely, depended for its daily food, he counted on compelling Villeneuve in a short time to put to sea. He was meantime urging the Admiralty to send him every available ship; and they did, in fact, though sorely pressed, bring up his numbers to thirty-three sail of the line. Want of water, however, compelled him to send six of these away to Gibraltar; and the report of their arrival at that place, combined with the news that Rosily had reached Madrid, put an end to the hesitation of Villeneuve. The necessity was urgent; the opportunity was favourable; and on October 19 his fleet began to leave

port. But to get a large number of ships with untrained crews out of a land-locked harbour with a narrow entrance was a lengthy process; and it was the afternoon of the 20th before they were all outside. They then stood to the southward. The British fleet was out of sight; and, though scouts nearer the land had been maintaining a continual interchange of signals, it is probable that Villeneuve hoped that, by keeping close inshore, he might slip through the Straits of Gibraltar unperceived. The hope was vain, for the scouts had done their work; and, when the morning of October 21 dawned, the British captains, being then some five and twenty miles west of Cape Trafalgar,* saw the allied fleet, French and Spanish, about half-way between them and the land.

It is at this point that the controversy which has recently been carried on in the columns of the 'Times' begins. That Nelson at once led the British fleet against that of the enemy, attacked and 'annihilated' it, but at the cost of his own life, is the common property of the historian, the ballad-monger, and the man in the street. But the victory was so complete and so swiftly won, that naturally, not only naval officers, but every educated man, asked by what magic such a result was achieved.

Nelson's correspondence during the days before the battle has taught us that, in his private letters, he referred to it as the 'Nelson touch.' What was the Nelson touch? There seems no reason to doubt that he explained it to the admirals and captains of the fleet on September 29, his forty-sixth birthday. That it was prescribed in the memorandum of October 9, which was sent to Collingwood the same day, and on the 10th to the several captains, may be considered certain. The difficulty is that the traditional account of the battle differs, in an important detail, from the prearranged plan; and the question was not unnaturally raised by the late Admiral Colomb, a careful and exact student of the methods of signalling, especially in its relation to naval tactics, whether the received account of the battle was correct. Colomb came to the conclusion that it was not.

In September 1899 he published in the 'United Service

* Since 1805 the name has generally been spelt correctly; but, before that date, naval officers generally spelt it phonetically, *Trafle-gar*.

Magazine' an elaborate article, with diagrams, showing how, in his opinion, the recorded signals affected the positions of the fleet, and how the advance and the attack, which have always been described as made in two columns, line ahead, must in reality have been made by the two divisions of the fleet in line abreast, or in line of bearing.* Colomb unfortunately died within a few weeks after the publication of this article; and, as no one at the time felt disposed to continue his argument, or to contravene the opinion of a man so universally respected, when he could no longer maintain his thesis, the matter dropped. It was revived in July last by Sir Cyprian Bridge, who, in the address which he delivered to the annual meeting of the Navy Records Society, announced his entire adhesion to Colomb's theory. Sir C. Bridge has been known for many years as a student of naval history and naval tactics in their most practical form; he has been Director of Naval Intelligence, and has had the experience of several years in command of fleets—an advantage which never fell to the lot of Colomb. The opinions of so eminent an authority, delivered on such an occasion, could not fail to rouse attention; but they were immediately called in question, and a long correspondence ensued.

A controversy of this kind rarely leads to any definite conclusion. It died down, but the 'Times' itself subsequently intervened. In a series of articles, an able writer, whose identity is scarcely concealed, has described the events of that great day. His account is singularly lucid and closely argued, but it appears to rely too much on

* Ships are *in line ahead* when each follows the one before it, in Indian file. They are *in line abreast* when alongside of each other, keeping parallel courses in a direction at right angles to their line. They are *in line of bearing* when, while keeping parallel courses, each ship is somewhat behind her neighbour on one side, 'en échelon.' The recognised *line of battle* was the *line ahead, close-hauled*.

A ship is *close-hauled* when she is sailing as near the wind (i.e. pointing as near to the direction from which the wind comes) as possible; to bring her into that position is to *haul the wind*. When a ship is not close-hauled, she is *going free*; when the wind is abaft the beam, she is *sailing large*. To *bear up* is to turn a close-hauled ship so as to go free or sail large; ships in line ahead *bear up together* when they turn simultaneously, thus forming a line abreast or a line of bearing; they *bear up in succession* when each turns on arriving at the point where the leading ship turned, thus retaining the line ahead, but altering the direction. For other nautical phrases reference may be made to Admiral Smyth's 'Sailor's Word-book' (1867).

the postulates of Admiral Colomb, some of which we are unable to admit. When Admiral Colomb wrote, the second volume of Admiral Jackson's 'Great Sea-fights' had not been published; and, for the logs to which he referred, he was obliged to consult the originals at the Record Office, or to trust to the very inaccurate copies printed by Nicolas. Now the logs of a hundred years ago are dirty and badly written; to consult them is a work of time and difficulty, to compare several of them is still more difficult; and Admiral Colomb fell into errors which none can be readier to excuse than one who has himself tried similar work. With Admiral Jackson's volume in our hands, the task is comparatively easy.

Before going farther, it will be well to explain more fully the point in dispute. In the memorandum of October 9, Nelson described clearly the manner in which he intended to attack the enemy, supposed, of course, to be in the customary line of battle, i.e. line ahead, close-hauled or nearly so. There were evidently two cases; the enemy might be to windward or to leeward. Nelson provided for both possibilities.

'If the enemy's fleet' (he wrote) 'shall be seen to windward in line of battle, and that the two lines and the advanced squadron can fetch them, they will probably be so extended that their van could not succour their rear. I should therefore probably make the second-in-command's signal to lead through, about their twelfth ship from their rear, or wherever he could fetch, if not able to get so far advanced; my line would lead through about their centre; and the advanced squadron [is] to cut two or three or four ships ahead of their centre, so as to ensure getting at their commander-in-chief, whom every effort must be made to capture. The whole impression of the British fleet must be to overpower from two or three ships ahead of their commander-in-chief, supposed to be in the centre, to the rear of their fleet.'

This instruction has been very generally overlooked; for, on the day of battle, the enemy's fleet was not seen to windward but to leeward; and it has been assumed that the other instruction came automatically into force. This runs as follows:—

'The divisions of the British fleet will be brought nearly within gunshot of the enemy's centre. The signal will most

probably then be made for the lee line to bear up together, to set all their sails, even steering sails, in order to get as quickly as possible to the enemy's line and to cut through, beginning from the twelfth ship from the enemy's rear.'

Here, then, Nelson's intention is clearly laid down; the two divisions of the fleet were, in some way not prescribed, to take a position in lines parallel to that of the enemy, and at from 1200 to 1500 yards distance from it. From that position the lee division would 'most probably,' but not certainly, be ordered to bear up together, and, under all sail, break through and overpower the enemy's rear; while the division of the commander-in-chief was primarily to take care that the work of his second was not interfered with. But it was from the very first asserted that nothing like this was done; that no attempt was made to take the prescribed position in lines parallel to that of the enemy; but that the British fleet formed two lines ahead, each ship following in the wake of the one before her, and bore down at nearly right angles to the enemy's line, thereby exposing the leading ships to great, and, it was sometimes said, unnecessary risk. This was the history, this was the tradition; and it seemed all the more probable, as it was exactly what Nelson had proposed to do, if the enemy had been to windward; in which case, he had been willing to accept the risk to the leading ships. But against this history or tradition Admiral Colomb protested; he did not recognise the base of the history, the force of the tradition, and gave the memorandum an absolute interpretation which its words do not warrant. There is certainly nothing absolute in the words 'most probably.'

Among the evidence on which the history is based, a high place must be accorded to the diagram or plan of the battle, which, from the date (November 1805) of its publication in the 'Naval Chronicle,' must have come to the Admiralty in company with Collingwood's despatch. Nothing is known of its author. It may have been sent unofficially by Collingwood, or by some other correspondent of Lord Barham's; but the covering letter has not been found. It may have been sketched by Lapénotière, in giving to Barham a verbal account of what he had seen. But all this is mere guessing: it is certainly of English origin, and was considered by Barham, not only

worth keeping, but worth submitting to Villeneuve, then a prisoner in England. Villeneuve appears to have handed it to his flag-captain, who returned it with his signature: 'Certifie véritable le Capitaine de Vaisseau, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, commandant le Bucen-taure, J. J. Magendie.'

The original, so signed, shows the British fleet at daylight in two disorderly clusters; again, at nine o'clock, as if trying to form order of sailing; and finally, at noon, in two fairly formed lines, roughly perpendicular to the main line of the enemy, but converging on its centre. The plan is reproduced in Mr Newbolt's 'Year of Trafalgar,' and also by Admiral Colomb, principally, it would seem, to give him an opportunity of saying that

'it is absurd. . . . It was drawn by some one who had no notion of the facts, and who could not have used them if he had known them, because of his utter ignorance of the nature of fleets and their management.'

But, as we may fairly presume that it was drawn by an officer of the fleet, and as we know that it is attested by Magendie, Admiral Colomb's arraignment falls flat; and, though Sir C. Bridge has rightly pointed out that Magendie could only certify as to the positions of the ships on his own side, it can scarcely be denied that he could see whether the ships advancing towards him were formed on a broad or narrow front. At some distance, lines of bearing might easily be mistaken for lines abreast, but, if worthy of the name, could not be mistaken for lines ahead.

But, letting the unknown artist and Magendie pass, we have the letters of Captain Moorsom of the 'Revenge,' published by Admiral Jackson, which show what at least one captain in the fleet wrote to his friends in England: 'We kept going down in two columns pointing to their centre.' Admiral Colomb would have replied to this that naval officers at that time meant, by the word 'column,' any body of ships, independent of their formation. We doubt if this was at all general; we doubt if the signal 'to form order of sailing in two columns' had no reference to formation; and we doubt very much if so many private writers and so many logs would have used the word 'column' had it not generally conveyed a definite

meaning. We may certainly ask for clear evidence of its being used in the sense of 'line of bearing,' and then for an explanation of the way in which two lines of bearing could point to the enemy's centre. But Moorsom continues: 'All our ships were carrying studing-sails, and many bad sailers a long way astern, but little or no stop was made for them.' And again, referring to some time after the battle had begun:—

'Their [the enemy's] van could not afford any succour to their centre without passing through the sternmost part of our weather column. . . . I am not certain that our mode of attack was the best; however it succeeded. . . . I have seen several plans of the action, but none to answer my ideas of it. A regular plan was laid down by Lord Nelson some time before the action, but not acted upon.'

Surely we may suppose that the captain of the 'Revenge' knew what position the ships were in; knew, at any rate, the signals that had been made to regulate the movements of the fleet. That Moorsom's belief was that of the other officers in command and of the service generally would seem to be proved by Lord St Vincent's letter to the Admiralty (June 2, 1806), in answer to their request that he would give them 'his opinion on the influence of Clerk's "Treatise on Naval Tactics" in the victories obtained by our fleets since its publication.'

'Clerk's position' (he wrote), "that a fleet to windward bearing down at right angles upon the fleet of the enemy must be crippled, if not totally disabled, before it can reach the enemy," has been disproved by the recent action under Lord Nelson, bearing down in two columns at Trafalgar.'*

St Vincent's knowledge was, of course, only by hearsay; but the hearsay on which an officer of his distinction and standing was content to base a semi-official report may fairly be considered as good evidence of the fact, and as certain proof of the general belief.

Here, then—in the authenticated diagram sent to the Admiralty and published in the 'Naval Chronicle'; in the accounts published in the 'Naval Chronicle'; in the belief of naval officers, as proved by the letters of Moorsom

* Tucker, 'Memoirs of the Earl of St Vincent,' ii, 283.

and St Vincent—we have the basis of the historical account, an account, it must be remembered, widely published, everywhere read, and never contradicted by or on behalf of any one of the two admirals, twenty-six captains, and numerous lieutenants who were present in the battle and had related the details of it to scores of personal friends. Truly, it looks as if no historical narrative could rest on a better foundation. But Admiral Colomb, Sir C. Bridge, and the 'Times' correspondent are at one in pinning their faith on the words of the memorandum, or rather on some of them—they ignore the 'most probably'—and hold that the mere supposition of any change from what is there prescribed is a libel on Nelson. The 'Times' correspondent even says:—

'Nelson had in his keeping the fate of his country, the confidence, the loyalty, the devoted affection of officers who knew his plans and were ready to die in executing them. How could he be said not to have betrayed that trust if he jeopardised his country's fate by deceiving those who had so trusted him, and impaired even their tried efficiency by expecting them, without a word of notice or warning, to execute a plan of which they had never even heard?' ('Times,' Sep. 30.)

Considering the 'most probably' of the memorandum, such a denunciation of any change may seem exaggerated. We feel no doubt that these officers had very sufficient warning of what they might expect. The correspondent indeed adds:—

'I do not say that Nelson was bound not to change his plan. On the contrary, I think he was bound to change it, if circumstances so required. But then, surely, he was equally bound to tell his subordinates that he had changed it. A single signal would have sufficed . . . to the effect that the memorandum of October 9 was to be disregarded. Yet no scrap of evidence has ever yet been adduced to show that any such signal was made, or that any information of like purport was conveyed to the fleet in any manner whatever. It is this total omission to make his change of mind known to his followers that, if it could be established, would, in my judgment, inflict a lasting stain on Nelson's honour and fame.'

Here again we think the condemnation exaggerated; but it is of little consequence, for we feel sure that Nelson gave his officers all the information in his power. Sir

Edward Berry has told us what he did before the battle of the Nile; and Sir John Ross, in his 'Life of Saumarez,' was able to lift a corner of the curtain in front of these friendly gatherings. We know that between September 29 and October 19, admirals and captains were frequently on board the 'Victory'; and we have every right to believe that Nelson's verbal comments on the memorandum, and on possible modifications of it, had been heard directly by many, indirectly by all of them. In the particular case before us, if the attack was made as all history describes it, a simple reference to the prescribed attack from the leeward would be sufficient; *mutatis mutandis*, the two are the same.

But Admiral Colomb and Sir C. Bridge hold that the memorandum was carried out exactly, and that the logs of the several ships entirely bear out this contention. We cannot admit this; nor, whilst recognising the value of the logs as first-hand evidence, can we concede to them that impeccability which Admiral Colomb seems to claim for them. They are, as a rule, very imperfect, and, with respect to the morning and forenoon of October 21, are meagre in the extreme. They were not written up till, it may be, three or four days after the battle; some divergence was inevitable; and many details, which would now be priceless, were omitted. On the other hand, making a liberal allowance for blunders, it may be assumed that anything distinctly recorded by two or three or more of the logs really happened. When a large majority of the logs speak of the British as bearing down in two columns, we accept the statement of fact, even though we may differ as to the meaning of the word 'columns,' about which, however, the logs suggest no doubt. Similarly, when many of the logs record that, about 6 A.M., the 'Victory' made signal No. 76, we are sure that signal 76 was made, though, again, we may differ as to the interpretation of it.

As No. 76 has loomed very large in the recent discussion, we give the interpretation as it stands in the signal-book: 'When lying by or sailing by the wind, to bear up and sail large on the course pointed out.' To this is appended a reference to the following instruction: 'When the fleet is to bear up in succession and sail large, it will be necessary that each ship should, etc.' Admiral Colomb,

with whom Sir C. Bridge agrees, held that the meaning of the signal was 'to bear up all together unless specially ordered otherwise'; Nicolas, Sir E. Fremantle, Sir Sturges Jackson, Mr Corbett, and Mr Newbolt, that, at any rate to a fleet in order of sailing, it necessarily meant 'to bear up in succession.' Who shall decide?

With all their practical ability, the men of old had not the gift of framing intelligible orders; and this defect was a frequent cause of miscarriage. The most celebrated instance of this is the action to the west of Martinique, on April 17, 1780, when Captain Carkett and the commanders of the British van misunderstood—as any one even now might misunderstand—the wording of the signal, which Rodney had taken no pains to explain to them. Howe's language was still more confused; it is of him that Sir Sturges Jackson has aptly said: * 'He seems to have suffered from an absolute inability to make himself understood.' The signal-book of 1805 still bore much of the impress of Howe's work; and we may believe that Nelson fully recognised the ambiguity of many of the signals, so much so that, in the memorandum before us, he distinctly provided for the case of signals not being perfectly understood, in the classic phrase, 'No captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy.' Thus, though signal No. 76 seems to admit of both interpretations, and the official meaning is far from clear, it is no great stretch of imagination to suppose that Nelson had given a verbal explanation of it to at least several of his captains.

Such a solution of the difficulty is, however, not needed here, for this particular ambiguity is one of Admiral Colomb's own making. The curious part of it all is that so many able officers and writers have fallen into the snare, and, whilst contending as to the meaning to be attached to No. 76, have passed with scant notice the illuminating fact that it was made as a pendant to No. 72—'form order of sailing in two columns.' Admiral Colomb does indeed say that the 'Téméraire's' log 'records the "Victory" as making the signal 72,' and argues on it through a whole page, arriving at the conclusion that 'we may be certain that the master of the "Téméraire"

* 'From Howard to Nelson: Twelve Sailors,' p. 335.

entered 72 when he should have entered 76.' Admiral Colomb here neglected to verify his reference, for, as a matter of fact, the 'Téméraire's' log does not record either 72 or 76. There is no log which records 72 only; some few record 76 only; and several record both 72 and 76, as made at an interval of a few minutes.

This point seems so important in its bearing on the present controversy, that a few lines may well be devoted to elaborating it. Sir C. Bridge assumes that at daylight the British fleet was in order of sailing, by the wind, in two columns; that is, with the wind at N.W. by W., heading towards the N.N.E. But the positions of the ships, as indicated, though very imperfectly, by their logs, show that at daylight the ships were in no order at all; and this is confirmed by the signal 72, which could not have been made if the ships were already in order of sailing in two columns. When it is observed that signal 72 was made, and was immediately (within ten minutes) followed by 76, E.N.E., all possible ambiguity disappears; and the signals, taken in conjunction, can only read, 'form order of sailing in two columns, in the wakes of the respective flagships steering E.N.E.' It is perhaps well to add that this double signal is recorded by the 'Mars,' 'Defiance,' 'Conqueror,' 'Bellerophon,' and 'Ajax.' The 'Belleisle' does not give the numbers but enters the meaning of the signals—'form order of sailing,' 'bear up and sail large'; the 'Royal Sovereign,' or rather Collingwood in his journal, says, 'the commander-in-chief made the signal to "form the order of sailing in two columns."'

Towards seven o'clock, signal 76, E. was made and duly recorded by several of the ships; but this alteration of course from E.N.E. to E., in lines that cannot possibly have been exactly formed, can scarcely have affected the formation to any noticeable extent. In fact, as the flagships were, from the first, hurrying eastward under a press of sail, and every ship was crowding sail after them, it cannot be supposed that the lines were ever formed with any approach to accuracy. So far as the battle is concerned, it can hardly be said to have mattered much whether the advance was made in very badly formed lines ahead, according to the traditional account, or in equally badly formed lines of bearing, as Sir C. Bridge's diagram indicates. But, when an attempt is made—

and it is thus that we understand Admiral Colomb's article—to establish the exact agreement of Nelson's memorandum and Nelson's attack by the contention that he bore up towards the enemy in lines of bearing, when still twelve miles distant, we feel compelled to deny that the order in two parallel lines ahead, as prescribed by the memorandum—we waive the question of the third line—at a distance of 1200 or 1500 yards from the enemy, is identical with the order of sailing described by Admiral Colomb, viz. two parallel lines at a distance of twelve miles from the enemy; or that, if both lines bore up together at a distance of twelve miles, as Admiral Colomb insisted they did, such a movement would have been in accordance with the instruction for the lee line to bear up from a distance of 1200 or 1500 yards.

It appears as if Admiral Colomb had confused what Sir C. Bridge is very careful to distinguish—the advance and the attack. The distinction is emphasised by the 'Times' correspondent also. We are compelled to dissent from much that he has said as regards the advance, which we conceive to be vitiated by the radical error of supposing the bearing-up to have been ordered from well-formed N.N.E. lines; but he is under no misapprehension as to the relation of this bearing-up to that prescribed by the memorandum. He says:—

'The signal made at daybreak to bear up and steer E.N.E. can have had no tactical relation whatever to the similar signal prescribed by the memorandum for a different situation at a much later stage of the advance.' ('Times,' Sept. 28.)

As the memorandum says nothing about the advance, the facts cannot be brought into relation with it until the lines had approached within a mile of the enemy. Then, but not till then, there was, we conceive, a departure from the prearranged mode of attack. The British fleet never took the positions laid down; and, as the 'Times' correspondent has clearly shown, it was geometrically impossible that it could do so. For, whether by chance or intention—almost certainly by chance—the enemy's line was formed in a deep bight, or rather, as Sir C. Bridge puts it, in two lines making an obtuse angle with each other; thus, while their main body was in line nearly due north and south, the rear was in a line

extended towards the south-west. On entering this angle, Collingwood made the signal to form line of bearing—a clear proof, if further proof were wanting, that his division was not in line of bearing already.

We accept the inference from the correspondent's argument—that Collingwood's signal may be considered as marking the beginning of the attack, and as ordering an equivalent of the prescribed movement. But the movement actually made was not that which was prescribed. The change from a line ahead, going free, to a line of bearing, preserving the same course, cannot, by any argument, be made to appear identical with the change from a close-hauled line ahead to a line abreast or a line of bearing made by bearing up through six or eight points; and, if done without warning, it would call down on the commander-in-chief the correspondent's anathema. It appears, however, very doubtful whether Collingwood's signal was generally seen or acted on. Moorsom thought it was addressed to him alone. He wrote:—

'My station was the sixth ship in the rear of the lee column; but, as the "Revenge" sailed well, Admiral Collingwood made my signal to keep a line of bearing from him, which made me one of the leading ships through the enemy's line.'

Whether the signal was generally seen or not, the ships of the lee line understood very well what they had to do; and, when the 'Royal Sovereign' and the 'Belleisle' at the head of the line, and the 'Revenge' towards the rear, broke in among the enemy, the others were not backward. Of the fifteen ships which formed the lee line, Mr Newbolt shows that nine were in close action within the first half-hour. Several of the remaining six were far astern; some in consequence of their outlying position at day-break; some, and especially the 'Prince,' in consequence of their slow sailing. The 'Prince' had been ordered out of the line, 'to take station as most convenient.' Her log notes, 'steering down between the lines with all sail set.' If we did not think that we had already answered the question, we might ask between what lines? Not, we may be quite sure, between the lines of bearing shown in the diagrams by Admiral Colomb and Sir C. Bridge.

But the nine ships, presently supported by the others, produced the intended effect. The enemy's rear was

crushed ; and, when the weather line, which Sir C. Bridge draws and partially describes as a line ahead, broke into the centre, the work was finished in a very short time. On the celebrated Twelfth of April, the battle raged from 7 A.M. till after 6 P.M., with the result that thirty-six British ships captured six out of the enemy's fleet of thirty-four. On the 'glorious' First of June, the battle began at 9.30 A.M. and ended, with the sinking of the 'Vengeur,' at a little after 6 P.M., in which time twenty-six British ships captured six and sank one out of a French fleet of twenty-six. The fighting at Trafalgar began after noon and ended about 5 P.M. In less than five hours, the British fleet of twenty-seven ships captured seventeen and burnt one out of the enemy's fleet of thirty-three, and so mauled the rest that the four which got away to the northward fell easy victims to Sir Richard Strachan, and the other eleven, which would probably have been captured but for Nelson's death, only escaped with great difficulty into Cadiz.

Modern history, since the battles of Lepanto and Gravelines, knew of no such victory at sea. At La Hogue, which, in a political sense, may compare with it, the allied fleet, English and Dutch, of eighty-two ships destroyed fifteen out of forty-five French ; but they took five days about it, and the enormous disproportion of numbers renders comparison impossible. Quiberon Bay, which of all others comes into most direct comparison, was a brilliant defeat of a French fleet by one of practically equal numbers—twenty-three British to twenty-one larger and heavier French ; it put an end to a threat of invasion, gave England the command of the sea, and secured the conquest of Canada ; but the very completeness of the victory, and the apparent ease with which it was won, gave rise to the belief that the French contributed more than their fair share to their own defeat. Nothing of this kind dimmed the splendour of Trafalgar. The enemy fought well ; Spaniard vied with Frenchman in the obstinacy of his defence, which was attested by the terrible death-roll ; and they were numerically stronger by more than one sixth. Nor, until the present year, could any sea-fights of the following century bear comparison ; for though, in the Spanish-American war, the fleets of the United States did their

work even more thoroughly, the numbers engaged were far smaller, the issues far less important, and the American vessels greatly superior to the Spanish. It is only Admiral Togo's victory in the Sea of Japan that can compare with Nelson's last and greatest triumph.

The last thirty years have wrought a great change in public opinion as to the results of Trafalgar. Few would write now, as was written only ten years ago, that Great Britain was saved from the threatened invasion by the muster of her volunteers. It is but little more than half a century since Creasy brought out his popular work, 'Fifteen Decisive Battles'; but it is noteworthy that among the 'fifteen' there is only one action at sea—the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Valmy is there, a skirmish which permitted the development of the French army and of the career of Napoleon; Waterloo also, the battle which brought that career to an end; but the author did not see that Waterloo, though the final, was not the decisive battle of that war. If he had understood this, then, in searching for the battle which made Waterloo inevitable and the continuance of Napoleon's empire impossible, he would have been led back to Trafalgar.

Because he could not strike directly at England, Napoleon felt himself 'compelled' to undertake the conquest of Europe. The 'compulsion' was still stronger after Trafalgar had finally destroyed his hopes of invasion. Out of this grew the Continental System and its tremendous strain on France and her allies; the successive annexations of the coast-line of all western Europe; the refusal of Portugal to submit; the Peninsular War, rendered possible only by the assured command of the sea; the defection of Russia, the invasion, the retreat from Moscow; the Leipzig campaign; Elba; Waterloo and St Helena. These were all consequents of the great battle of which we have been speaking. It is this, the downfall of tyranny and oppression, the saving of Great Britain, and the liberation of Europe, that we now celebrate under the name of Trafalgar.

J. K. LAUGHTON.

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TO THE

TWO HUNDRED AND THIRD VOLUME OF THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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